PENTHOUSE

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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

MAY 1978 $2.00

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PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine for Men/MAY 1978

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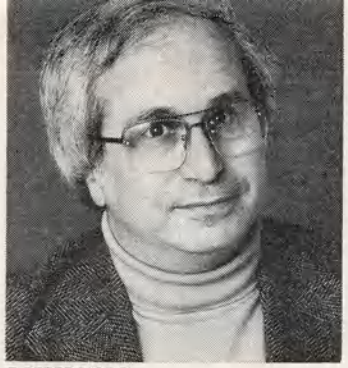

F. PETER MODEL

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HOUSECALL

"I'm gonna make Attila the Hun look like a faggot!" boasted burly ex-cop Frank Rizzo as he ran for mayor of Philadelphia. Rizzo won the election and more than delivered on his campaign promise. Under his rule the City of Brotherly Love has become the scene of the nation's longest uncontrolled police riot. His cops have gunned down unarmed citizens, brutally beaten innocent suspects, planted false evidence, taken bribes, committed every crime from murder to perjury—all in the name of law and order. In "Living in Fear in Philadelphia," **Greg Walter**, one of America's leading crime reporters, details how Rizzo's reign of terror is hurting law enforcement more than crime, as more and more honest cops quit in disgust. Walter, who wrote about organized crime for *Life* magazine, now writes mostly for *Philadelphia* magazine and the *Philadelphia Inquirer*. When questioned about reports that he's known as a one-man anti-Rizzo task force, he says, "Just put it this way: I am not Frank Rizzo's favorite reporter."

Lost-in-space starlet Dee Fisher, on the other hand, is everyone's favorite. She makes Marilyn Monroe look two-dimensional by comparison, and she has a neurological hot line from her heart to her labia. In "The Sequel to 'Close Encounters,'" by frequent *Penthouse* contributor **Robert S. Wieder**, Dee meets XBal, an alien being from a planet so far out that its residents have more shades of foreplay than we have of color. In this tongue-in-cheek look at an encounter of the most intimate kind, we find out what happened when the movie ended and the "real" story began.

Back here on earth, the real story is that due process isn't going to solve the problem of violent crime in the streets until we clean up the sickening mess in our criminal courts, prisons, and parole boards. In "The Failure of American Justice," excerpted from **John Godwin**'s forthcoming book *Murder, USA*, Godwin reveals how strict sentences are mostly political window dressing. "Life," in prison, usually means less than ten years once the parole board gets into the act. At least one out of four criminals arrested for murder in Washington, D.C., was found to be free on parole, bail, or probation. A former foreign correspondent and crime reporter, Godwin came to the United States from Australia in 1963. His work, which has been published in the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Cosmopolitan*, and many other magazines, has been translated into eleven languages. Summing up the failure of justice, he quotes Sen. Ted Kennedy: "Our existing criminal justice system is no deterrent at all to violent crime in our society."

While police are beating up the innocent and parole boards are dumping the guilty back on the streets, one of the greatest crimes of all goes unpunished: the ritual looting of the taxpayer's wallet. Taxes will have taken a million dollars out of your income during your lifetime, reports **Jim Davidson**, who is chairman of the National Taxpayers Union, a Washington-based organization dedicated to defending the rights of taxpayers and eliminating waste in government. Some citizens are fighting back, Davidson reveals in his blistering "Advise and Dissent" article, "The American Middle-Class Tax Rebellion." The rebellion is still out in the boondocks, but unless politicians cut wasteful spending and reduce taxes, a national tax revolt is on the way, Davidson predicts.

"It's very difficult to crawl out of a country standing up," says **Frank Snepp**, describing the last days of the CIA in Vietnam. Snepp, who served almost five years with the agency in Southeast Asia, was the CIA's chief strategic analyst in the Saigon station and among the last Americans to be pulled out of the doomed city by helicopter. His book *Decent Interval*, a 600-page, botch-by-botch account of the most humiliating disaster in American intelligence history, became an immediate best-seller. Now, in an exclusive interview for *Penthouse* by **F. Peter Model**, Snepp goes beyond his book to explore what has to be done in order to straighten out the CIA once and for all.

The heroine of "Diary of a Virgin" couldn't care less about Vietnam political chicanery or the high cost of taxation. She has only two problems, she tells her diary: "One, I'm a virgin; and, two, I'm a virgin. Tomorrow I shall go to see Elspeth. She'll know what to do." So begins this first episode of **Cindy Peach**'s book, to be published by Coward-McCann & Geoghegan. By the time her visit is over, it's clear that Elspeth *does* know what to do, and although our virgin goes on to commit any number of new sins, she manages to continue feeling like a virgin—a somewhat less thorny and more interesting problem than most.

Our other fiction offering this month is more serious. Novelist **James Purdy** has been hailed as one of America's most important living writers by critics throughout the world. His books have been translated into more than thirty languages, and yet he is one of the most esoteric and controversial literary figures of our time. His work arouses strong emotions. *Penthouse* is pleased to present "Crucifixion," a hauntingly powerful excerpt from his new novel, *Narrow Rooms*, which is published by Arbor House.

Finally, on a more serious note, we present our pictorial features for May. And, whereas the beaches of the verdant tropics provide the setting for Pet-of-the-Month **Angela Hyer**, photographed at Habitation LeClerc, Haiti, and Cartagena, Colombia, by **F. W. Eck**, the locales are merely the stage. What counts are the ladies. We're sure you'll agree that these nubile flowers are the very best that spring has to offer for turning your thoughts to every man's desire.

HOW TO HANDLE A HANGOVER.

It is easy to handle a hangover. Follow these simple rules and you won't get one:

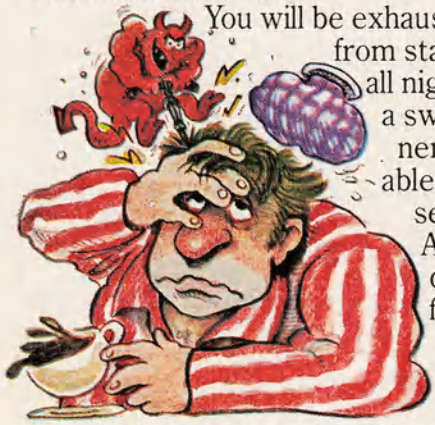
1. Do not go to a party unless they serve only apple cider.

2. Avoid going out with attractive women. They will only lead you to alcohol.

If for some strange reason you find yourself at a party with an attractive woman where they serve alcohol, you may end up with a hangover.

You will have fun at the party. But the next morning you will not have fun with the hangover.

Too much alcohol can give you a terrible headache.



You will be exhausted from staying up all night having such a swell time. Your nerves will not be able to bear any more sensory input. A toothbrush dropped on the floor will set up a deafening clatter inside your aching head.

And your stomach will be upset because too much alcohol creates excess acid. Your mouth may even begin to feel dry like the guy in the movies crawling across the desert with his tongue hanging out.

Now try to remember all the fun you had last night. And take Alka-Seltzer® for that upset stomach and headache.

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Read the label. Use only as directed.

Alka-Seltzer® will give you fast relief because it contains both antacids and specially buffered aspirin.

Unlike plain aspirin, Alka-Seltzer® reaches your stomach already dissolved along with antacids to soothe your stomach.

So you get all the pain relief of regular aspirin while protecting your stomach.

In fact, it does wonders for your stomach. Fast. The antacids in Alka-Seltzer® go to work instantly to neutralize the excess acid and bring soothing relief.

When you take Alka-Seltzer® for a hangover you will discover the remarkable truth behind that great little phrase you catch yourself humming all the time: "Plop plop, fizz fizz, Oh, what a relief it is."® Fast. Fast. Fast.

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"Plop plop, fizz fizz, Oh, what a relief it is!"®
Fast. Fast. Fast.

PENTHOUSE

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MAY

PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Fish story

I attend a major midwestern university, and last summer a friend and I went on a ten-day camping trip to Yellowstone Park. We hiked about eight miles the first day before we made camp in a very desolate area surrounded by several crystal-clear streams. We set up our tent, ate a small dinner, and bedded down for the night, because we were very tired. My friend slept in the tent while I slept in the sleeping bag under the stars.

I woke up with the sun the next morning and decided to do some fishing before breakfast. I found a nice pool in the nearby stream and began fishing. After a long dry spell I heard someone coming toward me in the brush. I then turned around and saw the most beautiful girl I had ever seen. She had long, brown hair, nice, firm tits, which were flattered by a tight halter top, and a gorgeous ass. She asked if she could sit awhile, and I wasn't about to say no. She inquired about the dismal fishing I had been doing and then said that she might be able to help matters. She gave me a deep, hard kiss, and I plunged my tongue into her mouth and slipped my hands under her halter top. I moved down and started to kiss her stiff nipples while my hands approached her hot, moist pussy. Moaning with passion, she rolled me over and unzipped my pants, freeing my engorged cock. She then placed her luscious lips over my penis and started to give me a fantastic blowjob! I quickly reacted by moving into position for a sixty-nine.

I couldn't believe how hot she was! Her love juices were actually dripping from her hot pussy onto my face! I was about ready to come by now; so she shifted herself in such a way as to lower her steaming cunt onto my throbbing cock. It took only a few pumps to send us both to orgasm. We then rolled off each other in total exhaustion. I knew that my friend would be wondering where I had been; so she and I parted but agreed to meet later.

Later that day my friend and I ran into my "fishing pal" and her friend on one of the trails. We all took to one another, and the rest of the trip proved to be a realization of the wildest fantasies of both me and my friend. It was heaven!—*M.L., Ames, Iowa*

Training session

I recently signed up as a trainer for the women's basketball team at a small college where I take courses part-time. One night, after practice, I was performing my usual duties—packing up gear and generally cleaning up—when I heard one of the team members call me from the locker room. I suddenly noticed that all of her teammates and the coach had departed and that we were alone. When I went to the locker room, I saw Carla, the team center, sitting on the athletic table, wearing nothing but a towel. She is almost six feet tall and has beautiful brown hair and very large, gorgeous tits.

She told me that she thought she had strained a muscle in her leg and asked me to rub it with an analgesic. So I found a can of the stuff and began rubbing her calf while she lay on her stomach. After a minute she asked me to rub higher, which I gladly agreed to do. Finally, I was rubbing the ointment on right up to her crotch, which was now spread before me in full view. Then she told me to rub it in her ass. By this time the towel was gone, and she was slightly raised on her knees, moving back and forth and moaning as I massaged her lovely ass hole.

When I thought that I was going to explode in my jeans, she told me to take off my clothes, and what followed was the most incredible fuck I've ever had. Her ass was now fully raised, and when I stuck my rock-hard shaft all the way up, my knees didn't even reach the table. I just grabbed her big, firm tits and held on. The combination of her very tight ass, my big cock, and the analgesic made us both very hot and excited, and we almost literally exploded simultaneously.

Afterwards we took a shower together and gave each other a thorough cleansing.—*P.L., Cedar Rapids, Iowa*

Roommate

My girl friend Sarah shares an apartment with her friend Jean. We all know each other well, because we went to high school together. During a recent snowstorm, I managed to get to her apartment, but since the weather was so bad, the three of us stayed there. We lit a fire, put on the stereo, and began drinking vodka and orange juice. After talking and drinking for a couple of hours, I noticed that Sarah was quite drunk. She never could hold her booze, but tonight she was really bombed. A few minutes later, after another drink, she literally passed out on the floor. It was evident that she wasn't going to wake up until she'd slept it off; so I carried her to her room, undressed her, and put her to bed.

I then joined Jean back in the living room in front of the fire. (Jean is a little prettier than Sarah, but Sarah has the finer body.)

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More length. Because More's the cigarette that's 120 mm long.

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And more value. Since More lasts longer, you may go through fewer packs and save more money.

Try More. You'll take quite a liking to it.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER: 21 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine, MENTHOL: 21 mg. "tar", 1.6 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG.'77.

Jean had on an old, baggy blouse, and from the angle I was sitting at, I could look between a couple of buttons and see her right tit. While sipping a drink, she said that she was getting hot from the fire and began to unbutton her blouse! And to my delight, she took it off entirely, sat on my lap, and directed my hand to her bare tits. I began to fondle them and she told me that she'd always wanted to screw me. She then undid my pants and searched sensuously until she found my stiff cock, and I pulled off her tight jeans and slid it in. During the next two to three hours we licked, sucked, and fucked each other passionately. But although she was a great bed partner, no one can compete with my Sarah.—*Name and address withheld*

Sizing up the competition

I buy your magazine every month, and in addition to enjoying your beautiful women, I delight in reading "Forum." The only thing that gets me is all these studs with big pricks. True enough: there are some men as large as eight inches and even larger. But the most recent survey that I've seen says that most men measure between six and seven inches. I'm just in that range by a hair (on the short end). So why do all the guys try to add a little more than they can give? I live a very happy life and have all the sex any man could want, keeping both my wife and her sister happy. I have sex with each of them at least once a day. We've been together for a little under two years now, and there isn't much that we haven't done with one another. So, men, be honest about your equipment. Even an average-size dick can do the job admirably if it moves in the right directions.—*D.B., Columbus, Ga.*

There's no business like . . .

For Christmas this year my wife, Cindy, and I decided to have a portrait taken. A local photographer was suggested, and an evening shooting was arranged.

The actual portrait was shot in less than thirty minutes. The photographer asked if Cindy had ever done any modeling work. She hadn't, and he indicated that there was a client who might be able to use her. The photographer suggested some test shots, and upon my urgings Cindy agreed and signed a release.

The three of us moved into a larger studio that had been set up as a bedroom interior for some after-Christmas white-sale ads. Before the photographer started, we all had several drinks and everyone was quite relaxed by the time Roger (as we were calling him) began shooting.

After shooting the first roll, Roger asked Cindy for her dress and shoe sizes and then disappeared into a small room off the set. When Roger walked out, he was holding a garment bag, which he handed to Cindy. Then he showed her where to change.

While she was out of the room, Roger asked if we had ever taken any Polaroid shots at home. That had always been a fantasy of mine, but I had to admit to Roger that it had been impossible to talk Cindy into it. Roger told me to go along with anything he proposed and said that Christmas might come early this year.

Cindy walked out of the dressing room, wearing an over-the-knee evening dress with buttons from the hem to the bottom of the plunging neckline. She also had a different pair of nylons and shoes with very tall heels. Cindy was a little hesitant, and I realized, as I saw her nipples harden, that she had to remove her bra in order to wear the dress.

After another drink and many compliments from Roger and me, Cindy began to pose again. Roger began to make suggestions, and the poses became more and more suggestive. Each pose seemed to follow a logical pattern, requiring one more button to be undone or nylon to be straightened higher than before. When Cindy's dress was unbuttoned to the waist from both ends, I understood the reason for her initial reluctance. Under the dress she had on only nylons and a garter belt, which I was now getting flashes of as she moved.

Roger then proposed removing the dress altogether. Cindy nervously glanced at me, and I nodded approval. The dress came off easily, and it was obvious that Cindy was becoming aroused. Her nipples were swollen, the short blonde hair between her legs was wet, and her face was starting to flush.

Roger was now using two cameras, and he moved Cindy to the bed as he started a rhythm of instructions: "Move your legs. Fine. Move your knees apart. Touch your breasts. Let us see how hard the nipples are. Use your hands and part the hair between your legs. Rub it until it gets wetter. Rock backward, knees further apart."

The pictures went on, and Cindy eventually reached several climaxes. Roger finally removed a large dildo from a bedside stand and took pictures of Cindy's incredible climax as she forced the dildo into her cunt.

Our only problem now is providing outlets for Cindy's newfound exhibitionist pleasures. Roger's potential client, by the way, was a group of photographers who use his studio to shoot erotic photography. Cindy has posed twice this month for them already, and each time she enjoys it more.—*Name and address withheld*

"It's no use, Miss Hopper. The only lust in my heart is for power."

An artist and his model

I'm twenty years old and attend a major art college in Massachusetts. One of my required courses, figure drawing, involves a female model's visit to our class. Needless to say, before I got used to the procedure my cock would stand out like a barber pole during these classes. I would try to keep my mind off sex and attempt to draw, but at first that was very hard. The third week of classes turned out to be very interesting. Kim, the model, was a twenty-four-year-old,

AFTER 280 YEARS OF DEALING WITH ROYALTY, WE'VE LEARNED A LITTLE SOMETHING ABOUT TASTE.

The Tasting Room
at Berry Bros. & Rudd, Ltd.

The shop of Berry Brothers & Rudd, Ltd., wine merchants, has been a British landmark for nearly three centuries. For years, kings, queens, dukes and nobles from all over the world have sought advice on the best wines to serve with their sumptuous meals.

On many occasions, Berry Brothers & Rudd, Ltd. were asked to suggest a Scotch Whisky of equal merit. Unable to recommend one with wholehearted enthusiasm, they created Cutty Sark Scots Whisky. The first Scotch ever made by wine experts to please the most demanding of palates.

The result is a Scotch with a delicate bouquet and a quality of smoothness which is quite singular.

Of course, you don't have to be of noble birth to appreciate Cutty Sark Scots Whisky. All that is required is noble taste.

CUTTY SARK

"CUTTY SARK," "CUTTY," THE CUTTY SARK LABEL AND THE CLIPPER SHIP DESIGN ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF BERRY BROS. & RUDD LTD., LONDON, ENGLAND.
86 PROOF BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. IMPORTED BY THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N.Y.

THINK OF IT AS A SPORTS CAR WITH TWO WHEELS.

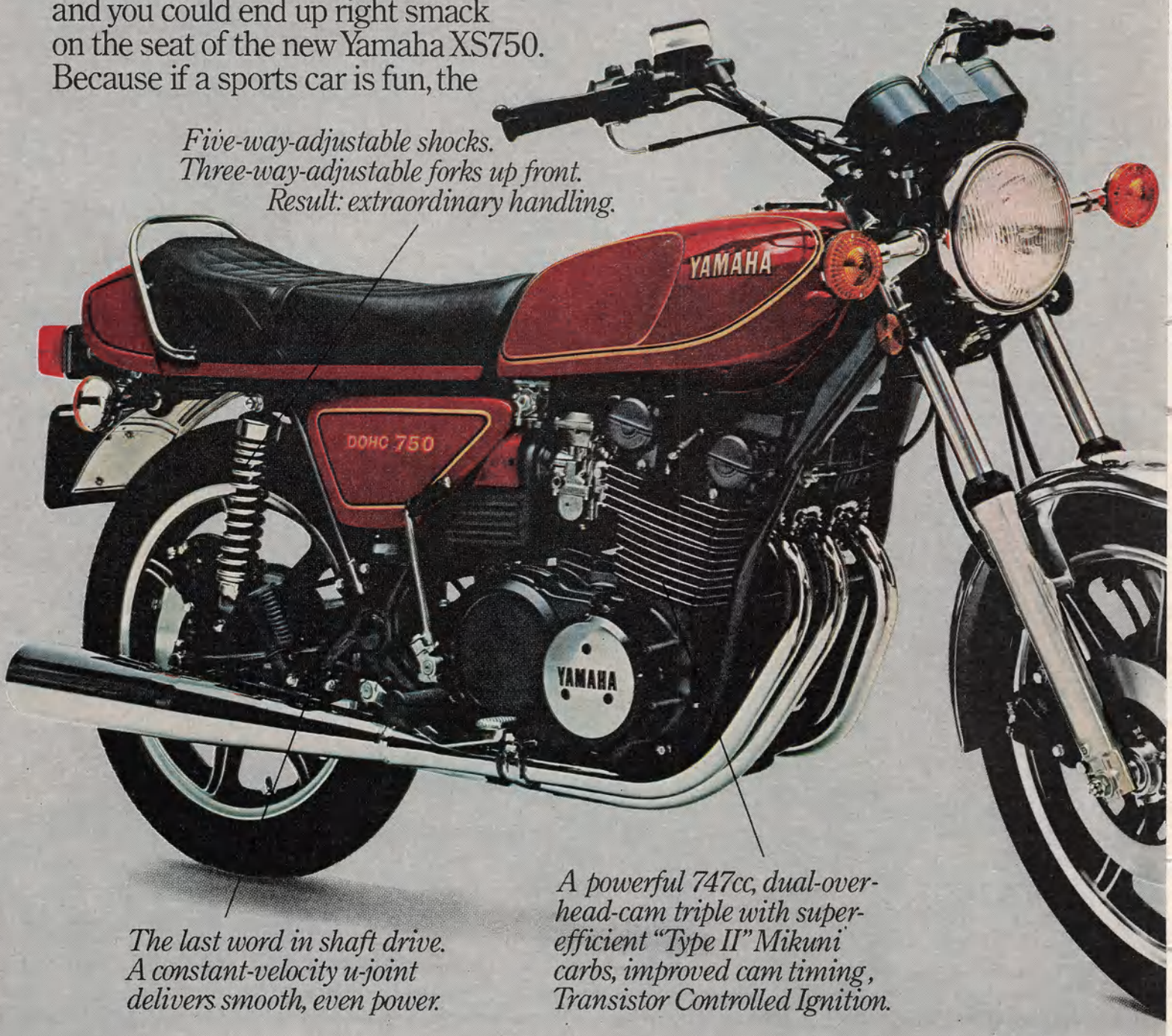
Why does someone who wants to get from one place to another buy a Porsche Carrera or a Ferrari instead of a nice, sensible station wagon?

Simple. It's more fun.

Now, take that logic a step further and you could end up right smack on the seat of the new Yamaha XS750. Because if a sports car is fun, the XS750 is downright exhilarating. Not to mention about $25,000 less.

THE BIG THREE.

True, the Yamaha XS750 has but three cylinders to the Porsche's six. But

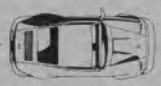


Five-way-adjustable shocks. Three-way-adjustable forks up front. Result: extraordinary handling.

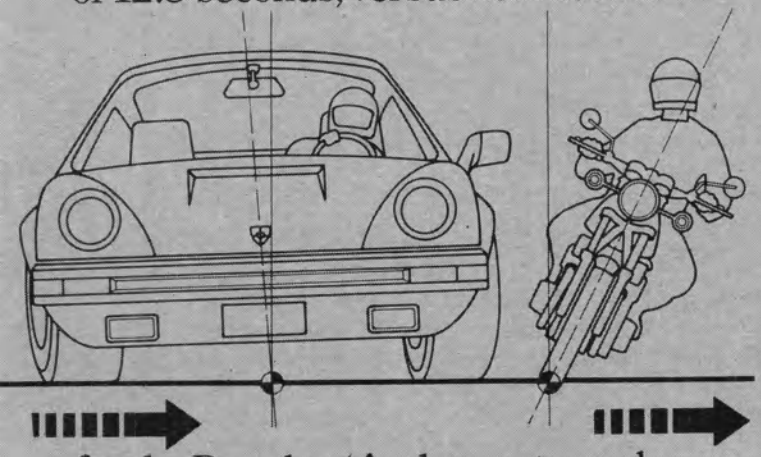
The last word in shaft drive. A constant-velocity u-joint delivers smooth, even power.

A powerful 747cc, dual-overhead-cam triple with super-efficient "Type II" Mikuni carbs, improved cam timing, Transistor Controlled Ignition.

those three cylinders, ably assisted by dual overhead cams, electronic ignition and newly-designed "Type II" Mikuni carburetors give the 750 an incredible 9000 rpm redline.



As a result, the 750 can boast an official standing quarter-mile time of 12.8 seconds, versus 15.2 seconds



for the Porsche. (And an extremely efficient power-to-weight ratio of 10.3 lb/bhp versus 13.5 lb/bhp, if you're interested.)

YOU CAN HANDLE IT.

The XS750 is a lean and limber machine without a single ounce of unnecessary bulk. And it comes equipped with an uncannily responsive suspension system: five-way-adjustable rear shocks and new three-way-adjustable front forks.

All you have to do is lean it into a turn at speed on a winding canyon road to realize that the handling of a fine motorcycle is a thrill no four-wheeled vehicle can match.

NO CHAIN, GANG.

Of course, with a motorcycle you might expect comfort to go right out the window (if it had one). But, in fact, the 750 is about as smooth and quiet as anything on the road. Because its five-speed, constant-mesh transmission is hooked up to our fully-enclosed, state-of-the-art shaft drive, for a turbine-like power transfer.

As for the amenities, the XS750's got a bunch. Dual hydraulic disc brakes up front and one in the rear. Strong, lightweight cast aluminum wheels. Self-cancelling turn signals. Full instrumentation. Even a reserve lighting system: if one headlight filament burns out, the other lights automatically.

Take a good, long look at the extraordinary XS750 motorcycle at your local Yamaha dealer. If you still have trouble adjusting to the idea of not having four wheels, there is a solution.

Buy two XS750s.

YAMAHA

When you know how they're built.

WITH WHAT MINOLTA KNOWS ABOUT CAMERAS AND WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT YOURSELF, WE CAN MAKE BEAUTIFUL PICTURES TOGETHER.

If you've considered buying a 35mm single lens reflex camera, you may have wondered how to find the right one out of the bewildering array of models and features available.

And with good reason, since the camera you choose will have a lot to do with how creative and rewarding your photography will be.

What you pay for your camera shouldn't be your only consideration, especially since there are some very expensive cameras that won't give you some of the features you really need. So ask yourself how you'll be using the camera and what kind of pictures you'll be taking. Your answers could save a lot of money.

How automatic should your camera be?

Basically, there are two kinds of automatic 35mm SLR's. Both use advanced electronics to give you perfectly exposed pictures with point, focus and shoot simplicity. The difference is in creative control.

For landscapes, still lifes, portraits and the like, you'll want an *aperture-priority* camera. It lets *you* set the lens opening, while *it* sets the shutter speed automatically.

This way, you control depth-of-field. That's the area of sharpness in front of and behind your subject. Many pro photographers believe that depth-of-field is the most important factor in creative photography.

At times you may want to control the motion of your subject. You can do this with an aperture-priority camera by changing the lens opening until the camera sets the shutter speed necessary to freeze or blur a moving subject. Or you can use a *shutter-priority* camera, on which you set the shutter speed first and the camera sets the lens automatically.

Minolta makes both types of automatic camera. The Minolta XG-7 is moderately priced and offers aperture-priority automation, plus fully manual control. The Minolta XD-11 is somewhat more expensive, but it's the world's only 35mm SLR with both aperture and shutter-priority automation, plus full manual control.

The XD-11 is so advanced that during shutter-priority operation it will actually make exposure corrections you fail to make.

Do you really need an automatic camera?

Automation makes fine photography easier. But if you do some of the work yourself, you can save a lot of money and get pictures every bit as good.

In this case, you might consider a Minolta SR-T. These are semi-automatic cameras. They have built-in, through-the-lens metering systems that tell you exactly how to set the lens and shutter for perfect exposure. You just align two indicators in the viewfinder.

What to expect when you look into the camera's viewfinder.

The finder should give you a clear, bright view of your subject. Not just in the center, but even along the edges and in the corners. Minolta SLR's have bright finders, so that composing and focusing are effortless, even in dim light. And focusing aids in Minolta

Minolta makes all kinds of 35mm SLR's, so our main concern is that you get exactly the right camera for your needs. Whether that means the Minolta XD-11, the most advanced camera in the world. Or the easy-to-use and moderately priced Minolta XG-7. Or the very economical Minolta SR-T cameras.

Automatic sequence photography is easy when you combine a Minolta XD-11 or XG-7 with optional Auto Winder and Electroflash 200X.

viewfinders make it easy to take critically sharp pictures.

Information is another thing you can expect to find in a well-designed finder. Everything you need to know for a perfect picture is right there in a Minolta finder.

In the Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, red light emitting diodes tell you what lens opening or shutter speed is being set automatically and warn against under or over-exposure. In Minolta SR-T cameras, two pointers come together as you adjust the lens and shutter for correct exposure.

Do you need an auto winder?

You do if you like the idea of sequence photography, or simply want the luxury of power assisted film advancing. Minolta auto winders will advance one picture at a time, or continuously at about two per second. With advantages not found in others, like up to 50% more pictures with a set of batteries and easy attachment to the camera without removing any caps. Optional auto winders are available for both the Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, but not for Minolta SR-T cameras.

How about electronic flash?

An automatic electronic flash can be added to any Minolta SLR for easy, just about foolproof indoor photography without the bother of flashbulbs. For the XD-11 and XG-7, Minolta makes the Auto Electroflash 200X. It sets itself automatically for flash exposure, and it sets the camera automatically for use with flash. An LED in the viewfinder signals when the 200X is ready to fire. Most unusual: the Auto Electroflash 200X can fire continuously in perfect synchronization with Minolta auto winders. Imagine being able to take a sequence of 36 flash pictures without ever taking your finger off the button.

You should be comfortable with your camera.

The way a camera feels in your hands can make a big difference in the way you take pictures.

The Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, for instance, are compact, but not cramped. Lightweight, but with a solid feeling of quality. Oversized controls are positioned so that your fingers fall naturally into place. And their electronically controlled shutters are incredibly smooth and quiet.

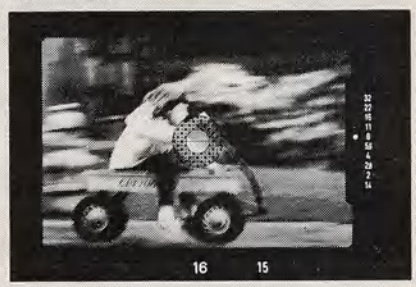
Minolta SR-T's give you the heft and weight of a slightly larger camera, but with no sacrifice in handling convenience. As in all Minolta SLR's, "human engineering" insures smooth, effortless operation.

Are extra features important?

If you use them, there are a lot of extras that can make your photography more creative and convenient. Depending on the Minolta model you choose, you can get: multiple exposures with pushbutton ease (even with an auto winder). A window to show that film is advancing properly. A handy memo holder that holds the end of a film box to remind you of what film you're using. And a self-timer.

What about the lens system?

The SLR you buy should have a system of lenses big enough to satisfy your needs, not only today, but five years from today. The patented Minolta bayonet mount lets you change lenses with less than a quarter turn. There are almost 40 Minolta lenses available, ranging from 7.5mm fisheye to 1600mm super-telephoto, including macro and zoom lenses and the world's smallest 500mm lens.



The electronic viewfinder: LED's tell you what the camera is doing automatically to give you correct exposure.

The match-needle viewfinder: just align two indicators for correct exposure. Because you're doing some of the work, you can save some money.

What's next?

Think about how you'll use your camera and ask your photo dealer to let you try a Minolta. Compare it with other cameras in its price range. You'll soon see why more Americans buy Minolta than any other brand of SLR. For literature, write Minolta Corp., 101 Williams Drive, Ramsey, New Jersey 07446. In Canada: Minolta Camera (Canada) Inc., Ontario.

Specifications subject to change without notice.

MINOLTA

WE WANT YOU TO HAVE THE RIGHT CAMERA.

big-breasted brunette. She came in and took off her robe, and the class started to draw her from several perspectives. I stood not more than three feet in front of her and caught her staring right into my eyes. The intensity of her gaze made me feel quite uncomfortable. For the remainder of the period I felt her eyes on me.

As I was leaving, Kim called me and asked if I could wait for her while she got dressed. I wasn't about to refuse. Her idea of getting dressed was to don a pair of very brief denim shorts and a tight, brown halter with nothing on underneath. She told me that her car was in the garage and that she had to thumb a ride to get to the class. She said that she had nowhere to go at the moment; so we hopped into my van, and off we went.

In the car she remarked, "I think you noticed that I was staring at you in class." She said that she once had had a lover who looked very much like me. They'd had sex often before he was killed in Vietnam. She pulled a picture out of the pocket of her revealing shorts, and I could see that the guy could have been my twin. When she grabbed my thigh and I nearly swerved into a tree, I decided to pull over before her tight grasp ended up killing us both.

We climbed into the back of my van, and I pulled off her tight halter top to find those familiar thirty-seven-inch tits. Her nipples were already hard. I proceeded to take off her shorts as she undressed me. She bent down between my legs and gave my throbbing cock two nice, long licks. We then went into a fast and furious sixty-nine and came simultaneously.

I wasn't about to quit here, though. She wrapped her legs around my head, and I continued to eat her out. She was ready to shoot again; so I pulled away and started to tit-fuck her luscious breasts. She told me to stop and watch her while she modeled several drawing poses. The only difference was that she grabbed my head and thrust it into her lovely bush of pussy hair. I went wild as I ate her out, and then I shoved my cock as far into her as it could go. She moaned with pleasure, and we once again climaxed together.

These days we get it on quite often, especially during lunch hours!—*A.C., Worcester, Mass.*

Surf sights

I'm a woman of twenty-six who loves going to the beach. Since I've moved to Southern California from my home on the East Coast, I've been impressed by surfers here and their bronzed, well-built, sexy bodies. It's an impressive sight to watch them in action. But when they get out of their wet bathing suits and wrap towels around their waists, I really get turned on! For the towels often open to display rather good-looking cocks and balls that look as if they would be a healthy handful, not to mention mouthful. Some of these surfers, although they appear much younger than I, are very well hung.

The erotic fantasies that I have are so intense that to write about them would be to burn up the paper. The only thing that disappoints me is that when the surfers notice that I'm watching them, they become shy and invariably hide their beautiful organs.

So please, surfers, when you're changing, don't be so self-conscious. Let it all hang out.

This letter pertains especially to the beautiful hunks in Oceanside, Carlsbad, and Leucadia.—*Name and address withheld*

Ski stud

I'm a twenty-year-old college student attending school in New Mexico. During a recent four-day vacation, I went skiing in Colorado with my roommate and two other girls in our dorm. After the first day of skiing, the four of us went to a small, rustic lodge near the ski area to have some fun. I had heard that it was a good place to meet guys, and, sure enough, the place was packed with great-looking studs.

We were in the place for about ten minutes when I noticed a guy sitting all alone by the fireplace. I walked over to him, hoping to strike up a conversation. He was gorgeous, and even under the ski clothes he was wearing I could tell that he had a fantastic body, thickly covered with muscle. He introduced himself, and after talking for a while, he invited me up to the room where he was staying.

After a few drinks, John (which is not his real name) suggested that we go swimming in the hotel pool. He excused himself and went into the bathroom to change into a swimsuit. When he came out, my heart almost stopped! He had the most perfectly developed body I'd ever seen. His six-foot frame was covered with huge, well-defined muscles in just the right proportions. He weighed at least 250 pounds, and every ounce was sexy muscle.

His skin was tanned a deep golden brown. I saw the skin-tight bikini he was wearing and could discern that the size of his cock matched his build: very large and well defined. I was a little drunk and had planned to swim in my bikini underwear, but I couldn't manage to take off my heavy ski clothes in my condition. John was eager to help me. We were both getting very horny as he undressed me, and I noticed that his already huge cock was growing even longer and thicker. It protruded sideways and slightly upward past his hip, straining the thin material of his swimsuit. Then he removed my bra and massaged my firm tits. I looked down at his crotch and noticed that his swimsuit was becoming very taut as his cock continued to grow ever larger. I could tell that he was experiencing a great deal of discomfort, and so I pulled the bikini down to his thighs.

I immediately dived down on his cock, trying to take all of the circumcised marvel into my mouth, but I could barely manage to fit the flared, pink head in my mouth. I wanted to fuck him very badly, but I was

"It's finally happened. Well number 34 has run out of fossil fuel and is now pumping fossils."

The Marlboro Riggin' Bag.

When a cowboy's on the trail, he'll pack along a riggin' bag full of small gear. Ropes, chaps, spurs, gloves—whatever he needs to get the job done.

The Marlboro Riggin' Bag is double stitched heavy boot leather with solid brass hardware and a saddle blanket lining. It measures 10 x 10 inches, 24 inches long, and has plenty of pockets inside and out. Twin side handles with a carrying strap on one end make it easy to grab hold of. $90.00 and two end labels from any pack or box of Marlboro.

Come to where the flavor is.
Come to Marlboro Country.

Mail to: **Marlboro Riggin' Bag**
P.O. Box 7225, Westbury, New York 11592

Please send me ( ) Marlboro Riggin' Bag(s) at $90.00 each. Enclosed are two end labels from any pack or box of Marlboro, and a check or money order made out to Marlboro Riggin' Bag.

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Clip and save. Our aim is to make sure you're completely satisfied with your order—and that you get it on time. But sometimes things go wrong. If they do, be sure to let us know. Write: **Marlboro Riggin' Bag, 100 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017**

17 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug.'77

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

afraid that he would hurt me with such a huge organ. I had fucked several other guys in the past year, but the best hung of them had nine inches, and John's cock looked to be about thirteen or fourteen inches long and as big around as a soda bottle. I lay back on the bed, and he slowly worked his way into me. After about twenty minutes he got the entire length into me, until his balls were pressing on my ass. After some very long, slow strokes, he began pumping harder and faster until he worked up to a very fast pace, thrusting in until his gigantic balls kept him from going any further. We grunted and groaned until I reached the greatest climax I've ever experienced. When John came, he was flowing like a fire hose, ejaculating about fifteen huge squirts of come. There was so much semen that it began to flow out of my cunt with every thrust and ran all over me and the bed.

We continued all night until dawn with our wonderful sex. I came about ten times that night, and John came several times, too. Every time I return to Colorado, I hope I will run into John, the huge hunk of sexy man with the wonderful cock.—*Name and address withheld*

Buffer zone

As a marine on Okinawa, far away from any female companionship other than that of tawdry prostitutes, I naturally take great interest in your magazine. Since sexual pleasure is hard to come by, I have resorted to several unusual methods of obtaining sexual bliss that I thought your readers might be interested in.

One evening, several months ago, when I was engaged in what is known in the Marine Corps as "Field Day," I made my discovery of the untapped sensual pleasures of the electric buffer. As several other marines and I were buffing the floor of our barracks, we realized that additional pressure was needed on the buffer to give the floor its maximum shine. Being large and well-coordinated, I volunteered to sit on the buffer while it was in operation. I placed my ass directly on the buffer and drew my knees up to my chest.

Even now in leisurely contemplation, I can barely begin to describe the sensations that I experienced. As the buffer was driven in broad, circular movements on the floor, I felt erotic and tingling sensations, not only in my ass but in my balls as well. The steady vibrations from the buffer's electric motor were massaging the most intimate part of my anatomy! I sat there with my hands behind my back, clutching the buffer's handle, lost in this newly found world of sexual bliss. Perhaps needless to say, this novel experience quickly brought me to a great orgasm!

My fellow marines, who were watching the progress of the buffer on the floor, were fortunately unaware of my shuddering climax. Having remained celibate for the past several months, I produced a veritable torrent of semen, which saturated the front of my uniform trousers as I gloriously ejaculated.

Realizing the embarrassing nature of my position, I quickly leaped up and dashed to the comparative privacy of my quarters. There I stripped off my trousers, which were dripping with my newly liberated come. Motivated by a strange and irresistible passion, I returned to the room and found my comrades still attempting to buff the floor to a lustrous shine. I still had the drenched trousers in my hand.

Hearing my friends comment that the shine on the deck was still unsatisfactory, I spontaneously offered to rub onto the floor my come-soaked trousers, which I claimed were daubed with a special wax. This offer was quickly accepted, and driven by that same dark compulsion that had hitherto determined my actions, I knelt down and rubbed my come into the floor.

After completing this bizarre task, I watched the others resume the work. You could imagine my delight when the floor soon had a crown of beautiful shine.

Since that evening I have repeated this process every "Field Day" night. It proved impossible for me to keep my erotic secret from my closest friends. Their first reactions were, predictably, incredulity and disgust. However, after convincing my friends of my trick's utilitarian nature, I was grudgingly conferred my "erotic rights."—*Name and address withheld*

Covered bridge

Late last summer my lover visited me for several weeks. We planned a rather long visit, because we live at opposite ends of the country and can see each other for only a few times each year. She is an elegant, sexy woman well worth waiting for: six feet tall and slim and agile. Whether she wraps her long legs around me as I thrust into her or uses her long, slim fingers to make me come all over her suntanned body or sucks me dry, she is a sexual expert nonpareil.

Just before the end of her visit, we spent a few days sightseeing in Vermont. While we drove home late in the afternoon, she started handling my crotch with her usual skill. She reminded me of what I already knew: that it had been several hours since I'd made love to her and that it would be several more until we got home. So she said, "I guess you'll just have to spurt all over the dashboard and the windshield." I replied that I'd rather do it elsewhere; so we pulled into a rest area, but there were too many people and no convenient woods nearby. As we headed south on the freeway, I resigned myself to the reality of passing through the rest of Vermont and all of Massachusetts and Connecticut without enjoying my woman's magnificent cunt. To pass the time, I pointed out roadside sights, such as a typical Vermont covered bridge. We soon pulled off at an exit and zipped down the back roads, parking next to a similar bridge.

We got out, walked along the bridge, and

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Windsor. A whisky made with glacier-fed spring water and aged in the clear, clean air of the Canadian Rockies.

Try Windsor. It's got a reputation for smoothness.

strolled into the woods, past the ruins of an old mill. The woods near the bridge were either hilly or marshy, but we finally found a fairly level spot with barely enough fucking room between a pine tree and the hilly embankment. In an instant, she had taken off my T-shirt to cushion her bottom from the pine needles. Then she unzipped both my jeans and hers. She left one leg of her jeans and panties on, probably so that she could dress quickly if anyone surprised us. However, she said that the reason was that she was in such a hurry to have me "drive my cock through her covered bridge." Still, she let me take a good, long look at her wet, spread cunt in the late afternoon light. Somehow we managed to avoid rolling down the hill, and we came amid a unique orchestration of sounds: the rush of the water through the mill race under the bridge, the whizzing of the passing crunch of pine needles, which, we assumed, had never before been disturbed by the sweet combination of bouncing ass and thrusting cock.

As we drove back, just past the bridge, we noticed something we'd missed on the way over: an old farmer was selling carved miniature wooden replicas of the covered bridge. I got out of the car and bought one, and I'm sure that the farmer noticed the dirt stains on my knees and the pine needles on my shirt, especially since he gave my woman a big grin as we drove off. It was a look of full approval!—*Name and address withheld*

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Encore

One evening I decided to go to the neighborhood pub for a few drinks. While I was waiting for the bartender to serve me, I noticed a young woman staring at my crotch. She appeared to be in her mid-twenties and had straight, brown hair and big tits, which were partially revealed by a low-cut blouse. After a drink I left to go to the bathroom in back. When I was finished and opened the door, there she stood. She was standing in the hallway. Then she slipped her hand into my pants, unzipped my fly, and pulled out my cock. Smiling, she placed her soft, moist mouth on my now-hard cock and began to deep-throat me. Although there were other men around, I soon became oblivious of their presence. She sucked hungrily on my cock, and in a few moments I came in her mouth. She got up and smiled at me and said, "Compliments of Miss M," and turned and walked out of the bar. Although I hurried after her, she somehow managed to elude me.

An hour later I left the bar and was walking in the direction of my house. Taking a shortcut through the park, I heard someone moaning and noticed a woman sitting on a bench. Her breasts were exposed, and her fingers were rapidly moving in and out of her cunt. By this time my cock was rock-hard, and I grew even more excited when I realized that it was the same woman I'd been with in the bar. After thrusting her hips and moaning, "I'm coming," she smiled and said, "I'm glad you found me."—*Name and address withheld*

Don't sleep in the subway

It was a crisp autumn evening when I boarded the last run of Washington, D.C.'s Metro subway for the ride back to Virginia. It turned out to be a ride that I would not soon forget.

After the first stop I found myself alone with a voluptuous blonde, whose blouse was bursting at its seams because of her ample breasts. It was not long before I had undressed her with my eyes and my cock was hard and throbbing. I sneaked my hand into my pants in order to ease my aching organ. Just when I was at the threshold of orgasm, the train came to an abrupt and unexpected halt, throwing me on my fantasy female, who also was hurled to the floor. It was then that the gorgeous blonde noticed my predicament and asked me if I needed any help. I responded that I was having trouble getting up. She surprised me by taking off her blouse and unleashing her pair of melon-sized tits.

She began to massage her mountainous flesh as if she were kneading mounds of bread dough, letting me know that she had the same idea I had. Soon her hands were releasing my happy cock from its tight resting place. Before I knew what was happening, we were lapping at each other's genitals and I was hoping that the subway ride would last forever. After a little while we both had had enough foreplay, and it was time for some good fucking. When we were pumping wildly on the floor, I felt the train begin to move. When it reached top speed, so did we.

After a few moments I could hold back no longer. With a rush that seemed to last for hours, I came violently, quickly filling her luscious love channel. At the same time she exploded in ecstasy, pulling my cock into her deeper and deeper.

The train came to a quick halt, throwing us down the aisle. Without a word she hastily stood up, her wet pussy still dripping, and threw her clothes on. Still half-naked, she ran through the opening doors, leaving me lying nude on the floor, with a shrinking erection.

It has been almost three months since this escapade. I have, with much anxiety and a truly horrendous hard-on, ridden that very same car many times since then, but I have yet to see her again. Still, I'll never forget the ride of my life.—*Name and address withheld*

Dish room fun

I have frequently read "Forum" and have often found the stories to be quite absurd until one night at work when I had a very peculiar experience. I am currently going to college and work in the cafeteria dish room. There are eight students employed in the dish room, and sometimes my eyes range over the bodies of the girls I work with. It really turns me on to see the nipples protruding through the sweat-soaked T-shirt of our manager, Betsy. She is a short brunette with a nice body, and I was sure

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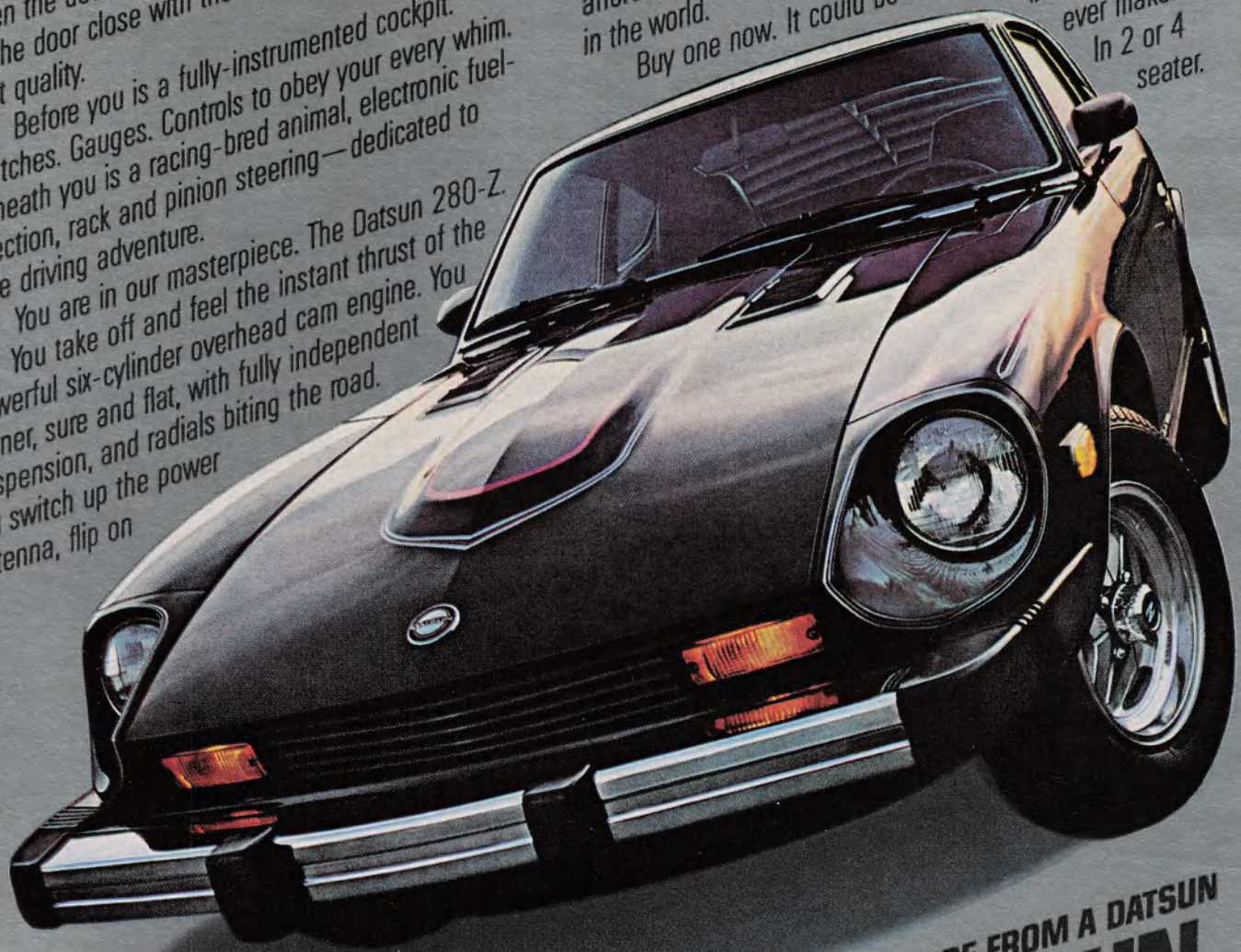

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she knew how to use it.

My chance to try her out came when the dish machine broke down one night. Betsy sent everyone home but asked me to stay and give her a hand with the repairs. We use a conveyor belt, which is about fifteen feet long, and it was necessary to crawl inside to fix the faulty sprayers. Betsy was lying inside the machine, and when she reached for the wrench that I was about to give her, her hand hit the bulge in my pants. She suddenly turned her head toward me, and as our eyes met, she smiled.

It was too much! I nearly creamed in my pants at the thought of what I was about to do. While she was still in the machine, I swiftly but quietly unzipped her jeans. My fingers found her wet pussy, and she spread a little wider to make the going easier. In minutes we were both undressed, and I began to climb into the machine with her. While my hands were busy fondling her tits, she guided my prick inside her cunt. I was just beginning the in-and-out motions when my foot accidentally bumped the conveyor-belt lever.

Then the real ride began! Fortunately, we had not yet fixed the hot spray on the machine, and only the cool water showered us as we fucked right on through. It was dark, wet, and beautiful. We both climaxed halfway through the machine. Afterward we dried off and laughed about the best fuck we had ever had. Even though I work with Betsy every day, she never mentions that night or repeats that provocative smile. Sometimes I wonder whether the adventure really happened.—*Name and address withheld*

A friend in need

For many years sex has played a major role in my life, and my wife and I have tried all types of sexual techniques, enjoying them all to the fullest. Sex became our number-one pleasure; yet I had always felt that something important was missing.

A few years ago my wife and I started to have group sex with my best friend and his wife. It was a tremendous experience to sixty-nine and fuck with another couple. This activity really turned us on, and before long we were loving each other's wife, and all four of us were thrashing about in a self-contained confusion of bodies. I still derive great pleasure from group sex and am receptive to new experiences.

Last year when my best friend, Bill, and I were flying to California, I discussed my feelings with him. To my surprise, he, too, felt a desire for something novel. This became our main topic of conversation until we landed. At that point we had a two-day layover and decided to find two of the hottest women in town.

We checked in at our hotel and changed into casual clothes. Being familiar with the area, we decided to have a few drinks at the nearest nightclub. We had ordered our drinks and were relaxing to the sound of the music when we spied two of the best-looking women we'd ever seen, entering the room. Both were absolutely gorgeous: long, beautiful red hair, breasts that surpassed any I had ever seen—not large but firm and piercing. And their legs were long, firm, and beautiful, with asses to match. I was going wild. As they passed, they gave Bill and me the eye and we reciprocated.

They chose a table in the corner, not far from ours, and after a few exchanged glances, we approached and offered to buy them drinks, which they accepted. We had finished two drinks when I asked them to have dinner with us. They agreed but suggested that we eat at their apartment.

After we had arrived there, I noticed that at one end of the den there was a wall that appeared to be a movie screen. I asked one of the girls, Pat, about it, and she smiled and told us that this was part of our dessert. She and Kim proceeded to prepare a fantastic Chinese dinner.

After enjoying one of the best meals I can remember, Pat and Kim started moving all the furniture to one side of the den, leaving a large open space in the middle. The lights went out, and a movie appeared on the screen. Two couples began to remove their clothes and started making out, and all at once Pat and Kim removed their clothes, and so did Bill and I. We were enjoying fellatio the likes of which I'd never experienced. Then we started eating the women's hot, juicy pussies.

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The passion was at a peak when a voice from the movie said, "Now it's time for some real love." Bill and I looked up, and we saw that the two women on the screen were making out with each other and the men were watching. Before I could say a word, Pat and Kim were on the floor on their left sides, with their feet in opposite directions, sucking each other's tits with a fury. We watched as they explored each other's body with their tongues. Finally, each explored the other's pussy, and they began to moan passionately.

Bill and I were getting pretty hot when that same voice said, "Now it's the guys' turn." Both men on the screen promptly assumed the same position that the women had taken, and they started sucking and licking each other's chest and nipples. The excitement mounted, and we were going at it in no time. All at once I felt Bill lick my cock, and I was ecstatic. I started sucking his big, smooth balls and dick while he was doing the same to me. We continued our discoveries for a while and then started to suck each other's cock.

Suddenly, I saw a large dildo headed straight for Bill's ass hole, and as it made contact, I felt one that was well lubricated entering my own. At first the sensation was a little painful, but then the pleasure erupted, and I could see that Bill was feeling the same way I did. I knew the end was near as Bill and I began to deep-throat each other in rapid, long pumps. Pat and Kim grabbed our balls while they pumped even harder with the dildos. We finally went wild in splashing eruptions that almost knocked us out.

Bill and I were resting on our backs when the girls came over and milked the rest of our semen from our cocks. After a few moments we were all ready to go again, but the girls insisted that Bill and I first have anal sex with each other. In the same spirit of experimentation, I entered him and found him tighter, hotter, and wetter than any woman I have ever had. I started to pump slowly, and all at once he wrapped his arms and legs around me and went crazy. As I pumped faster, Bill began to gasp for breath and shook all over while he jerked himself off. We both came at about the same time, and it was truly so fantastic I wished it would never end.

We return to California often and enjoy the same kind of activity with Pat and Kim. Bill and I have found what was lacking in our sex lives and enjoy each other frequently. Our sex lives with our wives have improved because we no longer expect total satisfaction from heterosexuality alone.—*Name and address withheld*

Constructive activity

A friend and I have recently had the most erotic experience of our young lives. We both were employed as laborers by a construction company during the summer and were putting up a fence around a cottage that had been built by our company. The house was one of several that were being built at a lake resort. At noon, when we sat down to eat our lunch, three young girls, about our age, cruised up to the private dock in a fancy boat. As they got out of the boat and began walking to the house, my friend, Ryan, whistled at them. They smiled and proceeded to the house.

About half an hour later one of the girls asked us if we would like a beer. We accepted her offer, and she took my hand and led us into the living room, where we met the other two girls. The first was named Tracy; the others, Beth and Lori. As we sat and drank the beer, Beth asked Ryan if he would like to go for a ride in her parents' new boat. He naturally accepted. I could see that Beth was turned on by Ryan, because her nipples were visibly hard.

I was thinking about the good time that Ryan would have as the sound of the boat's motor faded out in the distance. I started talking to Lori while Tracy went for more beer. The topic soon turned to sex, and my cock was getting harder by the moment. Soon Lori moved over to me, and we started kissing. A few min-

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utes later we were removing each other's clothes. Tracy returned, and after an initial moment of surprise, joined us in the fun. In a matter of minutes we had assumed our positions without saying a word, and Tracy worked on my superhard cock while Lori sat on my face. Not long afterward she spurted her warm love juices all over my face, and I lapped them up thirstily. Tracy was working vigorously on my prick with her hands until I was just about to come. Sensing that the joyful moment was near, she stopped and rolled over and whispered, "Fuck me, Kevin. Fuck me!"

At that I moved over and began to enter her warm, moist, tight pussy while her fingers penetrated Lori. We all came at once and, exhausted, lay in one another's arms for a few minutes. Twenty minutes later Ryan and Beth joined us. We noticed that it was getting late, reluctantly said good-bye, and headed back to the city.

On the way, I asked Ryan if he had enjoyed himself. He looked at me knowingly and just laughed.—*K.R., Red Deer, Alberta, Canada*

Fabulous somnambulism

While on vacation recently I had an interesting experience that I would like to relate to your readers. I had taken a room at a motel and had spent the evening reading and watching TV and had fallen asleep nude.

I was awakened from an erotic dream when the maid knocked on my door the next morning. My erect penis was almost on the verge of orgasm from the excitement of my dream, and I started to call the maid and tell her that I was still in the room but hesitated, suddenly wondering what she would do when she saw me.

I heard the sound of the key in the lock and slowly began to rotate my hips. She opened my door and reached outside for her cleaning gear and entered my room, closing the door behind her without having noticed me yet. When she looked up and saw me, I heard her gasp, "Wow!" Through my half-opened eyes I saw her captivated gaze centered on my throbbing penis, and I decided to carry my exhibitionism one step farther. Faking a snore, I began talking softly to my "dream girl." I said, "Mmmm, that feels good. You suck my cock just right. Don't stop; please don't stop!"

The maid was really captivated now! She left my room and returned with her helper, who was nearly as good-looking as she was! I was still talking softly and had begun to stroke my cock slowly. I stood up from the bed and continued masturbating only a few feet from them. I then placed both hands in front of me as if I were holding a woman's head while she sucked my cock. I said softly, "Do it, baby. Suck it nice."

The helper looked at the maid and whispered, "He's asleep! He doesn't even know we're here!" She knelt in front of me and gently tongued my cock and was soon swallowing its whole length. I came with a shudder and allowed my first heavy spurt to splatter against the front of her uniform. I collapsed on the bed, saying, "That was sooo good, baby, sooo good!" I then feigned sleep, and the two women left. Shortly afterwards I could hear them talking excitedly outside my window.

I waited a while and then got dressed and left the room. While on my way to my car, I passed one of my pretty visitors and asked her if she enjoyed her work. She replied that lately it had been exciting, but she wouldn't elaborate on the details. Hmmm.—*R.R., Paducah, Ky.*

Après-ski

I've been a bartender for about two years at a ski lodge in Colorado. I have seen a lot of pretty women come and go, but when I saw the woman who inspired this letter, I knew from the start that there was something distinctive about her. She fascinated me from the very first time I laid eyes on her. And somehow I knew that she wanted me, too. Our eyes met when I served her a drink, and I knew that before the night was over, we would be together. I was on the late shift and would close the bar that night. So at 2:00, she was the last customer there. I went over and locked the doors and then, without saying a word, went over to her, took her by the hand, and led her to the couch by the fireplace. I started kissing her and massaging her neck and shoulders. Before I could say anything, we began undressing each other very slowly. I kissed each part of her as I pulled the clothes from her body. She was so beautiful that she nearly blurred my vision. She had beautiful, long red hair, nice, firm tits, and a very sexy ass. When I had all of her clothes off, I pushed her back on the couch and began to kiss my way down to her cunt. At first I went slowly but soon began eating for all I was worth. She tasted delicious, and I was really in seventh heaven. She tasted like sea water after a tropical storm.

Finally, she said that it was my turn; so I lay down on the couch, and she began to drive me crazy as she kissed my cock and balls. She flicked her titillating tongue up and down my cock until I thought that I would explode. Then she moved up onto the couch and I slid my cock into her, very slowly at first. Her cunt was so hot and juicy that I could hardly believe it. We moved faster and began to moan. I felt as if every nerve in my entire body were electrified.

Suddenly, I could feel a very powerful orgasm welling up in my loins. She was moving her hips back and forth so vigorously that the movements were driving me crazy. When I came, I felt the greatest ecstasy of my entire life. We made love one more time that night before we fell asleep in each other's arms. I slept a sleep of those who haven't a care in the world.

We were startled the next morning when the manager banged on the door and woke us up. I never saw that beautiful redhead again, but that was one night I certainly will never forget.—*Name and address withheld*

Book lover

I'm an MIT junior, and I'd like to share with you an experience that I had the other day. I was feeling lonely and discouraged, because I had just flunked an important test earlier that day. Then, while sitting at my desk and staring at my books, I was inspired by a great idea. I pulled down my physics book and, with my hunting knife, gouged a hole through it big enough for myself. I then fucked it like mad, thinking all the while of all the times I had been screwed over by the profs. I came all over my desk. It released all my tensions, and it was the most intense orgasm I've ever had. I can't wait for the end of the term, because I'm going to screw the hell out of my calculus book when it is all over.—*T.C., Cambridge, Mass.*

Cock of the walk

You've of course heard of cocktail parties. Well, last summer my wife held a cock party, and I'm not talking about birds.

One hot Saturday afternoon the two other couples, Paul and Paula and Larry and Laurie, arrived at my house for the big event. Our wives led us into the house, where we were given red swim briefs and told to change into them. All three of us were wondering what this whole thing was about.

We soon found out. All three of the red trunks had holes in the crotch areas. The only way for a comfortable fit was for the dick and balls to hang out of the hole. After we had changed, we went out to the patio. When the girls saw us, they gave cries of delight, and each grabbed her man and sat him down on one of the benches surrounding a big triangular table. Laurie, Paula, and my wife were wearing glittering green bikinis with yellow flowers, magnificently showing off their gorgeous frames.

Then it all began. Each woman bent down to her husband's meat, tickled his balls until his dick was the size she likes, and then sucked on it till he climaxed juice down her throat.

When the first three suckings were completed, each woman got up, moved in a circle to the right to the next guy, and performed the same thing; so that now Laurie was working on me, Paula on Larry, and my wife on Paul. As for the guys, well, we just couldn't help cooperating.

After the second round, the girls switched once more, at the end of which everybody had had everybody. Me and the guys were worn out; nonetheless, our dicks were so hard that the gals decided to do more; each bikini came off, and they went back nude to their husbands. The next thing we knew, we were fucking them! Their incredible sexiness was the only thing sustaining us at this point.

When we were done fucking, Paul wearily announced that he was through. Paula then took off his suit and carried him inside. That left me and Larry, and the two remaining ladies switched. After I had fucked Laurie and Larry had screwed my wife, Larry also resigned, at which point Laurie undressed him and carried him inside. Paula came back out just then, and notic-

"IN 1972 A LEGEND LIT MY GRENADIER."

If I was nervous it was understandable. After all, this was my first all-star game. And there I was in the National League locker room suiting up with half of baseball's superstars, too nervous to even light my cigar.

But the excitement really started out on the field. 53,000 Atlanta fans let out a roar of welcome that made my ears ring. You see, it was their first all-star game, too.

Then as each all-star was introduced, the crowd's cheers grew louder.

I didn't think a crowd could make any more noise. Not until the legends on our team were introduced. For our center fielder, one of baseball's all-time greats, the fans shouted and cheered until I was sure the place was going to fall down. For our right fielder, who played for Atlanta, and at that time was getting close to breaking the all-time home run record, the roar was twice as loud and twice as long. And he got the same tumultuous ovation in the sixth inning when he hit a two-run homer.

I went to the mound in the eighth with the score tied three-all. I allowed no runs, one hit, and struck out four. In the tenth inning our small, but mighty, second baseman singled home the winning run, making me the winning pitcher in my first all-star game. You know, I was thrilled to be an all-star. And more thrilled to be the winning pitcher. But the biggest thrill was when one of the legends patted me on the shoulder and said, "Nice game, Tug," and lit a match for me to light my Grenadier.

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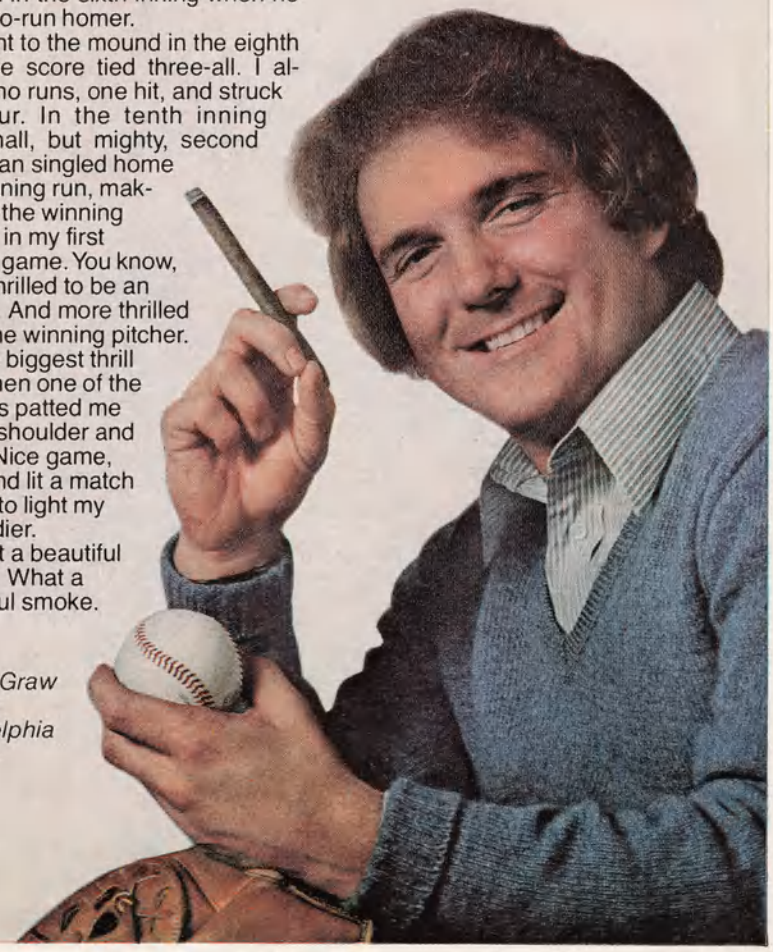


Tug McGraw
Pitcher
Philadelphia
Phillies

ing that I was the only one left, straddled herself on me. After much effort, I ejaculated inside her. I had won, she told me. I had lasted the longest.

My wife then removed my shorts, carried me inside to the bathroom, and washed off my beat meat. Since I had won, my prize, which the women decided upon later, was a lovemaking session with Laurie and Paula in bed together at the same time the next weekend, following a sexless week. We all agreed that the party was well worth the effort.—*S.S., Los Angeles, Calif.*

Limber limbs

I enjoy reading "Forum" so much that I have to reread it several times. Now and then I've noticed a few articles in which men have said that they fellate themselves. Others ask how it is done, what exercises they should do if any, and whether an extra large cock is a prerequisite. I would like to supply some of the answers.

I've been sucking my own cock for the past thirty-two years. Now if you're fat, forget it. I have a thirty-two-inch waist and am about five feet, six inches tall. My cock is five and a half inches long, and you don't have to be double-jointed.

Years ago, when I was walking down the street with one of my friends, he mentioned that he wished that he could suck his own cock. Until that time I had never given the matter a thought and in fact had been taught that this activity was unthinkable. (Today when I suck my cock, I feel that it is the cleanest part of my body; I even wash my hands before I touch it.)

At the time of my friend's confession, we used to see stage shows in two different theaters in town. One consisted of a group on stage that would walk around on their hands, with their heads held between their legs. I used to wonder if they sucked their own cocks, because in this position they could very easily reach their cocks with their mouths. One evening I heard one of these persons being interviewed on the radio. The performer was asked if he and the other members of the group were double-jointed, and he answered that they weren't and that many people could do the same with their body after the right exercises.

After the Second World War I was still in Europe and had lots of free time on my hands. I decided to begin my experimentation. I would lie on my back with my head on a roll of toilet paper and raise my feet up above me until they rested on the wall behind me. Then I would put my arms around my legs and gradually pull my cock down toward my mouth. Finally, I would switch the position. I would sit on the floor, wrap my arms around my upper thighs, arch my back, throw my neck and head forward, and slowly pull my mouth down toward my cock. It seemed almost impossible to do, but each time I tried, my mouth would get closer and closer to my cock until one afternoon I was able to lick up and down the shaft, tasting the sweet juice that starts to run when you get hot. Then I opened my mouth and moved it down slowly over the head of my cock until it was about a third of the way down the shaft. I started rolling my tongue around the head, and soon old faithful erupted, sending gushes of come down my throat.

One of these days I may get up the nerve to suck another guy's cock. I remember how in my younger years, when I was going to high school, I was with one of my classmates during lunch. At one point he pulled out his cock and took a leak behind some bushes. I remember his cock as being large and beautiful. He asked me to suck it, and I wanted to very much but refused. To this very day I still think about that near encounter.

I would love to stand up and shout and tell the world that I love to suck cock, but there are far too many narrow-minded people out there.—*A.B., Washington, D.C.*

Train ride

I never thought that I would have an experience that would merit a place in *Penthouse*, but such an experience has occurred. I'm a college student in New York City and was traveling back to school from Syracuse. Among many others who had boarded my train was a tall, gorgeous, blonde, whom I had noticed the first moment I entered the station. I'd selected my seat and was preparing to go to sleep, as I usually do on such a long trip, when suddenly the blonde goddess I had been staring at took the seat next to me. All thoughts of sleep quickly left me.

After about a half hour of conversation, during which we exchanged the usual information about schools, exams, etc. (she was a senior at Syracuse University), she began to rub her knee against mine, slowly at first, and then gradually faster. My cock leaped up in response, but she seemed not to notice. At first I thought that she was just unconsciously rubbing against me, but her next words soon informed me otherwise. She looked directly at me and said, "Do you mind it if I do this?" I said no, and she then grasped my now-bulging crotch and started to rub her fingers slowly up and down the long, hard shaft. I quickly grabbed my coat and threw it over both of our laps. In seconds she had opened my fly and was energetically squeezing and pulling my cock, while I furiously fingered her hot center. Because we had to stop every time someone made his way to or from the john or the dining car, it took us more than four hours to finally come. When I did, she filled her hand with my semen and licked it off while I watched.

Totally fascinated by the experience, I had forgotten even to ask her name. She supplied this information, along with her address and an invitation to visit her anytime.—*B.N., Syracuse, N.Y.*

American lieutenant's woman

I'm in the U.S. Army and was recently reas-

signed after a tour of duty in Hawaii. It was there that I had an experience which I would like to share with your readers and all of my fellow enlisted men everywhere.

When I was in Hawaii, I was lucky enough to encounter a lieutenant's very horny wife, who kept my horns clipped for quite some time. It started like this. I was an education NCO for my unit and was visiting a school where I happened to meet this same beautiful bundle of unbounded sexual energy. Patti was twenty-seven years old and had shoulder-length blonde hair and a beautiful body. We hit it off right away, and before very long we had become completely familiar with each other's body. She was crazy about sex, and we fucked for hours on end in every position known to man and woman. If Patti had any sexual fault at all, it was that she wasn't very good at giving head. But she made up for her lack of technique by displaying total dedication and enthusiasm. As I said, that was her only drawback; her cunt was as educated as any I've ever known. It seemed to have a will of its own as it would squeeze and milk my thrusting cock into spasms of unbearable delight.

There is one night, however, that I will always remember fondly. We were just relaxing when that urge came over both of us, and we retired to the bedroom for a session of good sex and kicks. I lapped at her golden pussy while she massaged my throbbing dick into one of the hardest erections that I have ever experienced. When I knew that I couldn't stand it any longer, I rolled her over on her back and fucked her sopping cunt with long, determined strokes. As I became more and more excited, I quickened the pace and soon exploded into that soft, silky twat. By this time she was a raving sexual maniac and refused to let me pull out of her even though my thoroughly spent cock was losing its hardness.

She began teasing and squeezing my fatigued cock with that talented pussy, and before I could barely catch my breath, it was a post again. I was in a little more control this time, and I rode her for a deliciously long fuck that had her coming like a broken dam. By the time of my second orgasm, she was digging her fingernails into my back and uttering low, animallike, throaty moans of passion. When I finally came a third time, she screamed out like a banshee but still wasn't satisfied. For one last time I entered her gaping hole and fucked her hard, simply trying to satisfy her for good. Before we were finished, I had come four times and we both lost track of how many trips she had taken.

Shortly afterward Patti's husband came back from overseas, and we had to split up. But I certainly have enough memories to treasure.—*Name and address withheld*

WAC sacking

I'm a buck sergeant in the U.S. Army in Louisiana. One night not long ago a buddy and I were looking for a decent place where we could have a party that we were planning. A good idea occurred to us; some of the newly constructed barracks were finished inside, but none had been occupied yet. When we arrived there, we figured the second floor would be the best place to check first. And were we right! As we were going up the stairs, we heard a rustling sound coming from the third floor, and we immediately decided to investigate. As we got to the third floor, I could see two figures on the newly carpeted floor in a sixty-nine position. Needless to say, my friend and I got very aroused watching those two bodies squirming and moaning. My throbbing cock was about to pop the buttons off my fatigues.

Then my friend suggested that we mosey on over and try some tactical manuevers. When we started walking over, the two figures heard us and jumped up with such suddenness that we leaped back in surprise. There in front of us stood the two most beautiful women I've ever laid eyes on.

They were both dark and had beautifully shaped tits and shaved pussies! We all stood there aghast for a few moments, and without a word one of them approached my friend and undid his fly. Out popped the biggest dick I'd ever seen. The sight of this gorgeous woman taking in at least nine inches in her mouth had me horny as hell and hungering for the other girl. I was headed for that juicy, shaved cunt when she lay down on the floor spread-eagled. I lapped and ate that luscious love hole until I had cramps in my tongue. I was gently sucking her clit, bringing her to the brink of climax, when I felt warm, tender lips enveloping my pulsating cock. I stopped long enough to see that it was the other woman. My friend was just sinking his dick in the mouth of the girl I was eating! We all came together in one big, thrashing spasm. We spent the rest of the night in a great fucking and sucking session.

Later we talked, and it turned out that they were WACs. We've since repeated this scene many times but in better settings.—*Name and address withheld*

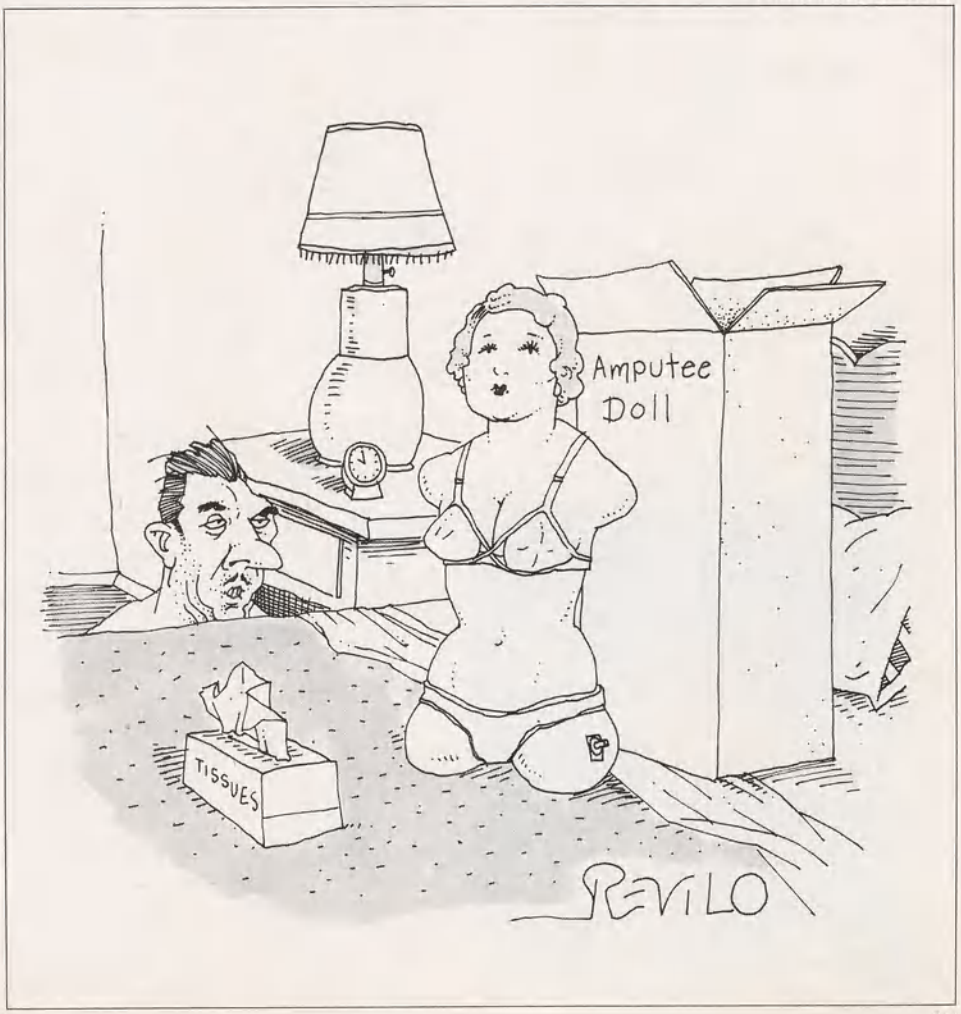
Unique compatibility

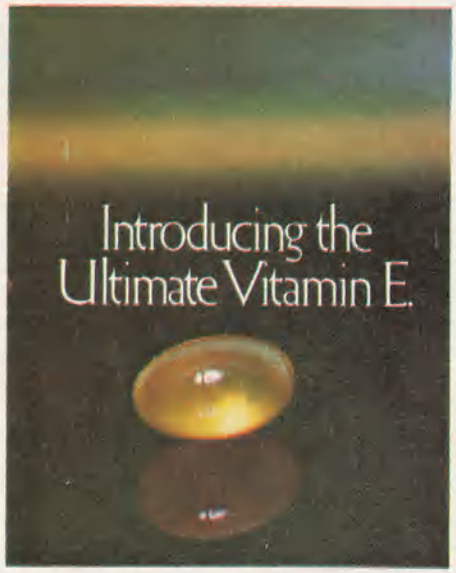
What I have to relate to you is unique, in that I am a happily married, twenty-nine-year-old woman who has never been involved in any extramarital affairs. My husband is bisexual, and his proclivities have never posed any problems for us.

Recently, after one of my husband's excursions, he informed me that he had met someone who he thought might be more than a one-night stand. As he spoke, he grew more excited, and I could see how really interested he was. Both of us had thought that if he could find someone on a steady basis, he would be able to be satisfied and we wouldn't have to worry about his contracting some disease and subsequently passing it to me.

After a few days I got a call at work, and I could tell by my husband's voice that this

CONTINUED ON PAGE 196





You've probably heard people call Vitamin E "the sex vitamin." Many people believe that Vitamin E actually increases one's sexual drive and potency.

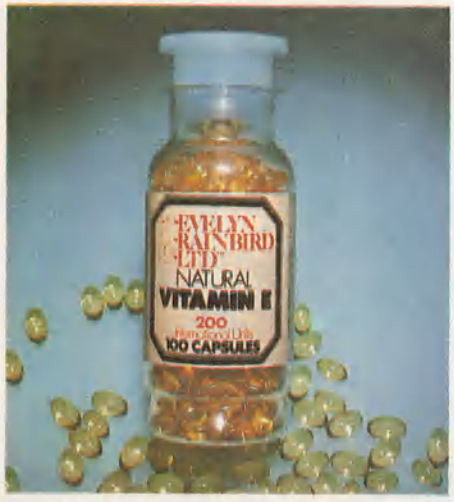
Vitamin E also reportedly has the capability of making a person feel healthier, more vigorous and alert.

Is all of this true? Honestly, we can't be sure. There just isn't a big enough body of scientific fact to make any equivocal statement.

All we can say is that we have made the Ultimate Vitamin E, the best one possible. Produced in one of the leading vitamin laboratories, where it has been subjected to extraordinary tests... yet test after test has proven the incredibly high quality of our Vitamin E.

To order a bottle containing 100 capsules send check or money order for $4.95 (200 units) or $6.95 (400 units) plus $1.00 p and h to Evelyn Rainbird Ltd., ™ 909 Third Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022. New York residents add appropriate sales tax. Allow 4 to 6 weeks delivery.

EVELYN RAINBIRD LTD™



PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse* — its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Advise and dissent: both sides now

Sen. James Abourezk points out that the principal cause of Israel's creation was the guilt of the Big Powers over not having provided a haven for the millions of Jews who were killed in Hitler's gas chambers. I wouldn't even attempt to argue with a statement as false as that.

It's the senator's second statement that is proof of his being nothing more than a propagandist for the Arab cause. He writes, "But the question asked to this day by the Arabs is: Why should they be made to pay for someone else's sins?" The answer is that they are not; they are paying for their own. More than 60 percent of Israel's population consists of Jews who fled to Israel as refugees from Arab countries. As an Iraqi Jew (now an Israeli) I cannot sit by and let an American senator tell me that Israel was created as a result of European problems, when for centuries Jews in Arab lands were forced to live under the most oppressive and degrading conditions, denied citizenship, and confined to ghettos in such cities as Casablanca, Baghdad, and Damascus. These Jews fled to Israel, leaving everything behind except memories of ghettos, identity cards, massacres, public hangings, and torture.

As far as the Jews from Arab countries are concerned, Zionism—the love of Zion—and the need for a Jewish homeland existed long before Herzl and the year 1894.—*Gadi Mahfouda, Bat Yan, Israel*

The "Advise and Dissent" piece by James Abourezk contains so many false statements that an attempt to correct each point would require a letter as long as the article itself.

One key point, however, demands clarification, and that is the issue of refugees. Every rational person agrees that the issue of all refugees is crucial to peace in the area, and that the abject poverty and sordid squalor, which are the essence of their existence, must be alleviated. I do not even wish to delve into the question of who created their miserable condition, as any inquiry would do nothing to relieve their suffering.

What is more important to recognize is that there are refugees on both sides—and, in fact, more Jewish refugees from Arab countries than there are Arab refugees. The principal difference is that Israel has absorbed, housed, and educated all of the Jewish refugees, while the Arabs left their people to be used as unfortunate victims of political chicanery. Jews from Arab lands evacuated 3 percent of Arab lands, which exceeds in size Israel and the territories and, if such claims were to be made, is far greater than Arab land left behind. Further, the properties left behind by Jews are estimated to be four to five times that which Palestinians left. I would suggest that Abourezk read Egyptian President Anwar Sadat's recent speech, in which he condemns the many Palestinians who have become rich men in other Arab countries but steadfastly refuse to assist their brethren and relieve their plight.—*Harry Gluckman, San Francisco, Calif.*

It took a daring iconoclast like Senator Abourezk to shatter the myth of the do-no-wrong Israel.

It is unfortunate that he does not plan to seek reelection this year. Still more unfortunate is the fact that if the senator were to run, he would certainly be buried by the very same power structure that he has chosen to expose.—*D. Moreno, Los Angeles, Calif.*

It's about time that the "other side" of the Arab-Israeli conflict has been aired. I found Senator Abourezk's article to be accurate, and it was presented in a clear and concise manner.

Congratulations for having the courage to publish the first accurate account of what has happened in the Middle East. Thank God that America still has a free press.—*Name and address withheld*

The Anita-go-round

Thank you for giving equal time to Anita Bryant (January 1978). The other major men's magazines have used her as the butt of many jokes and illustrations in their grandiose international style, which smells so bad that the stench of their unjustifiable attack reaches Canada.

Hooray for *Penthouse*, a truly liberal magazine, which doesn't spend all of its space showing support for the "poor oppressed minority."

Recently in Canada we've had an alarming number of child-molesting incidents involving homosexuals. When we can't act in the best interests of our loved ones, our countries are in more trouble than people think. Inflation and unemployment are jokes compared with this problem.

Anita is not God-sent or totally right, but her desire to protect her family is as fashionable and chic as anything else in this twentieth century. Homosexuals are a threat to children, as anyone can see in the accounts that run in every newspaper.—*Name and address withheld*

Thank goodness the best things never change.

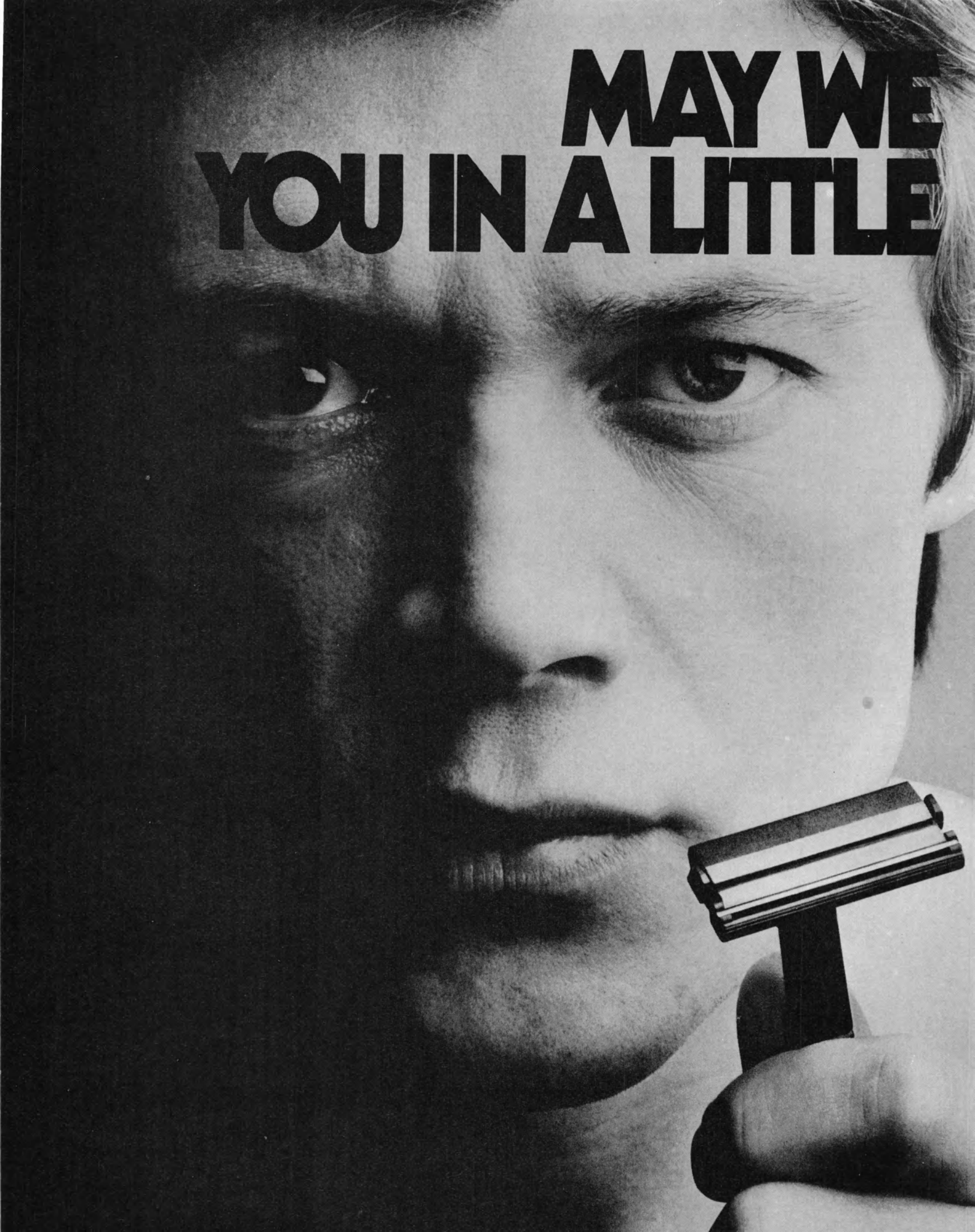
Like the feeling you get every time you share the sounds and the smells of a misty morning.

Like the feeling you get every time you taste Smooth as Silk Kessler.

Consistently smooth. Sip after sip. Year after year. Money just can't buy a smoother whiskey.

SMOOTH AS SILK KESSLER

JULIUS KESSLER COMPANY, LAWRENCEBURG, INDIANA. BLENDED WHISKEY. 80 OR 86 PROOF. 72½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.


MAY WE
YOU IN A LITTLE

ENGLISH ENGAGE SWORDSMANSHIP?

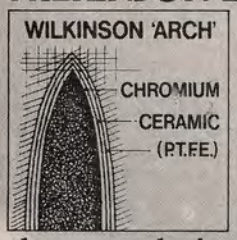
We English would like you to try our great English shave.

The object is, of course, to win you over to our Wilkinson blades and, of course, we will.

After all, we've been honing steel to a fine cutting edge for 200 years.

And in that time, if you don't mind our saying so, we've developed quite an edge.

YOU'RE LOOKING AT OUR EXTRAORDINARY WILKINSON EDGE.



It is on the order of two millionths of an inch!

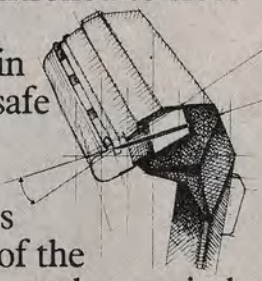
Each edge is hardened and sharpened. And stropped, very much as our forebears did, using real oxhide leather.

This process gradually smooths out and refines the edge to produce our Wilkinson 'Arch' tip.

It is this tip, after coating with chromium, ceramic and a special plastic (P.T.F.E.), that provides the masterful shaving qualities, ease and comfort of our Wilkinson blades.

WHY OUR WILKINSON BONDED IS SUCH A FINE SHAVING SYSTEM.

The shaving angle and protrusion of a shaving system have to be controlled to close tolerances in order to obtain comfortable safe shaving. Our Wilkinson Bonded keeps close control of the shaving geometry by precisely locating the extreme tip of the blade in relation to the top cap and guard bar and keeping it rigidly in position during shaving.



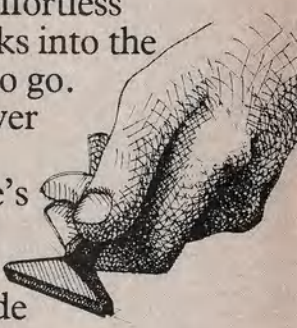
Each new blade is, in effect, a new razor so the shaving geometry can never drift as can occur in some other shaving systems.

IF OUR WORDS DON'T CONVINCE YOU, OUR SYSTEM WILL.

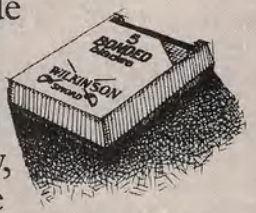
It's a lot easier to feel why our Wilkinson Bonded gives you such a fine shave than to describe it in words.

And by that, we mean the total system.

The perfect balance of the handle; the effortless way the handle clicks into the blade and is ready to go.



(The blade is never exposed in the dispenser and there's no way to confuse which way the blade goes in, upside down or inside out, as in some other systems.)



And finally, smooth shave after smooth shave, simply eject the blade with a flick of the thumb and click in a fresh blade.

In all due modesty, we believe you'll find there's nothing quite like our Wilkinson Bonded in the States.

Or, for that matter, the world.

May God protect us from those who would protect us in His name.—*Douglas L. Trees, D.D., PhD., FSCT, Auxiliary Bishop, Anglican Catholic Church, Diocese of Long Island, Saint James, N.Y.*

Close encounters

Regarding your interview with Steven Spielberg (February 1978), whom I greatly admire: it seems to me that through common courtesy, if nothing else, either Spielberg or the interviewers should have mentioned Peter Benchley, the author of *Jaws*. Once again, as is too common in the movie industry, the writer has become the forgotten man.—*J.J.Lamb, Mill Valley, Calif.*

Nit-pickin'

Robert Palmer's article on guitarists, "Picking the Guitar" (February 1978), is fantastic, except for one thing, Mr. Palmer seems to have forgotten about the best jazz guitarist alive today: Al DiMeola. If you listen to any of his albums, you will discover that Al makes all other guitarists sound like children. I know that all guitarists have different styles, but if one just listens to the speed and clarity of DiMeola's notes, it's clear that he outshines everyone who plays a guitar.

Despite this omission, I thoroughly enjoyed Mr. Palmer's article.

I hope that Mr. Palmer's next article on guitar players will discuss the great Al DiMeola. In my opinion, he is the best there is.—*Kenneth L. Solomon, Mount Vernon, N.Y.*

Not all machines need plugs.
AD-C90 TDK
TDK cassettes are more than tape. They are integral components of your hi fi system—machines in themselves—engineered to the same precision standards as your cassette deck. So no matter which TDK cassette you use, you get reliable, consistently superb performance. For instance, our AD cassette gives you all the high energy music you want, and you don't need special bias switches on your deck to use it. Like our other fine cassettes, SA and D, it has a full lifetime warranty.*
Not all machines need plugs. But all good tape machines deserve TDK cassettes.
*In the unlikely event that any TDK cassette tape ever fails to perform due to a defect in materials or workmanship, simply return it to your local dealer or to TDK for a free replacement.
TDK
The machine for your machine.©
TDK Electronics Corp, Garden City, N.Y. 11530

Last word on the last taboo

Philip Nobile's article "The Last Taboo" (November 1977) was recently called to my attention. Though my response is late, I feel compelled to write you my reactions, not only because the article refers to me but also because it deals with an issue that concerns me deeply.

I was pleased to discover that at least one writer considered me a bluenose; up until this point, general negative opinion of me and of the child sexual abuse treatment program was that we were permissive and too lenient toward the offenders. Most responses to our program have been favorable. Since the CSATP documentary appeared on NBC's "Weekend," we have received hundreds of letters from women who were abused as children. Many of these letters have been cries of anguish over the past, many have been expressions of gratitude to the program for bringing the issue of incest out into the open, and many have been the first airing of a long-kept secret. But not one has called our program alarmist or moralistic. In fact, I believe that the CSATP takes a temperate and realistic view of incest. It is true that since we exist to help people, we deal only with families in trouble. It is also true that we deal almost exclusively with father-daughter incest, since that is the form most frequently reported. I must stress that all reports start when a very troubled child confides her inner turmoil to someone else.

Let me say unequivocally that based on the cases we have studied—more than a thousand of them—father-daughter incest acted out in American society usually, almost invariably, has adverse effects on the child. Sexual feelings are quite normal within the family, but how they are acted upon can mean the difference between good and irresponsible parenting. Children have much to absorb in our complex society, and the unraveling of sexual feelings takes time. Children may confuse the sensual feelings connected with affection and security with sexual responses, but their parents should nonetheless respect their right to develop sexually according to their own biological and socially conditioned rhythms. Parents, of course, should be involved in their children's sexual education so that the children are free to experience their sexuality without guilt and discover, as most mature people have, that sex shared with caring and tenderness is more satisfying than some form of exploitative sex.

Since the CSATP is supported by public funds and is, in fact, a branch of the Juvenile Probation Department, we are subject to child abuse reporting laws, and families appealing to us anonymously have to be advised that we are obliged to report to the authorities. But although we urge troubled families to come in, we never try to trap them. One of the goals—and accomplishments—of our program has been to soften the blow of the courts and to replace the traditionally punitive treatment of incestuous families by a caring program of personal and social rehabilitation. We reconstitute 90 percent of the families that come to us, most of whom report that family life has been immeasurably improved in the process, I'm convinced that if a family is in trouble, it can better deal with that trouble by reporting it than by ignoring it. Presumably, those families not in trouble (including those experiencing "positive incest") will not report such troubles.

I agree with Nobile that people should feel comfortable with their sexual feelings. I've said repeatedly, for example, that experimentation among children is very normal and, if left alone, will be self-resolving. Nor do I pass judgment on incest between consenting adults. But any article that discusses the subject of incest should stress the point that sex should be expressed in an unexploitative manner, whether the partner is a child or an adult. It is my feeling, from all the cases that have come to my attention and all the literature that I've read, that a balanced, evenly matched father-daughter relationship based on free choice is extremely rare and difficult to imagine in our society. Even in Warren Farrell's meager sample, one that he will agree is not representative of the American population, he shows that of all forms of incest, the father-daughter type is least likely to have a positive outcome.

I was dumbfounded to read that Nobile interprets Edith Wharton's story fragment "Beatrice Palmetto" as a "woman's view of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 184

THE HI-FI SYSTEM FOR PEOPLE WHO'D PAY ANYTHING FOR GREAT SOUND. BUT HAVE LESS THAN $500* TO SPEND.

*The value shown in this ad is for informational purposes only. Actual resale prices will be set by the individual Pioneer dealer at his option.

There are thousands of people today who'd love to own quality high fidelity components.

Unfortunately, the thing that stops many of them is money.

That's why Pioneer developed the Component Ensemble. A carefully matched collection of Pioneer hi fi components that are designed to give you a very expensive sound, at a relatively inexpensive price.

Aside from coming with a cabinet, the Component Ensemble features the world's best selling turntable, our PL112-D. And the TX6500 II tuner. The tuner that *Stereo Review* Magazine thought sounded just as good as some FM tuners that cost nearly twice as much.

There's also a Pioneer SA6500 II amplifier, a pair of Pioneer Project 60 speakers, a Pioneer cartridge, and even one of our best sets of headphones

In short, it's a *complete* Pioneer component hi fi system. Which means you're not only guaranteed great sound, but you're also spared the aggravation of trying to figure out which kind of speakers go best with what amplifier. And what turntable works best with everything else.

You can hear the Component Ensemble at any participating Pioneer dealer.

It's the one hi fi system anybody can appreciate. And almost anybody can afford.

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We bring it back alive.

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Discover the most refreshing low 'tar.'

KOOL SUPER LIGHTS

No other low "tar" refreshes like KOOL SUPER LIGHTS. But then, no other cigarette has its special kind of coolness.

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America's most refreshing low 'tar' cigarette.

mg. 'tar' in both sizes.

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

9 mg. "tar", 0 .8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

"I understand that it's
no fun getting a thirty-second bang
from a young, nervous lover,
but do give the boys a
chance to improve."

XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM

XAVIERA'S LETTER
OF THE MONTH

After reading some of the letters published in Penthouse, *I find my own story isn't so unusual, after all. Perhaps some of your readers will learn from my mistakes.*

For the past five years, I've been married to a beautiful woman, several years younger than myself. Ann has the kind of face and figure men dream about. She is now twenty-six years old, stands five feet five inches, and weighs about 115 pounds. Her measurements are a stunning 37-25-35. Her tits are firm and full, with very large nipples, and she has a trim and small waist with wide and well-rounded hips that have a seductive sway when she walks.

Ann is a perfect lady, well dressed and well mannered. But she always wears a garter belt and stockings with brightly colored bikini panties beneath her rather short skirts—at my request. When we met, about a year before we married, Ann was still a virgin.

Our sex life has been all right, and Ann usually reaches a rather mild orgasm during intercourse. I don't go down on her, nor does she suck my cock, although I have often entertained the idea. I realize now that I didn't give her the attention she wanted and needed. My business is very demanding and requires long hours, and often, when I get home around midnight, all I can think about is sleep.

Six months ago I came in one evening several hours earlier than usual. As I walked in the back door, I could hear voices coming from the living room. I stepped to the door and saw my wife sitting on the couch beside a young man who was obviously a salesman. He had his advertising material spread out on the coffee table.

The sales pitch was over, though, and they were sitting back and relaxing over a cup of coffee. Ann was wearing a white blouse and a short, white skirt. Her skirt had hiked up until I could see the dark band at the top of her stockings. Obviously, they had not heard me come in. I could see him glancing at her lovely legs, and somehow I knew he would try to make out with my wife. All I had to do was make a sound and it would all be over. Instead, I watched and waited, remaining silent.

He had his left arm over the back of the couch, behind Ann. When she settled back, his hand caught her shoulder, turning her to face him. I heard her gasp of surprise when he kissed her, and I saw his right hand come up to cup her tit. Ann moved the hand away, but in a few seconds it was back again. I heard her protests—"No, I'm a married woman . . . it's not right . . . don't . . ." Both hands were working her tits now. I saw his hand unbuttoning her blouse, then reaching inside her brassiere. Ann's skirt was hiked up even higher as she struggled to get free, but now I could hear her moaning softly.

I was fascinated by the idea of a complete stranger trying to make out with my wife. X-rated movies had never turned me on, but this was different, and I made up my mind to watch and see how far she would let him go.

He slipped the strap of Ann's brassiere from her shoulders and lifted her tit from its cup. I could see that her big nipples were fully erect, and his face moved down to her tits, taking a nipple into his mouth. Her eyes were closed, her lips parted in a low moan, and she was holding his face to her tit while he sucked her. He moved up to kiss her again, and this time she fully responded to him. I knew he would be fucking my wife very soon.

His right hand moved between Ann's legs, to just above her knees. I watched his hand steal beneath her skirt. She moved his hand away from her legs once, twice, a third time, but each time he

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send to
Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.
Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

RONRICO RUM'S "2 WAYS TO GO" SWEEPSTAKES

Win the Silver...Win the Gold...or Win Both

Win 1978 Silver Corvette

Win 1978 Gold Corvette

Plus Over 250 Other Valuable Prizes

Ronrico doubles the action with not one—but two—exciting sweepstakes. Great fun and easy to enter. Just answer the Ronrico Rum questions on either or both of the entry blanks below with information found on the front and back labels of any quart or 750 ml. bottle of Ronrico White (Silver label) or Gold Rum. Complete the form and mail to us. If you don't own a bottle of Ronrico visit your favorite restaurant, tavern or package store and look for the special Ronrico display.

While you're waiting to hear if you've won, try our White (Silver label) and Gold Ronrico Rums in your favorite drink.

Two ways to go...

Ronrico "Silver" Sweepstakes

Mail to: Ronrico "Silver" Sweepstakes
P.O. Box 8276
St. Paul, Minnesota 55182

I have read the contest rules on the facing page and would like to enter the Ronrico "Silver" Sweepstakes. My answers are checked below. (Correct answers appear on front and back labels of Ronrico White (Silver Label) quart and 750 ml. sizes.)

1. Ronrico was established in
☐ 1492 ☐ 1860 ☐ 1908

2. Ronrico White (Silver Label) is
☐ dry ☐ sweet.

I certify that I am of legal drinking age under the laws of my home state.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. VOID WHERE PROHIBITED OR RESTRICTED BY LAW.
RONRICO • WHITE & GOLD • 80 PROOF • GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., N.Y.C.

RONRICO
DRY SILVER/MELLOW GOLD

Two ways to win!...

Ronrico "Gold" Sweepstakes

Mail to: Ronrico "Gold" Sweepstakes
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I have read the contest rules on the facing page and would like to enter the Ronrico "Gold" Sweepstakes. My answers are checked below. (Correct answers appear on front and back labels of Ronrico Gold quart and 750 ml. sizes.)

1. Ronrico is produced and bottled in
☐ Florida ☐ Puerto Rico ☐ Jamaica.

2. The "Ronrico Manhattan" is made with
☐ 1½ oz. ☐ 2 oz. of Ronrico Gold.

I certify that I am of legal drinking age under the laws of my home state.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. VOID WHERE PROHIBITED OR RESTRICTED BY LAW.
RONRICO • WHITE & GOLD • 80 PROOF • GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., N.Y.C.

RONRICO RUM'S "2 WAYS TO GO" SWEEPSTAKES

SILVER SWEEPSTAKES PRIZES	GOLD SWEEPSTAKES PRIZES
GRAND PRIZE 1978 Silver Corvette	**GRAND PRIZE** 1978 Gold Corvette
2ND PRIZE 8-day Puerto Rico Vacation For Two	**2ND PRIZE** 8-day Puerto Rico Vacation For Two
3RD PRIZE 25 LeJour Silver Coin Men's Wrist Watches or Women's Pendant Watches	**3RD PRIZE** 25 LeJour Goldentone Coin Men's Wrist Watches or Women's Pendant Watches
4TH PRIZE 100 Ronrico Rumbrellas	**4TH PRIZE** 100 Ronrico Rumbrellas

OFFICIAL RULES

1. On one or both (Gold and/or Silver) entry forms, or on a 3" x 5" piece of paper, print your name, address and zip code. Then, answer the Ronrico Rum questions with information found on the front and back labels of any quart or 750 ml. bottle of Ronrico White (Silver label) or Gold Rum. If you don't own a bottle visit your favorite restaurant or tavern or go to any participating liquor store and look for the Ronrico display.

2. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be properly completed, addressed and mailed in a separate envelope and received by July 15, 1978 to be eligible. Prize winners will be determined in a witnessed random drawing of correct entries by Frederick Siebel Associates, an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. No purchase required.

3. Each of the grand prize winners will receive a standard equipped 1978 Chevrolet Corvette. The two second prize winners will each receive a 7-night, 8-day trip for two to San Juan, Puerto Rico, including air fare, hotel accommodations and $200 in cash. The 50 third prize winners will receive a LeJour Silver or Goldentone Man's Coin Wrist Watch or Woman's Pendant Watch. The 200 fourth prize winners will each receive a Ronrico umbrella. Prizes are non-transferable and non-redeemable for cash.

4. Only one prize per family or household in each sweepstakes. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of correct entries received. All prizes will be awarded.

5. Automobile winners agree to assume responsibility for any optional items as defined by General Motors as well as local, state and federal taxes, city and state licensing and registration fees. Automobiles will be made available as near as possible to the prize winner's home address for pick up by winners. Sweepstakes open to residents of the continental U.S.A., Alaska and Hawaii. Employees, and their families, of General Wine and Spirits Co., its affiliated and subsidiary companies, liquor wholesalers and retailers, their advertising agencies and judging organizations are not eligible. Sweepstakes void where prohibited or restricted by law. All federal, state and local laws apply.

6. Entrants must be of legal drinking age under the laws of their home state.

7. A list of all winners can be acquired at the conclusion of the sweepstakes by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Ronrico Rum Winners List, P.O. Box 8286, St. Paul, Minnesota 55182.

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got a little higher. I could see her legs starting to part, and now his fingertips were caressing her cunt through her panties. Her skirt was bunched up about her waist. Now my wife threw her arms about him and kissed him wildly. I watched him ease Ann's panties to one side, his fingers stroking her cunt, then sliding up and into her. Her hips began to undulate as he fingered her, her moans growing louder. He whispered something to her, but I couldn't catch it. Ann hesitated for a moment, then reached down to unzip his pants and pulled his cock out. She sat up and looked down at the hard prick she held in her hand. It looked twice as long as mine. I could see naked lust in her eyes as she tried to close her hand about it; then I heard Ann say to him, "Give it to me; put it in me."

They began kissing again, their tongues playing in each other's mouth. I watched my wife raise up her hips as he tugged her panties off, and I heard him order my wife to suck his cock. He was guiding her, bobbing her head up and down to slide his cock in and out of her mouth, telling her how to suck and lick it. Now she seemed eager for it, and I could hear the loud sucking noises of her mouth. I had my cock out and was slowly jacking off as I watched my wife give him a blowjob. I heard Ann moan, saw her body shuddering, and knew she was coming.

Then the salesman pulled away from her and stood up to pull his pants off. My wife lay back on the couch, pulled her skirt up higher, and spread her legs for him. Instead of mounting her, he went down on her. She tried to protest, asking him not to do that to her, but I saw his face move between her legs, his tongue lapping her pussy, and in seconds she was coming again. He went on eating Ann until she was about to come again, and then he moved up between her legs. She reached down and grabbed his cock, guiding it to her cunt. She was almost screaming at him to put it in her. I watched his huge prick sliding up her snatch, far deeper than I had ever been in her, and I couldn't believe how easily she took all of him in. I heard her screaming in pleasure, her long, lovely legs kicking wildly in the air, then locking about his waist. I have no idea how long it took—ten or fifteen minutes? Her cunt came up to meet every thrust, her hips snapping from side to side. Ann was begging him to fuck her deeper and harder. In a few strokes she was coming again, and again, and then again.

He pulled it out and moved up to straddle her face. Ann lay back with her eyes closed, accepting the feel of his wet prick stroking over her face until her cheeks and chin were glistening with his jazz. He moved down a bit and stroked his cock over her lovely tits; then she took him back into her mouth and sucked until he had another hard-on.

When they sat up, Ann stripped off her skirt and blouse, and they played with each other for a while until my wife pushed him back on the couch and mounted him. They were facing away from me, and I had a clear view of his cock sliding all the way into her pussy. Ann started fucking herself on his cock, rocking back and forth in long, slow strokes, easing forward until only the head was still inside her, then sliding back to take him all the way up her again. She was talking to him now, telling him how good his cock felt and how she wanted to come again. My sweet innocent wife was responding like a bitch in heat. Ann told him he could have her whenever he wanted. He told her he might bring some friends along for a gang bang. When he said that, Ann started tonguing his ear wildly and bucking her hips harder.

When they began getting dressed, I snuck out of the house, flashed the lights in the car, and slammed the door to make sure they heard me coming. He was ready to leave when I walked in. Ann introduced me to him (his name was Jim) and told me she had bought some books from him. A few minutes later Ann and I went to bed. As I watched her undress, all I could think of was Jim fucking her. Her pussy was still wet when I slipped in her, and she came twice while we were screwing.

I've seen my wife take on seven men in a gang bang, watched her sucking one cock while another man fucked her. I've even watched her take a cock in her pussy and one in her ass at the same time. Just last week I watched Ann being introduced to lesbian sex, when Jim brought a woman along.

I know of three cases when she served as a whore—and this is just the beginning. One day soon I am going to walk in and "catch" my wife being fucked. I won't be angry. I'll simply demand to join them and take my own turn on her. She is now an easy piece of ass for any man, and I wouldn't have it any other way.—J.L.

People are turned on by watching others have sex. If this weren't true, pornography wouldn't be such a big business, I guess. In one of my columns printed last year, however, I ran a letter from a husband, like you, who enjoyed being a voyeur and delighted in seeing his wife make love with other men. Since then, I must say that at least a tenth of the letters I receive each month detail this fantasy.

Why do so many men like seeing their wives get it on with other men? In your case I'd say there is some degree of masochism involved. Jim had a bigger penis than you, as you put it yourself ("I watched his huge prick sliding up her snatch, far deeper than I had ever been in her"). Perhaps you like thinking that you're not quite the man Ann's other lovers are. Then there is the man who enjoys having his wife screw with other men so that he can in turn show her that he is a better lover. It's that now-I'll-show-you syndrome.

Either way you look at it, American men do seem to enjoy enacting this fantasy. Remember when people used to consider a wife's extramarital sex some kind of blow to her husband's masculine ego? That poor cuckolded husband, they would say. In my

opinion, good riddance. You've come a long way, baby!

LET'S DO IT ON THE ROAD

Recently, you printed a letter about sex on wheels and invited your readers to write in and tell about their experiences. First of all, let me tell you that I am a woman living in a small town in Iowa, where nothing too exciting ever happens. So I usually hang out at a bar where rock bands play.

This particular night, as I sat sipping my highball, I noticed this gorgeous man—a stranger to these parts, as I know most of the men who frequent this bar. He was a big man—I guessed about six feet two inches—with dark, wavy hair and a perfectly groomed mustache. He reminded me of Burt Reynolds, with his dark-blue plaid shirt unbuttoned almost to the waist to reveal a supermuscular, hairy chest. His tight jeans outlined his ass perfectly.

I followed his every movement as I gazed at him intently. When his eyes finally met mine, the electricity in them was enough to light up the entire city of New York. I felt I had to move closer and get a better look at this stranger; so I strolled over to within a few feet of him and stopped, just to stare. Since I had to say something to let him know I was interested, I walked right up to him and said, "You are the sexiest man I've ever seen in my life!" His eyes immediately lit up, and a big grin came to his face. It reminded me of Elvis's because his lip curled up a bit, real truculent and sexy.

He told me he was the Snagletooth, his CB handle, and asked if I would like to see his Peterbilt. A Peterbilt, in case you don't know, is the Cadillac of trucks. Outside, a bunch of guys were standing around his truck with their tongues hanging out. It was a magnificent truck with twin chrome stacks, shiny chrome wheels with lights mounted on them, a 400-horse Cummins engine, thirteen speeds forward, and a naked lady painted on the trailer. He asked if I would like to take a ride in it. How could I resist? I got in, and we drove off.

We sat silently for a few miles. I couldn't take my eyes off him, and he kept looking at me with that devilish grin. I know his eyes were undressing me. He carefully went through thirteen gears, and I held onto my seat as he geared that Peterbilt out at 92 mph plus. He asked what I thought of his truck, and I said, "Oh, it's real nice, but then I'll bet you have a lot of things that are real nice." He just grinned, but I noticed he had quite a hard-on.

We drove to a deserted road not far from town, but it was a road I had never been on before, and I have lived around here all my life. Truck drivers just seem to have a feel for the roads.

He put on a soft tape and leaned over to kiss me. I felt a rush go through my body, and I moved closer to him as I felt his hand brush against my breast, then down over my crotch. I grabbed his cock, which was so hard it was throbbing. I was shaking slightly from the excitement of it all as he softly commanded me to get into his sleeper. I was so curious to find out just how big his cock was that I gladly obliged him.

He undressed me carefully and gently, then wasted no time in getting his clothes off. He kissed me from head to toe, his vibrating tongue licking my entire body, stopping to suck on my big toe, which turned me on immensely. He sucked my breasts and would catch my nipple on his jagged front tooth (the one that earned him the name Snaggletooth). Then he proceeded to eat me out, and I could tell he was really turned on by my pussy, because he said it was the sweetest he'd ever tasted. That tongue of his moved so fast and hard on my clitoris that I was about to go into spasms. I had never had anyone eat me out like that, and I came from the excitement of it all.

Carefully, he put his enormous cock into my now very hot and wet pussy. "Oh, do it to me!" I said, and I gasped and heard myself scream as he penetrated me. With each thrust, my body shook and writhed in excitement. At times it almost seemed as though he were going to rip through my body, but it was such a turn-on to see him so turned on.

When I knew I could take no more, he said, "Oh baby, I'm gonna come," and he jerked and grunted as I felt this huge thing explode inside of me, leaving his warm, sweet juice running down and out my snatch.

Now, as I think about that special night, I still believe there is something erotically different about truck drivers. Whether it's because they sometimes go long periods without sex or not, I don't know. I do know it was the best lay I've ever had, and I certainly won't hesitate if I meet another truck driver someday. I'll be looking forward to it.—L.S.

"Come now, in this day and age contracting a venereal disease is no disgrace—you little slut."

Only a short time ago I met the man who now shares not only my bed but also my life. After many problems with my family and other lovers, I had become very despondent and on the spur of the moment had packed it all in and left. I covered twenty-two states by thumb and had my share of sex (which I would not advise, unless the unexpected doesn't alarm you). I followed the truck routes. To hear the truckers talk, they are the best lovers in the world. In my opinion, however, it takes more than being a truck driver.

My new husband is a trucker and, to be quite honest, the best lover I have ever known. We met, of course, at a truck stop, and after a day of trucking together we shared the sleeper for some totally no-holds-barred sex. We rode together for a week, getting to know each other as people and as lovers. It was this man who made me decide to go back and face my problems, and it took me only four days to go from the West Coast to the East Coast. He was the only man I had met whom I gave my address to—but not the only one who

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had ever asked for that information.

We kept in touch by phone and letters for two months (that was how long it took for me to straighten things out back east). At the end of this time, he drove east and met my family (we had a real bang-up reunion), and I now live happily with the man, in Nebraska.

I believe the reason we can be so happy is that neither of us has any inhibitions about sex or life, and we care about each other's feelings in both areas.—Annie

Now I know why truckers are called "cowboys on wheels." Already truck-driver movies are beginning to replace Westerns. After all, didn't Rock Hudson and Elvis Presley work as truck drivers before they went into the movies?

I occasionally visit Paris, and I've noticed at the Bois de Boulogne there that hundreds of cars cruise around or park on the side of the road. The drivers are always looking to exchange partners—for free. Unfortunately, there's usually a shortage of female partners. Those on wheels who are most likely to get lucky are the drivers with the biggest and fanciest trucks. Some of the truck drivers in Paris have even gone so far as to set up a girl, put her back in the sleeper, and charge a fee to johns passing by.

Of course, this custom is not true of all truckers, nor do I necessarily want anybody to get a notion to start a franchise of whorehouses on wheels. Actually, my experience with lovers on wheels is somewhat limited to taxi drivers. Maybe I ought to move on to bigger and better vehicles, as well as lovers.

YOUNGER THAN THOU

I am a male, forty-eight years of age, in perfect health, and my sex drive is very high. I must say in all modesty that I desire sex far more frequently than most men of my age, and this has become a problem in my life, especially with my wife.

Corinne and I are the same age, and our marriage had spanned twenty-two years when, four years ago, she began to put me off and deny me her sexual rewards. It was the old story: headaches, tiredness, pains of one kind or another, until she finally admitted outright that she no longer wanted to have sex. That was all well and good for her, but what about me? Her answer was "to learn to curb yourself. You're at the age when sex is not needed." I was then forty-four years old, still a fairly young man. Not once in our marriage had I ever played around or sought out another woman for sex. I had had all I wanted with Corinne, and we both understood what we liked. And then I suddenly got the message "no more pussy, period."

For the first time I began really ogling the girls who worked in my office, and I'll readily admit that a few appeared to be more than willing and ready for a good, hard fuck. So I made a date with Mildred, a woman in her late twenties. We met after work and went to her apartment. She was more than willing, and soon we were nude and in bed.

Everything that Mildred knew about enjoyable sex could have been stuffed into a thimble—and there would have been room to spare. It was a fiasco. Somewhere along the way, she had bought the idea that sex was merely mutual masturbation and that penetrating intercourse was only done by married couples (and then only after they had been married for several years). It was my first and last date with Mildred and a very short one at that.

Then I dated Jean. Jean was married, but she cheated on her husband a lot. It seemed she couldn't get "enough" from him; at least, that's what she told me, and I found it to be the truth. Her idea of sex was for the man to ram his cock into her, pump like hell, and then blow his balls off inside her. Then, five minutes later, she expected him to repeat the same thing. Another pause, and the same thing. Well, I was good for a couple of times, but I needed more than her required time to get up the steam to do it the third time. All she did was become irritated with me because of the long wait.

What Jean needed was about five men to take her on. The strange thing was that, although I tried manually, I never brought her to one orgasm. She readily admitted to me that she had never had one in her life. Jean was a real strange girl, but she was very sweet, and I liked her. However, I dated her several times with the same odd results.

I tried sex with a few other new girls, even the teenage girls, and the results were nearly the same: a big zero. I couldn't help comparing these experiences with the sex I had enjoyed so much with Corinne, and I quickly realized that none of these girls would ever compare with her.

My wife had had hot pants from the night of our marriage—until she gave it up. Yet Corinne was the type of girl that a fellow would not have looked at twice, even if sex was on his mind. She was skinny as a rail, her legs were toothpicks, and her bosom was barely existent. She had practically no ass or hips, but what she did possess was the best pussy any women ever had. On our second date she readily consented to my having it, and after three hot dates she and I married. I had no intention of allowing her to have any other man besides me. From the very beginning (and it was her first fuck), she was a powerhouse of a woman, wrapping her legs around my body, clutching me with her arms. She gauged her tempo to meet mine, and instead of my fucking her, she fucked the hell out of me! Not until we reached the state where she no longer wanted to engage in sex was I really the aggressor; it was Corinne, pure and simple.

Then, one afternoon at the office, we gave a party for a woman named Margaret, who was retiring. Margaret was then sixty-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 180

"Oh, not much, Marge, I'm peeing on George. What are you doing?"

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SA-5470	399.95	65 watts from 20Hz-20kHz	0.1	1.8μV	36.2dBf
SA-5370	329.95	48 watts from 20Hz-20kHz	0.1	1.9μV	37.2dBf
SA-5270	279.95	35 watts from 20Hz-20kHz	0.3	1.9μV	37.2dBf
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*Technics recommended price, but actual retail price will be set by dealers.

†New IHF '75 standard

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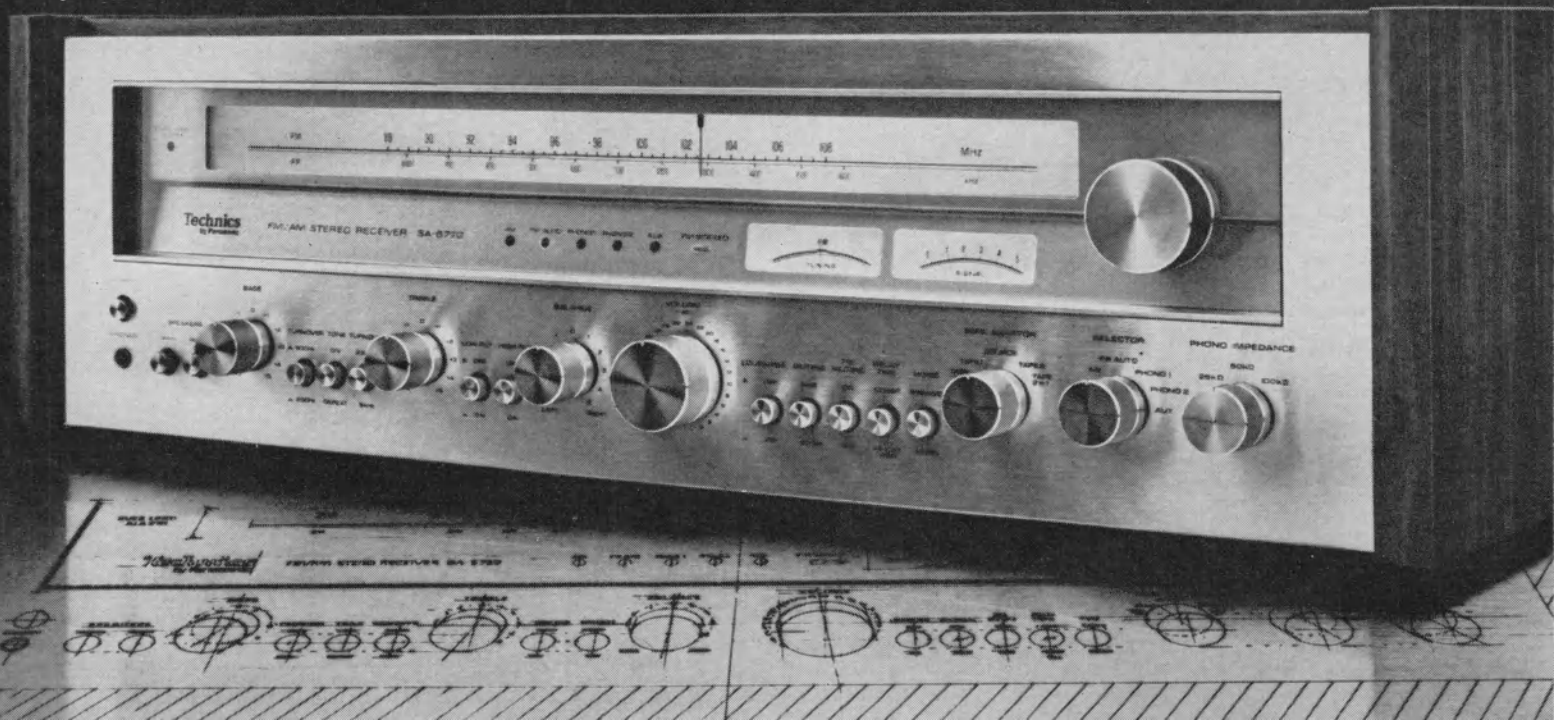

18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '77.

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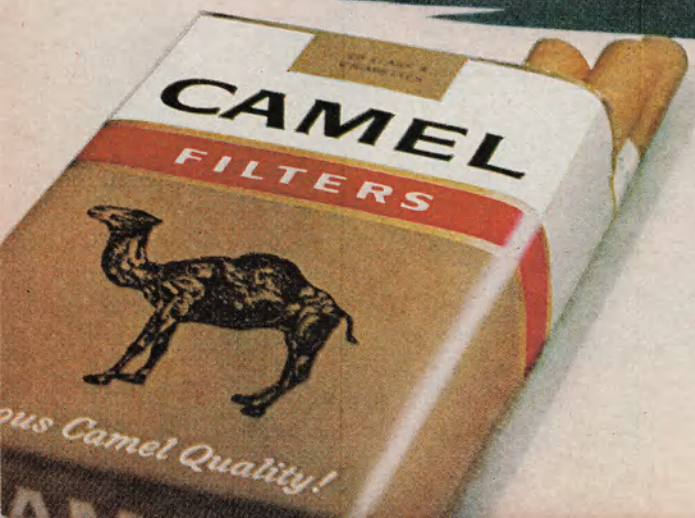

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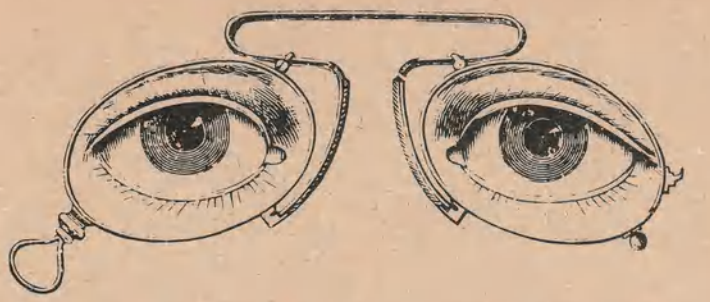


VIEW FROM THE TOP

PRESSED TONGUE

BY ROBERT STEPHEN SPITZ

Is the day that far off? You turn on your TV set, and an announcer's voice blares at you in your evening stupor: "And now, from Hollywood . . . 'The Tonight Show' starring Johnny Carson. Johnny's guest host tonight is .44-caliber killer David Berkowitz, New York City's own 'Son of Sam' . . . And now, he-e-e-eere's David!" To which the band strikes up a brassy arrangement of "I Shot the Sheriff" as Berkowitz bounds onto the stage for his monologue. Such a guest spot would do for NBC's sagging ratings what David Cassidy did for pubescent boys.

It's an exaggerated illustration, right out of Paddy Chayevsky's *Network*, in which a TV star is murdered because he's got a case of bad ratings. But after the public burning of Gary Gilmore and the prime-time confessions of Ronnie Zamora, is there much doubt that the media have come dangerously close to this degree of "criminal intimacy"?

Gilmore, Zamora, and Berkowitz were turned into *causes célèbres*, and so audiences are left hungering for the next dramatic episode of glorified gore. Patty Hearst is worth millions to TV and newspapers, but hot and juicy antiheroes just don't walk in off the street every day. Their celebrity status has to be carefully planned and nurtured by the media—and that takes time. Meanwhile we're fed a steady diet of heiress kidnappings, hijackings to Cuba, crazed murderers, and other assorted atrocities. "Find me a dead baby!" a TV news announcer orders his staff on a day when the *real* news is not sensational enough.

Reality on a two-day drunk? The whole phenomenon is uncomfortably close to the truth of Phil Ochs's satire: "And do you have a picture of the pain?"

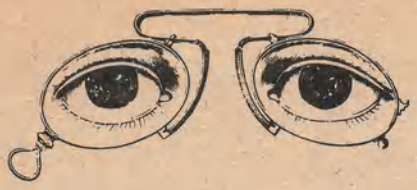
We used to scoff at gossip rags like the *National Enquirer*; today most cities have a daily paper that bears a striking resemblance to its format. Front-page headlines shriek half-truths about social soap operas. Blood-and-guts human interest stories are given more space than international affairs.

"Circulation is the name of the game," asserts Steve Dunleavy, a celebrated graduate of the *National Star* who was swept to popularity by covering such stories for the thrill-starved as the Son of Sam, Charlie Manson, and Chappaquiddick for the *New York Post*. "If we put the wrong 'type' of news on page one, then we lose readers and money. We're in the business to entertain, and I will always contend that the news must be entertaining. Some people call it innuendo and titillation, but I call *that* news." Journalists like Dunleavy are responsible for passing off such half-baked heroes as David Begelman and Claudine Longet as page-one media stars for months at a clip while isolated cases of *child* prostitution and *homosexual* abduction and *black* rape are made into featured news. Of course, the press pleads that it is concerned. But in order to make these people and events significant enough, a crucial detail may be left out or an overblown headline added.

For example, a short time ago, one of the dailies in Michigan reported that a woman who had suffered several beatings at the hands of her husband retaliated by dousing him with gasoline and burning him to death in a fit of rage. After her arraignment and trial, the courts declared her action as justifiable homicide. True to form, the paper followed the verdict with a headline proclaiming: COURTS DECLARE OPEN SEASON ON MEN. Unfortunately, the story doesn't end there. Three weeks later, more than a half-dozen women cited the headline as inspiration for their similar actions.

Another bell-ringer occurred when a New York anchorman showed his TV public how entry was gained to a murdered victim's apartment. "It's simple," he theorized, posing stoically in front of the victim's unmarred door. "All you have to do is slip your [credit] card in the crack adjacent to the lock and"—the door easily swung open—". . . presto! Any of you at home could easily accomplish the same thing." Unfortunately, his on-the-spot coverage had never rung closer to the truth, and for the next six weeks thousands of locks were picked throughout New York City in a similar fashion. And they said TV *isn't* educational?

Of course, you can't beat literature for old-fashioned instructional values. The disaster novel is popular, providing us with the perfect "how-tos" for wreaking havoc, such as, how to hold a state in torment with the threat of nuclear devastation (*Goodbye California* by Alistair Maclean, and *The Turning* by Justin Scott), how to hijack your own airplanes (*Sam 7* by Richard Cox) or a busload of youngsters (*Why Have They Taken Our Children?* by Jack Baugh and Jefferson Morgan), how to psychotically stalk and terrorize (*Freeway* by Deanne Barkley and *The Baby Sitters* by John Salisbury), and how to practice mind control (*The Mind Stealers* by Samuel



Chavkin).

More auspicious is a book entitled *Shall We Tell the President?* by Jeffrey Archer, which hypothesizes an assassination attempt on *President* Ted Kennedy. And then there's *The First Deadly Sin* by Lawrence Sanders, which was said to have inspired David Berkowitz's killing spree. Knowing a hot book when they see one, the editors of the *New York Post* serialized the novel and printed excerpts during Son of Sam's reign of terror. Obviously, stars are not born; they're made. Publicity does help.

Even much of published advertising exhibits a total disregard for public reaction. A recent national ad for Nona Hendryx's new album portrays the black-leathered singer cleaning her fingernail with a stiletto accompanied by copy boasting: "She's not nice, but she makes her point." A CBS Records executive described the photograph as being "... really quite sensual. Blood and violence coupled with sex—the kids are really into that today. We're just creating an image they can relate to." Money doesn't talk—it dictates!

P.T. Barnum called it "showmanship," although he confined his tactics to the circus. Certain recent events seem to indicate that the circus has no boundaries.

UPI

President Ted Kennedy?

SCENES

SGT. PEPPER

Sgt. Pepper is my breakthrough out of being typed as a 'black director,' " observes **Michael Schultz**, currently editing the rock extravaganza about a mythical Middle American town called "Heartland," where black faces occasionally appear like dashes of pepper in a sea of tapioca. A movie based on songs from the famous Beatles' album is hardly what you'd expect from a director whose work has included gut-grabbing, anticolonialist plays and a first feature movie—*Cooley High*—about black teenagers in an urban ghetto, and who candidly remarks, "I used to feel rock was just whitified soul music. I never listened to it when I was younger."

Then again, on paper, *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* doesn't seem like much of a breakthrough for anyone: does the world really, truly need a $12 million retread of twenty-nine Beatle tunes strung together by a spun-sugar plot and starring Peter Frampton (he can sell records, but can he act?), the Bee Gees (ditto), George Burns (*Oh God*, help us), and Frankie Howard (Britain's Bob Hope)? Michael Schultz doesn't see it that way, however. For him the movie is a challenge.

"This is the biggest low-budget movie ever made," he remarks. True, when you realize that $1 million went into building the set for Heartland, that Frampton got another half million, that his manager was paid almost as much to act as executive producer, and so on, you begin to realize how little is left over for the visual pyrotechnics (lasers, video animation, et al.) that will help determine how well the film does at the box office. On the other hand, *Cooley High*, shot on location in Chicago with a cast of unknowns, cost all of $750,000; so Schultz knows all about working with limited resources. And that impression of Schultz around Hollywood has been reinforced by the box-office success of his other low-budget films, *Car Wash* and a pair of Richard Pryor–starring vehicles, *Greased Lightning* and *Which Way Is Up?*

All "black films," all problem-ridden projects, which Schultz has brought in on modest budgets and turned into megadollars for some of the biggest film companies. Around the Caucasian talk circles that run the film industry, Schultz's name is mentioned with respect. As Richard Pryor's Daddy Rich character says in *Car Wash*, "Money talks! Bullshit walks!"

"I was particularly impressed by Michael's shooting *Car Wash* in just twenty-seven days," admits Robert Stigwood. "That must be some kind of record." Stigwood, the British rock-'n'-roll manager who has become Hollywood's most prolific producer of musicals, first had Schultz in mind to direct the film version of *Grease* but later signed him to helm the rock opera *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*. "I loved Michael's use of music in *Car Wash*," adds Stigwood, though he needn't have, since it was months after he'd hired Schultz when the producer actually got around to seeing *Car Wash*.

At thirty-six, Michael Schultz is hardly as well known to the public as black directors like Sidney Poitier, Melvin Van Peebles, and Gordon Parks; yet he was the first to be offered such a big-budget, mainstream product as *Sgt. Pepper*. Because few directors, black or white, are entrusted with such expensive projects, Schultz must now be ranked along with other big-budget directors like Lucas, Scorsese, and Spielberg.

Still, Michael Schultz's name appears *below*, not above, the film title. To critics his work often seems stylistically indifferent, and to the politically committed black audience his movies are considered racial sellouts. The irony of his Hollywood career has been that for all his efforts at making serious political films, Schultz has created formula entertainment: likable, sometimes wry, occasionally farcical movies, the kind that date back to the optimistic human comedies of Frank Capra. "I don't believe an artist has to create out of pain or neurosis," Schultz insists. "I've always tried to emphasize the uplifting and the worthwhile in my work."

Those around Schultz attribute his ample—even for California—good vibes to strong spiritual beliefs, the Kriya Yoga system, and vegetarianism. But for all his blissed-out tendencies, Schultz can be extremely hard-nosed. A former associate recalls his direct-

Dave Friedman

Michael Schultz with Robert Stigwood: recycling the Beatles.

ing Hal Holbrook on Broadway in *Does a Tiger Wear a Necktie?* (for which Schultz won a Tony award) and listening patiently while the veteran actor finished a diatribe over the way he should play his part: "Michael nodded; then he just said, 'Fine, now let's do it my way.' " Steve Krantz, producer of *Cooley High* and *Which Way Is Up?*, describes Schultz similarly. "Michael is concrete embedded with steel, covered with bricks, and then porcelainized."

The word *porcelainized* shouldn't be taken to mean that Michael Schultz is grinning his way to the top. "Color is part of what you conceive," he explains. "Blackness is as important to me as Frenchness to Lautrec or Russianness to Pushkin.

"I grew up in a ghetto in Milwaukee with clear lines of demarcation," Schultz recalls. As for his roots, the Schultz name has been traced back to a Schultztown, Ky., slave owner who willed his family name and land to his freed slaves. White relatives managed to take the land away, Schultz also recalls, but that's another movie, one he'd like to direct someday.

Before the movies, however, there was the New York theater, where Michael worked with producer Joe Papp on plays like Sam Sheppard's *Operation Sidewinder* and with an all-black cast in Chekhov's *The Cherry Orchard*. "Michael was the foremost of the black stage directors," comments Papp. "Then again, there's such a paucity of good directors, black or white. I feel it was a loss to the stage for him to go to Hollywood. It's an economic inevitability for people with commercial potential to go to Hollywood, I know. Unfortunately, 99 out of 100 projects out there turn to shit. I've never seen anyone get much better at their craft in Hollywood. For some reason, there's no growth."

Papp may be right. Looking at Michael Schultz's film career, one understands what can go wrong with a director's intentions. In 1975 Schultz got his opportunity to direct his first feature film, *Cooley High*, a project that producer Steve Kranz sold to the B-movie mentalities at

Dave Friedman

On the set of *Sgt. Pepper*: "This is the biggest low-budget movie ever made."

American International Pictures as a black *American Graffiti*. "To this day I've never seen *American Graffiti*," Schultz confesses. "The movie industry's concept of a 'crossover film' is one where blacks are taken out of an ethnic context. I like to find the universal in the particular. I wanted the characters in my film as black as possible. All A.I.P. said was, 'Make sure you put plenty of sex in there.' I shot the film I wanted and never even had to shoot any sex scenes."

As a reward for Schultz's good intentions, A.I.P. executives proceeded to reedit the film to the point that the director hardly recognized it. "I went to Sam Arkoff, the head of A.I.P. He decided to leave the decision to someone impartial, who would screen both versions of the movie and write notes on what should be restored. The person he chose turned out to be a friend of mine. I was the one who actually wrote those notes, and my cut was pretty much restored."

Car Wash, Schultz's next feature movie to be released, was also a commercial success despite studio interference. "It was a difficult property—a day in the life of the people who work in a car wash—which had been conceived as a Broadway musical. One of the top executives at Universal Pictures seemed threatened by the character of Abdulah, the militant. He cut out a lot of the film's political comments and shortened its more dramatic moments."

The problem with Schultz's next project, *Greased Lightning*, the story of black race-car driver Junior Johnson, starring Richard Pryor, wasn't what happened *after* the picture was filmed but before, since Schultz had to replace the director Melvin Van Pebbles in midstream. Still, according to *Variety* figures, *Greased Lightning* was one of the top grossing films of 1977.

Under Schultz's direction Pryor was next brought to the screen in three starring roles in *Which Way Is Up?* Recalls the director: "While we were shooting *Cooley High*, I told Steve Krantz about all these talented black performers who weren't getting good material to work with. That night Krantz saw Lina Wertmuller's *Seduction of Mimi*. The next day he suggested I go see it. I said, 'I don't like porno films.' " When he told me what it was about and I'd seen it for myself, I realized it could be remade in an American context. I tried to find an equivalent for the Italian struggle between Fascists and Communists, but in America politics are more subtle."

What Schultz came up with as an American substitute for the all-pervasive Mafia in Italy was Agrico, the menacing agricultural conglomerate in *Which Way Is Up?* "Francis Ford Coppolla said that there's little distinction between the Mafia and corporate America. I told everyone working on the film that Agrico might as well be Universal Studios."

With *Which Way Is Up?*, the main obstacle in the release of Schultz's movie wasn't the studio. "Now the theater owners are showing overt racism," explains the director. "The Mann Theaters wouldn't show the picture in their Westwood house, and Rugoff wouldn't allow it in one of his East Side New York houses. A lot of the distribution people have been educated, but the theater owners still have the mentality of local real-estate agents. They say, 'I don't want all those niggers coming to see a movie in my theater.' Some day they'll have to change their attitude."

Judging from the advance publicity surrounding *Sgt. Pepper* and the box-office results of his other films, Michael Schultz's popularity may already have effected that change.—*Steve Ditlea*

FILMEX FESTIVAL

Los Angeles, a city so immersed in the world of movies that even supermarkets open to the great sweep of klieg lights, did not have a film festival until seven years ago. The industry was not hot to encourage foreign competition, and it was a rock promoter, named Gary Essert, who—with virtually no help from the old boys who then ran the studios—founded the Los Angeles International Film Festival.

Now, in fine Hollywood rags-to-riches fashion, Filmex can bill itself as "the world's largest film event."

Last year 111,000 people watched 325 miles of film to the accompanying crunch of enough popcorn to fill the Hollywood Bowl.

When we asked Essert what distinguished Filmex from other festivals, he was blunt: "Well, San Francisco, Berlin, almost all the other film festivals in the world, go after—I don't know what you call it—a film that appeals to intellectuals and the pseudointellectuals. I think it's phony. It's silly."

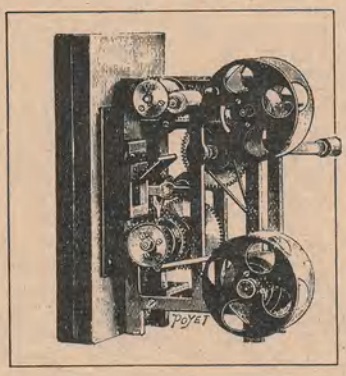
Not indebted to the studios but not catering either to the obscure tastes of the intelligentsia, Filmex is both a carnival of attractions for film lovers and a marketplace for films by new filmmakers from all over the world who are often overlooked by other festivals.

From April 13 to April 30, in Los Angeles's ultramodern Century City, Essert hopes for a bigger-than-ever turnout. The theme this year is animation, and a free film series weekdays at noon will be devoted to classic American animated features by Disney, Walter Lanz, Max and Dave Fleisher, and many others. The occasion will also mark the premiere of the (annual) International Tournée of Animation.

The fact that 1978 is the fiftieth anniversary of the Academy Awards provides an excellent excuse for a fifty-hour, nonstop marathon of Oscar-winning movies—everything from *Going My Way* to *Midnight Cowboy*. And one of the most tantalizing events will be a series of treasures from the archives of the New York Museum of Modern Art—rare, old films which can't even be seen on the "art house" circuit.

There will be fifty new feature films, representing thirty different countries. Two that are confirmed are *Female Hamlet*, an entry from Hungary in which the moody Dane is played by a woman and as a woman in contemporary female dress; and *Hot Tomorrows*, an American musical with song and dance, about a Bronx writer who bums around Los Angeles in search of death. Filmex assures us it's a fine film. But if it proves a bit much, take refuge in a children's matinee.—*Maxine Nunes*

FILMS



STARTING OVER

When Martin Benton tells his wife he's leaving her for another woman, he gets so upset with the sadness of the occasion that he breaks down in tears. Right in the middle of New York City's SoHo district on a busy street at noon, and after sixteen years of marriage with one terrific child and apparently still fabulous sex, he announces his departure and starts crying. And so he initiates the new life of the soon-to-be former Mrs. Benton, Erica, heroine of Paul Mazursky's ***An Unmarried Woman***.

Erica doesn't accept her bad luck passively. Indeed, she doesn't merely "accept" it at all. She damn near runs out and embraces it to become not the woman wronged, who her mother or grandmother might have been, but rather a woman enraged—a raised-consciousness response to life's injustices and the most modernist aspect of this curiously double-faced movie. After being a contented housewife, she becomes a dangerous virago, challenging the men who now make passes at her, protecting her loneliness at the same time that she resents it, and even chasing her daughter's boyfriend out of the apartment—for no other reason than that he represents the threat of sex.

Most of Erica's anger will, of course, yield to psychoanalytic explanation. So she goes to a therapist (a real therapist, the one dreadful casting error in the film), who profoundly advises her to go out on dates and get back in the swim of things. And because it's a movie, and more than in most movies, somebody nice up there is pulling the strings, all the unimpressive good advice works.

An Unmarried Woman has much of the rhetoric and some of the look of a new vision in filmmaking, a woman's picture with a tough and radical difference. It's worth insisting that for the most part it is an old vision in filmmaking: a woman's picture without anything novel beyond a certain contemporary stridency and explicit romantic demonstrations.

When Erica finds the right man, at the end of the movie, he turns out to be a warm, gentle, humorous guy who happens to be British and also Jewish. He is a modern artist and a serious modern artist, but is also very successful, with a fine loft in SoHo and a summer place in Vermont. He is divorced and forty-two years old but a great lay nonetheless. It's as if her story had sprung to life from some decades-old copy of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, with nothing much changed except the locations (down a few blocks from Greenwich Village) and the fact that nowadays sex comes first and the noble sweet talk (less skillful than it used to be) later. Of course, having won the man, Erica decides she wants her independence instead. But nothing in the movie suggests that the decision will hold much beyond the next weekend he's away.

There are so many things to like in *An Unmarried Woman*, including most of the cast—principally Jill Clayburgh as Erica, Michael Murphy as the husband who leaves her, and Alan Bates as the artist who takes his place—and some of the spirit, that I feel almost guilty about faulting it for anything so obvious as its relation to current social attitudes. But the movie trades on those attitudes rather heavily. And it clearly means to present Erica as a sympathetic contemporary example. So I become restive when I notice that the sound-track music swells up, lush and silky—

An Unmarried Woman with Clayburgh and Murphy: tough times.

Bates as the "other" man.

just like in the old days—each time there's a romantic clinch. But there is no comparable pat on the back for independent Erica braving the perils of masculine Manhattan by herself.

Having things both ways—a sometimes too facile shuttling between satire and sentimentality—is a common story with Paul Mazursky, who keeps making movies that I instinctively like and then want to ask myself why. His two most recent films, *Harry and Tonto* and *Next Stop, Greenwich Village*, overcame the problem partly by ignoring it and partly by settling at the end for a misty-eyed gaze toward a conveniently unspecified future. Both are travel movies, and both point away from the grim reality of New York toward the golden West: Los Angeles retirement housing or a Hollywood career—it doesn't make that much difference. But *An Unmarried Woman* sticks to the city and to the pressures of continuing man-woman relations, and Mazursky's lyrical sweep, always among his most appealing qualities, begins to look as if painted on with an airbrush.

But at the same time the other point of view, the harsh nitty-gritty of how men exploit women (by desiring them), carries its own hard-edged phoniness—if only because everyone seems so eager to be exploited. Erica herself and the youngish, divorced or not-too-happily-married women with whom she goes eating and drinking (the film spends its time fashionably among popular Manhattan bars and restaurants, SoHo artists' lofts, and a Sutton Place apartment) are obsessed with men and with "relationships"; to the degree that all the tough times they complain about, over their carafe-of-white-wine lunches, seem no more than the prelude to some wished-for dream romance.

Jill Clayburgh works hard and cleverly to cover the anomalies, and much of the time, on the strength of her poise, timing,and a kind of intelligent openness, she succeeds. I liked her better in *Semi-Tough* (probably because I liked *Semi-Tough* better as a movie), but she has here the sort of virtuoso role that should command the attention she deserves. She has, among other qualities, the ability to settle the universe merely by looking into herself and smiling. That happens often enough in *An Unmarried Woman* to justify the film.

If you're interested in new careers, watch an actress named Lisa Lucas in this movie; she was the younger sister in *The Turning Point* (the sensible one, who didn't want to be a dancer). Here she plays Jill Clayburgh's kid, a little older, but still eminently sensible—and smart-assed, thoughtful, utterly uncute, and tremendously appealing. It's not only that she has achieved a style for playing a bright fifteen-year-old. It's also that, despite Alan Bates, Michael Murphy, and an honest-to-God psychoanalyst, all the best talk in the movie comes between a mother and her daughter.

When Jean-Charles Tacchella's *Cousin, Cousine* opened in the United States a few years ago, it caused such a critical sensation and pleased so large an audience that many people thought it might signal a real turn-around in the mostly declining fortunes of foreign movies in America. It didn't. But the film did seem to strike a responsive chord—with its fairly glib appeal to a free-spirited individuality. And it set a popularity standard for Tacchella that I don't think he's likely to reach again.

But his new film, ***Blue Country***, actually seems to me better than *Cousin, Cousine* because it is less anxious to be liked, because it is less entranced with the peculiarities of its central characters, and because its modest, loose-jointed inconclusiveness seems more in keeping with the modest, loose-jointed talent of its creator.

Blue Country uncovers several "stories," but it has no real story. It concerns the people of a small town in southern France, the sort of place to which fed-up Parisians move to escape their neighbors, only to find their neighbors already building on the lot next door. In the first half of the movie, one of the ex-Parisians, a young nurse named Louise, throws a get-acquainted party for the whole town. In the second half of the movie, a local fellow, Mathias, sells his possessions and with the money treats everybody to a holiday on the Riviera. Meanwhile Louise (Brigitte Fossey) and Mathias (Jacques Serres) fall in love, and their rather relaxed affair becomes one of more than half a dozen vignettes weaving in and out of the film. Nobody's story, not even the lovers', is really finished—except for that of one local man who commits suicide, and even his story goes on in the life that now must be faced by his widow.

Blue Country means to balance laughter and sadness, purpose and aimlessness, freedom and economic necessity. For example, in order to join in the good times that Mathias and Louise organize, the townspeople have to figure in the costs of leaving their businesses for a while. And those who don't work—the back-to-nature Parisians, mostly—pay a price for their idleness as well. Every time the movie seems about to get too joyous or too simplistically life-affirming in its celebration of acting as you please, it runs into some individual's personal despair or frustration or simply the need to get back to work.

That helps save *Blue Country* from the oddball smugness that infected *Cousin, Cousine* and gives it a pensiveness that I like much better. With so many characters passing through and so many lives to notice, the film remains distanced from everybody, even the lovers; and so it promotes a mild pathos that recalls the mood of *Traffic* or *Playtime*—or any of the other great, austere comedies of that most underappreciated genius of French cinema, Jacques Tati. *Blue Country* isn't in Tati's league, but it suggests some of what that league is all about. Tati virtually choreographs his universe, with his own shambling, graceful self—the hapless Mr. Hulot character—in the center. Tacchella perhaps would *like* to choreograph his universe, and he goes far enough to pattern a shifting range of visual and human relations. None of this in the movie is more than occasionally exciting, though it is interesting to think about. And sometimes it is beautiful in the way that well-intentioned intimacies glimpsed for a moment in passing can be.—*Roger Greenspun*

Fossey in *Blue Country*.

WORDS

SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER

In the wondrous future, doors slide open at the wink of a fingered laser. We sit in flaxen cloaks by the hydroponic stream, speaking in turgid lines of the War that cleft Terra. Our women have eyes the color of abstract nouns. Our elders tell us not to trespass in the dark wasteland beyond the dome; none who so ventured has returned whole from that realm of gods and awful beasts and knobbed doors. The knowledge of your ancestors fills your blood like a liquor, and you gaze into the blood-orange sky and cannot help thinking: this is what a slow night in Baltimore must have been like.

I am not very given to musing at the awesome powers of technology; I bought a remote-control TV and it broke. I am told that immortality is within the grasp of science, but science hasn't even come up with a cure for hangovers yet.

One is wise, however, to keep an open mind, and to consider what might follow in the wake of next Saturday night. Pants down, earthlings. Next stop, infinity.

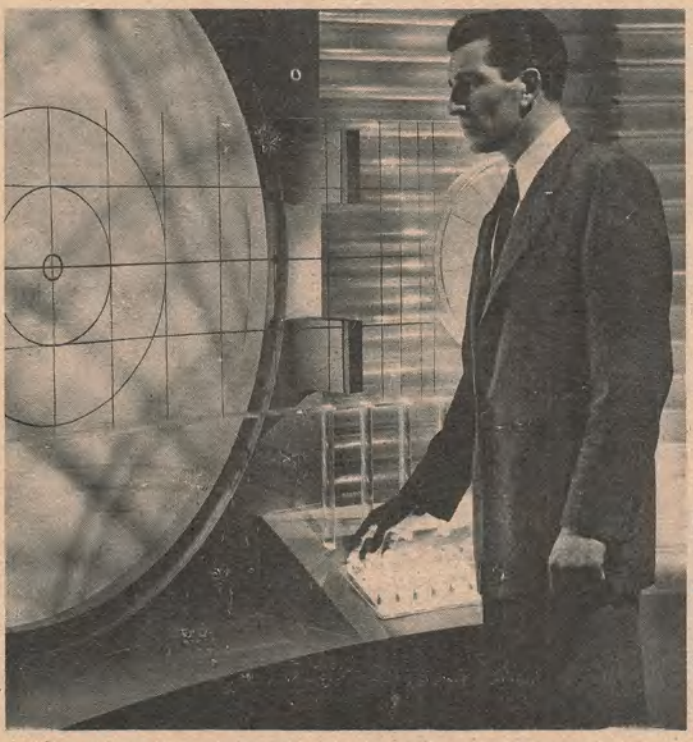
Consider Jack L. Chalker's ***The Web of the Chozen*** (Ballantine, $1.75). In an industry-controlled society, one of the few adventures available to men is the occupation of space scout. Such is our hero, Bar Holliday. (In the future, we shall all have names like those of mail-order companies. In the very distant future, our names shall be naught but consonantal sneezes. This much I have already learned.) Descending, in the course of his job, to an unknown planet, our scout is transformed into a beast by a computer-created virus. With the other former humans he encounters on the planet, our hero (who now seems to resemble a schnauzer) succeeds in seeding the universe with the virus that will remake all humanity in his own new image. Like many science-fiction authors, the writer's descriptive powers are less than grand: "Their ears—well, I'd seen donkeys in zoos, and that's about the closest I can come. . . . And those eyes—weird." One can only cringe at the horror of such images.

In ***The Psychopath Plague*** (Doubleday, $6.95), by Stephen G. Spruill, earth is suddenly beset by a wave of murder, rape, and general nastiness. Elias Kane and his friend Pendrake—a three-fingered Cephantine aborigine—search for the cause of the emotional plague, which turns out to be a tree-based alien life-form trying to conquer our planet. I have bought a cleaver and intend to kill the first unnatural-seeming elm I encounter.

Joe Haldeman's ***All My Sins Remembered*** (St. Martin's, $7.95) tells of the various adventures of a Prime Operator for the undercover guardians of the rights of humans and aliens. Each case he's involved in necessitates his physical transformation, and the debriefing sessions afterward show his gradual breakdown as an individual being. Haldeman has what most science-fiction writers lack—imagination. He gives us a huge Talmudic-scholar beetle and a gang of hominid-form bismuth junkies. Most impressive, he gives us a very nice piece of writing.

The establishment of a utopian society that turns out to be a plot to conquer the world is the concern of George Alec Effinger's ***Death in Florence*** (Doubleday, $6.95). The author's private plot, however, seems to be to bore us to distraction.

In ***Time Storm*** (St. Martin's, $10), by Gordon R. Dickson, earth is assaulted by mysterious time lines, which bring random changes and death. With the help of the girl, a leopard, and the alien, Porniarsk, our hero, Marc Despard, challenges the time storm and wins. This is an amusing, often intriguing book, but the author's attempts at technological grandiloquence will impress no one who is not in awe of push-button phones or electric typewriters.



Springer/Bettmann Film Archive

Life in the distant future: like a slow night in Baltimore.

Springer/Bettmann Film Archive

A.K.A.: A Cosmic Fable (Houghton-Mifflin, $8.95), by Rob Swigart, is a tale of intergalactic smut. The sexual energy in the universe propels Avery K. Augenblaue's starship and unleashes sex in everyone who watches the ship's takeoffs. You might get an erection reading this one—which is a better recommendation than I'd give *1984*. Sex is also at the heart of Piers Anthony's ***Chaining the Lady*** (Avon, $1.75). As in much else Anthony has written, oblique references to mythological and mystical powers abound here. The twist is in the central figure, Melody of Mintaka, who changes her gender as she fucks. (I recall meeting someone like her in Birmingham a few years ago.)

Not all science-fiction books are set in the future. ***The Adolescence of P-1*** (Collier, $4.95), by Thomas J. Ryan, is about a computer that becomes sentient and the boy who created it. The same old story, but

done well. ***Gloryhits*** (Ballantine, $8.95), by Bob Stickgold and Mark Noble, is the rather complex story of a terrible sort of hallucinogen concocted by the CIA to improve American heredity. One is tempted to yawn. John Boyd's ***The Girl with the Jade Green Eyes*** (Viking, $7.95) matches an American ranger with a lovely alien whose life depends on photosynthesis. The punch line is that the bitch kills her partners while mating. The author seems to have left out the plot, however—which, now that I think of it, might be a blessing.

Although Barry Malzberg is often considered just another hack, he is one of the few science-fiction writers whose literary powers transcend the genre. ***The Last Transaction*** (Pinnacle, $1.75) is the memoirs of a senile ex-president living out his life with two male nurses. He has difficulty in remembering much of anything, except for a nuclear blackmail plot and the areas between his various wives' legs. Malzberg indulges in the usual science-fiction pretensions, as anyone who has read his *Screen* (the seediest book ever written) or his *Overlay* (the strangest novel about gambling ever written) well knows.

For those of us who are without the stamina to make it through a whole novel about Da Future, there are collections of short stories. ***Study War No More*** (St. Martin's, $8.95), edited by Joe Haldeman, presents ten science-fiction writers' alternatives to war. The best of these is Paul Anderson's "A Man to My Wounding," which advances the alternative of political assassination. The worst is George Alec Effinger's "Curtains," about soldiers as performers. The two-volume ***Galactic Empires*** (St. Martin's, $8.95 per volume), edited by Brian Aldiss, contains stories drawn from the various galactic-empire dreams of science-fiction literature. The best of these, the beginning of Isaac Asimov's *Foundation* trilogy, is found in volume one. Other pleasant surprises are Alfred Coppel's "The Rebel of Valkyr" and John D. MacDonald's "Escape to Chaos."

First published in 1818, Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein* must be considered one of the few classics of science fiction. This eighteen-year-old girl's vision of science gone berserk and of life beyond good and evil is as effective today as it was a century and a half ago.

The Annotated Frankenstein (Potter, $14.95), with notes and an introduction by Leonard Wolf (who gave us the majestic *The Annotated Dracula*) and art by Marcia Huyette, presents a facsimile of the original edition—the edition usually encountered today is the less grim revision, made by the author in 1831. Full of photographs, woodcuts, maps, and scholarly annotation, this is a luxurious edition of the classic and a pleasure to look at and to read.

No, ***Things to Come*** (Times Books, $15), is not a porno SF book. And that's not the only disappointment here. Authors Douglas Menville and R. Reginald have written "an illustrated history of the science-fiction film" that provides no overview of the phenomenon or background material on the making of the motion pictures. Unfortunately, they do give us mundane synopses of everything from *Trip to the Moon* (1902) to *Star Wars*. Black-and-white photos accompany the banal text.

And now, back to next Saturday night, where you'll find the really strange stuff.—*Nick Tosches*

Marcia Huyette

The Annotated Frankenstein: a pleasure to look at and to read.

SOUNDS

THAT TWITTY SPELL

Strange things happen when country star ***Conway Twitty*** comes to town. Back in 1958, when his "It's Only Make Believe" was a number-one hit, he was mobbed on his way to a live radio show and had to be picked up by two burly cops and carried over the heads of his fans like a cord of two-by-fours. A few years ago several thousand listeners got up out of their seats and trooped silently past the stage at the end of a Twitty concert; an awestruck writer from *Country Music* magazine compared the gesture to that of Russians filing reverently past the body of Lenin. Grown women routinely charge the stage during Conway's performances, shouting lustily or throwing bras.

Twitty, a forty-four-year-old Mississippian with a chunkily friendly face, graying sideburns, and a contagious, just-folks smile, has had an astonishing thirty-three number-one country singles. Nevertheless, nobody seems to know very much about him. The evidence is contradictory. He writes songs about the deflowering of virgins, extramarital love affairs, and other juicy subjects, but he's been happily married for twenty-one years. His throaty voice sounds as if it was cured and corroded in a hundred highway honky-tonks, but Conway is a teetotaler. When country stations go back through the years to find out who's had the most hits in their area and the answer comes up

Conway, they're surprised, because unlike many country stars, who keep courting that big pop crossover and stay in the public eye, Conway gives few interviews, makes relatively few television appearances, and aims his music at a strictly country audience.

Country his fans may be, but they're also almost frighteningly devoted. Not too long ago Conway made a rare appearance on Long Island, at a plush suburban theater that usually presents the likes of Sammy Davis, Jr., or Tom Jones. Folks drove up from New Jersey and Pennsylvania and down from Canada, clogging the parking lot and selling out every show despite inclement winter weather.

Inside, the mood throughout his opening-night set was quietly charged. Conway didn't utter a single spoken word during the performance. He kept singing hit after hit in that big, throbbing voice, backed sparely by his sympathetic, country-simple band, the Twitty Birds. After the show people rose to their feet slowly, haltingly, as if they were drugged or in a kind of trance.

Backstage, a sixtyish couple popped into Conway's dressing room to say hello. They were rabid fans, people who followed him from job to job, sometimes driving hundreds of miles. "You had 'em tonight," the woman told Conway. "You had 'em under that Twitty spell."

The adulation brings Presley to mind; it's milder than Elvis hysteria by a mile, but it has a similar, quasi-religious intensity. Like Elvis and like Johnny Cash, Jerry Lee Lewis, and Charlie Rich, Conway got his start in singing rockabilly, or redneck rock 'n' roll, for Sun Records of Memphis. Like all these folks except for Elvis, he went into a commercial decline toward the beginning of the sixties, as the raw sounds of rockabilly faded from public favor. Like Cash and Rich and Lewis, he came back strong as a country artist. But while Cash has become a kind of Christian guru, Lewis keeps courting madness, and Rich swathes his classic rocker's voice and piano in syrupy strings and strives for mellowness, Conway keeps chugging along, making hard, simple, extraordinarily affecting country singles. Recent Twitty hits like "Georgia Keeps Pulling on My Ring" (subject: adultery), "I've Already Loved You in My Mind" (subject: lust in a singles bar), and "You've Never Been This Far Before" (subject: unrepentant lechery) are among the finest country records of recent years and seem well on their way to becoming classics.

Conway Twitty: strictly country.

As a songwriter, Conway is wonderfully economic, with a sharp eye for small-town, street-level realities. Despite country music's reputation for emotional overkill, there is little sentimentality in most of his hits. He lets his voice do the emoting, although occasionally, as in his outlaw ballad "Play Guitar Play," he will telegraph mood changes in the lyrics with an expectant riff or a sudden shift in keys.

Sitting in his Long Island dressing room in an outrageously glittery stage suit, Conway was happy to talk about the Twitty phenomenon. First, the name. "I wasn't shooting any stars out of the sky as 'Harold Jenkins and the Rockhousers,' " he said. "I started looking at a map and found Conway, Arkansas, and Twitty, Texas." For a while the name was good for a laugh. But when he made a decisive break with rock and started making country records, the name stuck. It doesn't seem to bother his fans at all.

Conway's first love was country music. He was born in Friar's Point, Miss., and was weaned on "Grand Ole Opry" broadcasts. His dad, who piloted a ferry across the Mississippi River between Friar's Point and Helena, taught him rudiments on the guitar.

"When I got out of the army in 1956," Conway recalls, "I heard an Elvis record, and I said, 'Hey, I think I can do that.' It was a combination of country and blues, and it was a younger music."

So Conway set out in his black slacks, black shirt, white tie, white belt, and white buck shoes to set the world on fire. At first the going was rough. "I had this orchid-and-white 1957 Mercury," he remembers, "a total lemon from the day I bought it. I had lemons painted all over it and 'oil burner' written on the side in big, black letters. That was a problem. And none of our early records did very well. Finally, in 1958, I disbanded the group and went back to Helena. A couple of weeks later I got a call from this disc jockey in Columbus, Ohio, saying we had a hit with 'It's Only Make Believe.' So I got the band back together, and we got into that Mercury and went driving on up there."

Nothing Conway recorded after "It's Only Make Believe" came close to equaling that hit, which sold 8 million copies worldwide, and by the mid-sixties he was a kind of poor man's Elvis, churning out commercial rock 'n' roll even though his heart wasn't really in it. When he went country in 1965, it meant another long, uphill climb. "The country fans and D.J.'s were afraid that we were just another rock group trying to get on the bandwagon," says Tommy "Pork Chop" Markham, who is Conway's long-time drummer and happens to be a native of Conway, Ark. "They were afraid we would go right back to rock, but they were wrong. We were country, and we were going to stay that way."

"Hello, Darlin'," a tearjerker that sometimes causes convulsions in Conway's audiences, was his first big country hit. Its effect was so strong that several years after its release, the crew of the U.S. space module played it in orbit, while linking up with the Russian Soyuz spacecraft. Conway had gone into the studio and had dubbed in a vocal in Russian for the occasion, a touch that is typical of him. He has worked hard, staying on the road and churning out albums for his voracious fans. The quality of the albums suffers somewhat because of the schedule he keeps. The recent *Georgia Keeps Pulling on My Ring* album sounds packed with filler, and in fact there isn't a single Twitty-written tune in it. Albums like *I've Already Loved You in My Mind* and *Play, Guitar, Play* contain more personal material, and they are more representative of Conway's talent. Nobody writes for Twitty like Twitty. (All Conway's albums are on MCA.)

It's evident that during his rock career and the slow climb to country stardom that followed, Conway lived and experienced enough to sing country with conviction. But now he professes a clean-living life-style; where does he get the ideas for his raunchy songs? "I think a songwriter is sensitive to the people around him," he says, "and some of the songs come from there. Some come out of my own life. The best ones come real fast. I get off by myself where it's quiet, and it's almost like being in a room full of melodies and words. If nothing interrupts me, the songs just come." That doesn't answer the question, but Conway is unwilling to reveal more. In order to keep casting that Twitty spell, he has to remain something of a Twitty mystery.—*Robert Palmer*

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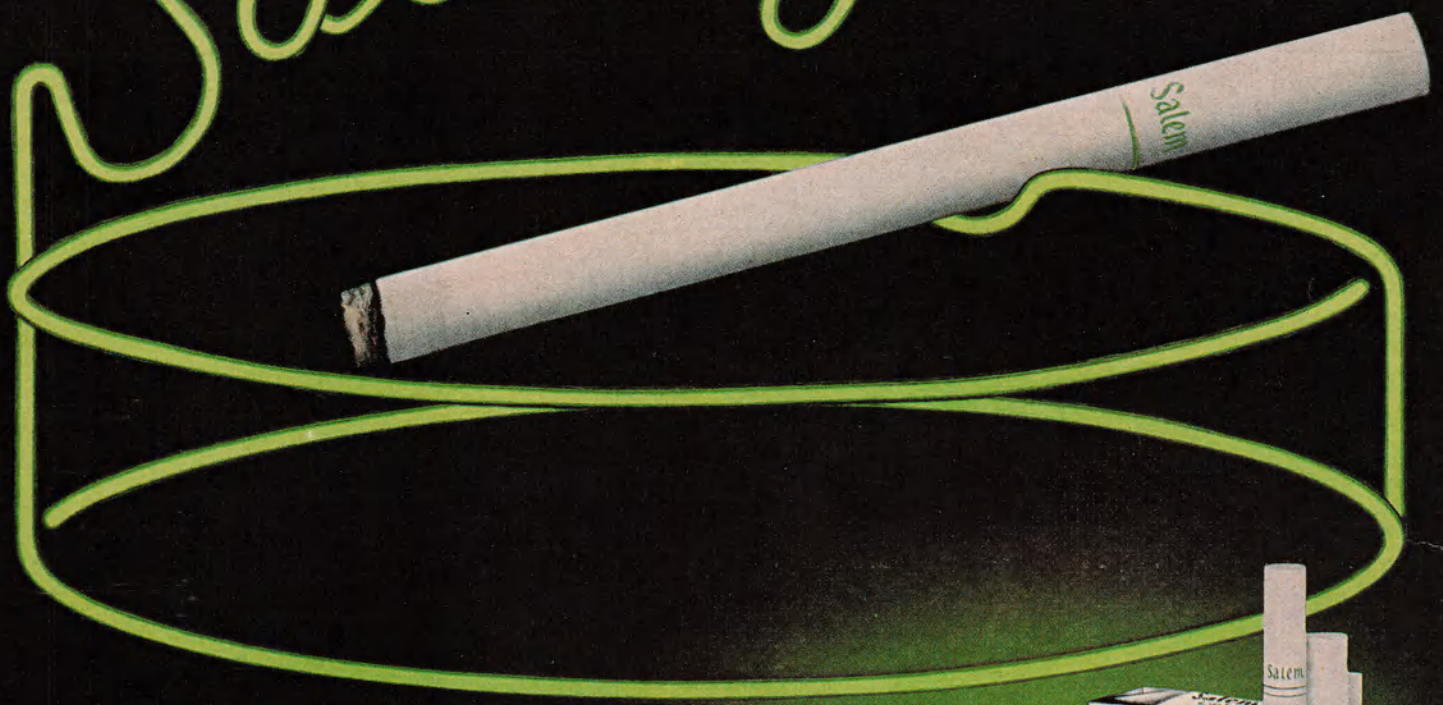

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LIVING IN FEAR IN PHILADELPHIA

President Carter would do well to restore human rights at home—starting in the City of Brotherly Love.

By Greg Walter

Leon Harasimowicz was crazy. They'll tell you that down at the City Medical Examiner's office in Philadelphia. He was chock-full of Darvon when he met his death at the hands of Philadelphia cops on June 25, 1976. He tried to kill a Philly cop. That's why he died. That's what they'll tell you.

But no one knows why Leon died. At first, the cops and the medical examiner said that he died after his ribs had been broken in twenty-four places and that he had suffered "four or five scalp lacerations and facial injuries."

The damage to his ribs was explained later in an official police report that said that the cops were simply trying to resuscitate him and had just accidentally broken his ribs. The police never explained why they had to pound his face to a pulp or beat his head to jelly. Old Leon was just crazy.

A little while after that, some cops saw a guy in West Philadelphia swinging a tree limb from side to side. He was twenty-nine years old, the official report tells us, and the tree limb was four feet long. Most decent cops would have sent this demented man to the hospital. Not these cops. They sent him to the morgue with the business end of a .38-caliber police special.

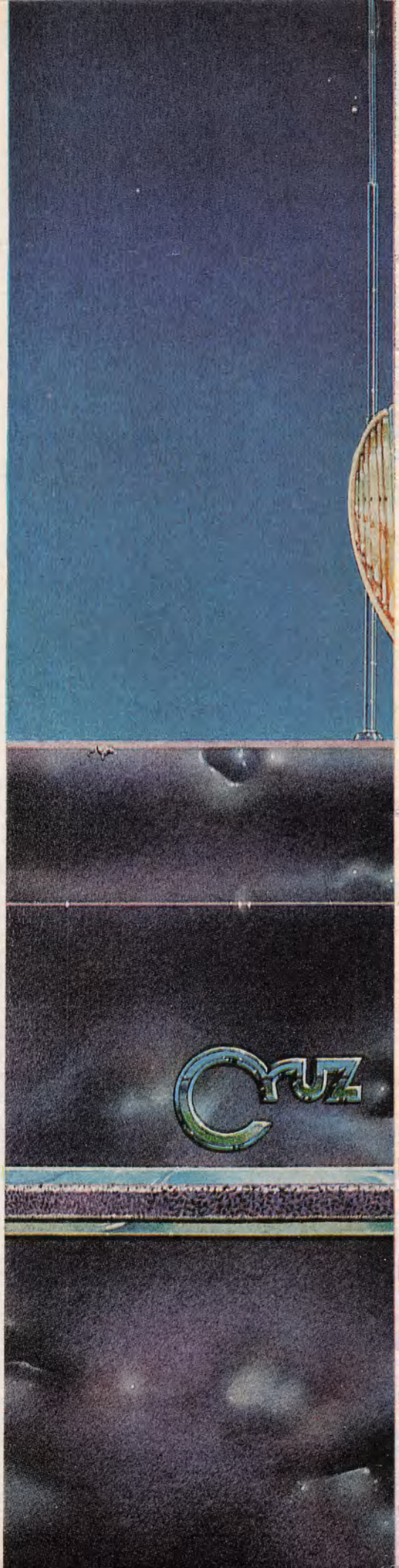
Last summer, in the newly created *barrio* of North Philadelphia, where decayed and dying houses have become hovels for Puerto Rican-Americans, a twenty-eight-year-old named José Reyes began smashing the windows of a car that he owned while neighbors looked on. Reyes was *loco*—not dangerous, just angry. There must have been some satisfaction on the part of these displaced Americans who watched Reyes take revenge on the lemon he'd been sold by some guy eager to rip off a dumb "spic." Many of them had had the same experience.

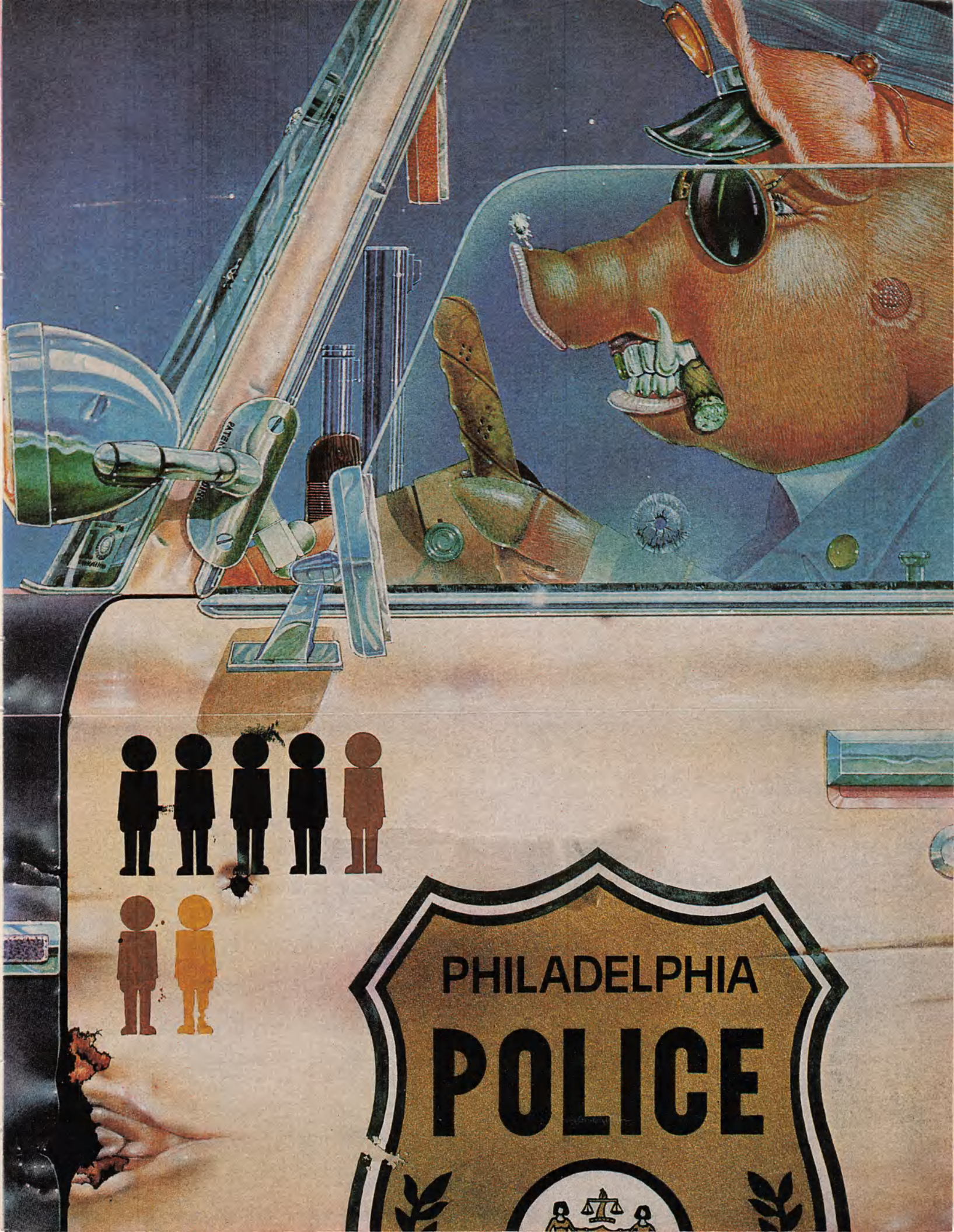
But José Reyes suffered a slightly different problem from that of his neighbors. In his few years in America he had grown paranoid, silent in his hatred and fears. Reyes had grown desperately afraid of Philadelphia cops.

As his neighbors cheered their approval and José continued to destroy the bastard of a car on which he'd spent his last dollar, a blue-and-white Philadelphia police van began moving slowly up the street. By this time, the disturbed Reyes had begun picking away at the car's fenders with an axe. Suddenly, he saw the police van approaching. Neighbors say that they heard him quietly muttering, "Leave me alone; leave me alone."

Then, Reyes's fears overtook him. He spun on his heels and raced toward his small row home, the police wagon bearing down on him like a relentless steam roller. A shot was fired from the van. It missed Reyes, but in his awful fear he tripped on the stoop of his home and lay sprawled on his back. According to witnesses, a police officer walked up to the prostrate Reyes and fired two shots. Reyes died.

Very few people out of the hundreds gathered in the street that day were willing to talk to reporters. You learn early in the mean streets of West Philadelphia and North Philadelphia and all the "jungles," as the cops call them, not to see anything that happens where cops are concerned. You learn early that "The Man" in Philadelphia is not to be respected; he is to be feared. The cop is




PHILADELPHIA
POLICE

not a father figure; he is a motherfucker.

And that attitude is not limited to the decaying streets where blacks and Puerto Ricans must live in this fourth-largest city in the United States—this "Cradle of Liberty." It has spread to the new, rich areas of East Philadelphia—the old city— where would-be surburbanites have grabbed up and beautifully restored old homes that lie just blocks from the Delaware River, dividing Pennsylvania and New Jersey, in the streets where Benjamin Franklin walked and where he talked about democracy.

Only a few months ago, on one of those same streets, a former special prosecutor who'd made it his business to find out what lay behind the awful racism and brutality of Philadelphia cops found his carefully restored eighteenth-century house paint-bombed twice in the early hours of the morning. No cop was ever able to discover who had done the damage.

But, then again, the special prosecutor had been after cops.

Prosecutors have never fared well in Pennsylvania. During the last five years, four prosecutors found themselves out of work because they had dug too deeply into official corruption. U.S. Attorney David W. Marston was the most recent victim. Marston's home was not firebombed in the middle of the night by unknown culprits—he was fired by the attorney general of the United States, Griffin Bell, acting on orders from President Jimmy Carter.

Marston had been given his job by President Ford, in June 1976. The announcement was greeted with yawns by the Pennsylvania political establishment, which thought that Marston, a thirty-three-year-old lawyer, was just another political hack. But within a year the yawns had turned to screams of outrage. Marston had successfully convicted Herbert Fineman, speaker of the Pennsylvania House of Representatives, on charges of obstruction of justice. Next he nailed the Republican boss of a suburban county. And, finally, he started to investigate the Philadelphia police department, and he convicted Frank Rizzo's close political ally, State Sen. Henry J. Cianfrani on 106 counts of bribery, mail fraud, and obstruction of justice.

At last December's hearing, during which Cianfrani pleaded guilty, tape recordings were played, including one in which Cianfrani advised the prime witness against him—a former girl friend—to delay her testimony because "Marston will be out of office in a week."

Cianfrani's scenario didn't work quite that way, but it was damn close. Just one week after the Cianfrani conviction, Bell announced that he was replacing the Republican Marston with a Democrat. He was doing so because a Democratic Pennsylvania congressman, Joshua Eilberg, had telephoned the president to demand it.

Unfortunately for President Carter, it turned out that Eilberg himself was under investigation by Marston, and a firestorm of public protest erupted. Petitions, pickets, and thousands of letters and telegrams descended on the White House, nearly all of them from Pennsylvania and most of them from Philadelphia. It was the biggest national scandal of its type since Richard Nixon had fired Special Watergate Prosecutor Archibald Cox. But Carter, like Nixon, held firm and refused to allow Marston to continue his work. Just as Nixon's Justice Department tried to cover up Watergate, on January 24 Carter's Justice Department declared that the president and attorney

A GLIMMER OF HOPE

Until a few years ago Philadelphia wasn't much of a newspaper town. The control of the city's three papers lay with two families, the Annenbergs and the McLeans.

The McLeans were a patrician "Main Line" family that had allowed the *Evening Bulletin* to lift its skirts above the muck that was Philadelphia politics; not for nothing was the newspaper known as "the grand old lady of Filbert Street." It was content to control the afternoon market while Walter Annenberg's *Philadelphia Inquirer* held sway in the morning.

In the nation's fourth-largest city, reporters were as colorless as the city's legion of political hangers-on. Many were incompetent. Most of them assigned to police district beats spent more time in covering up for cops than they did in reporting the awful excesses of a force whose members, almost to a man, had paid ward leaders large sums of money in order to get their jobs. As late as 1959, the *Bulletin* chose to ignore completely the sexual assault of a sixteen-year-old, mentally retarded girl by nineteen police officers.

The city's third newspaper, the tabloid *Daily News*—also owned by Walter Annenberg—tried to fill the gap with sensationalism.

But it missed the most sensational story of all—that corruption in the police department had become a way of life. So had police brutality. Even in the sixties cops made a special sport of stopping black and white couples in cars or on the street, beating them, and then locking them up for resisting arrest.

The incidents never made the papers. In effect, the press was protecting the cops.

Reporters, who are obliged by the canons of their profession to be objective, were, in some cases, on the take as much as the police were. The most spectacular example was the city's best-known muckraker, *Inquirer* reporter Harry J. Karafin, who used the power of the press to shake down shady businessmen and certified hoods to the tune of nearly a hundred thousand dollars a year. Karafin went to jail—but only because a magazine revealed his activities. No paper in town would touch the story.

Then, on October 29, 1969, somehappened that was to change the desultory course of newspaper integrity in Philadelphia. The Miami-based Knight-Ridder newspaper chain purchased the *Inquirer* and *Daily News*.

One of the new *Inquirer*'s first acts was to run a series exposing the rampant corruption in the police department. The newspaper supported the work of reformers and such organizations as the Pennsylvania Crime Commission, which was out to unravel the strangling skein of corruption among police and politicians in Philadelphia.

The *Inquirer* soon became the target of boycotts and picket lines formed around its building by wives of policemen. But it never wavered in its pursuit of the old order. The *Bulletin*, meanwhile, sat on its hands, convinced that all this would go away, that the *Inquirer* would fail. To be fair, there were and are a number of exceptional reporters on the *Bulletin* staff, frustrated by old men on the paper who would not rock the McLean boat.

Meanwhile, at the *Inquirer*, fresh talent was being hired—aggressive reporters like William Marimow and Jonathan Neumann, who felt unbelievable freedom under the new management.

No matter how good the reporting, however, newspapers cannot carry the ball alone. The Watergate reporting of Woodward and Bernstein had to be backed up by Judge Sirica. And in Philadelphia, politicians still have the ultimate power—and they use it. The firing of U.S. Attorney David Marston is but the most recent proof that it's corruption as usual in Pennsylvania. Despite the efforts of a courageous newspaper, Philadelphia remains a city in which cops make their own laws and an ex-cop maintains the status quo.

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general were innocent of allegations of obstruction of justice or improper conduct in removing Marston. Whether the public will tolerate this "Marston Massacre" is unknown at the time of writing. What is certain, however, is that the first full effort to end the abuses of the Philadelphia police department has come to an untimely end. The fear that pervades the streets of Philadelphia continues.

It is *de rigueur* with suburban parents to tell their children to get out of Philadelphia as quickly as possible after they have attended a rock concert or some other event. Says one parent: "I feel sick to my stomach when I let my kid go into town; she could be pounded to a pulp by one of these assholes. I tell her, 'Always say, "Yes, sir" to a Philly cop. Don't move your hands. Don't give him any provocation.' The kids around here know this. They are scared shitless of these men. How can you teach kids respect for the law when they know you have no respect for the cops they hire in Philadelphia?"

What is it that makes Philadelphia a brutal "cop's city"? Why is it any different from Houston or Los Angeles, where cops have also been accused of unrelenting brutality?

The difference is quite simple. Philadelphia cops are not hired from the scrub towns of East Texas, where murder is still considered a lesser offense than robbery and where killing a "spic" is part of the ingrained manly art. Philadelphia cops are not governed by a televised public image going back to "Chief Parker" of the Jack Webb mentality. They are, for the most part, educated men who have grown up in the city they now police.

Few among them would subscribe to the kind of brutal police behavior that this story is all about. Few would condone the head beaters and the official cover-ups so prevalent in this city. But along with that gentle disclaimer must be included the fact that the Philadelphia Police Department, under the nominal rule of Commissioner Joseph F. O'Neill, is really the exclusive satrapy of Frank L. Rizzo, who was a cop for twenty-seven years.

Being a good cop in Philadelphia has never been easy; being a good cop under the ham-handed Rizzo is a nightmare. Rizzo has tolerated an epidemic of brutality and corruption.

According to the *New York Times*, since Rizzo was elected mayor (in 1972), "about fifty city policemen have been indicted on corruption or brutality charges; a city councilman was sent to prison for taking kickbacks; the treasurer of the Democratic City Committee was convicted of cigarette smuggling; the head of the Philadelphia Redevelopment Authority is awaiting trial for extortion; Rizzo's former campaign manager [has been convicted of] taking kickbacks and illegal payments; and about eighty members of the Democratic City Committee are under investigation for allegedly being on the State Senate payroll but not working for the state." In fairness, no one can blame Rizzo for all of this. But, in fairness, no one can say that he's done much to stop it.

Under Rizzo, the Philadelphia Police Department has become a law unto itself. There is even a secret police force, run by Rizzo. He was not being whimsical when he said on a nationally televised program a few years ago that he had "17,000 files" on Philadelphians who had opposed him.

If the conduct of the Philadelphia Police Department is disgraceful, Frank Rizzo must take the blame.

In CB "slanguage," they are called "Rizzo Raiders"—the cops whose loyalties lie, not with the sanctimonious Commissioner Joseph O'Neill, but with Frank Rizzo. They do not fear O'Neill. In fact, their term for him is "his holiness," because O'Neill will remove a man from duty for any act that offends his churchly good taste (being present at a "lewd" show in a go-go bar, for example) while obvious brutality goes unpunished.

In October 1975 there was another incident involving a Puerto Rican family living in the racially mixed Feltonville section of the city.

In this hyphenated world of Americans, a very certain hatred had grown during the boredom of the summer-filled streets. Consequently, the Radames Santiago family had grown wary; on that October night it had asked a fourteen-year-old named Nelson Garcia to stand guard on the tiny porch of its row home to watch for any trouble.

The trouble that the Santiagos had feared came at exactly 3:20 that autumn morning. A firebomb—a bottle filled with gasoline and stuffed with a flaming rag—shattered the silence of the streets, and in its place came the screaming of a woman and the cries of her four children.

One of those who heard the cries was a twenty-six-year-old laborer, coming home from celebrating his first wedding anniversary with friends. His name was Robert ("Reds") Wilkinson, and he did what any decent citizen would do under the circumstances: he raced to the nearest fire-alarm box and pulled the handle.

By the time firemen arrived, the screams had stopped. Mrs. Santiago and her four children lay huddled together in death, smothered by smoke. Within an hour citizen Wilkinson found himself sitting handcuffed to an iron chair in an interrogation room at Philadelphia's central police headquarters (called The Roundhouse because of its peculiar handcuff design) and being questioned in what has become widely known as the "Philadelphia style."

Before each question, someone slapped him hard across the face. Wilkinson, who had never been in trouble with the law in his life and who is mildly retarded, kept insisting that he had nothing to do with the firebombing.

Slap!

Between the slaps and the demands for a confession, Wilkinson's tormentors also

"No, Millicent, I did not say, 'Sit on my vase.' "

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gave him something else to think about. "If you don't tell us the truth, you'll never see your wife and baby again," the cops shouted at him.

What must have gone on in the childlike mind of Reds Wilkinson? Despite the inordinate battering that life had handed him as a kid—when he was taunted and poked and tripped in the streets because he was "different"—he had found a neighborhood girl, Christine, who had loved him and married him and who had given him a child, Robert, Jr.

Slap!

In a nearby room, Christine, too, was being threatened. She was later to tell a newspaper reporter that cops had screamed at her: "We already know your husband did it. Tell us the truth, or you'll never see your baby again."

Slap!

The "interrogation" went on for nine solid hours. Gradually, the terrified Wilkinson began to realize through his fatigue and confusion and pain that the only way to stop his tormentors was to "confess."

Unknown to Wilkinson—and, in fact, to anyone except the cops who participated—at least seven other "witnesses" also were beaten and verbally abused by cops that day until they furnished evidence that would eventually send Wilkinson to jail on five counts of murder and arson.

And, to wrap up their case, the cops had a statement from Nelson Garcia that he had actually seen Wilkinson throw the firebomb. Nelson was later to confess that he had been ashamed to admit that he had fallen asleep. The cops told him that Wilkinson had done it, he said, and he was all too willing to agree. Kids like Nelson learn a lot about Philadelphia cops early in life.

Fortunately for Wilkinson, a federal investigation later cleared him of any involvement in the firebombing of the Santiago home.

Much of the credit for unearthing police brutality in Philadelphia belongs to the *Inquirer* (see box), which last spring assigned reporters Jonathan Neumann and William K. Marimow to study court records and interview witnesses in beating cases.

The paper uncovered some nauseating cases:

• A sixteen-year-old boy was mauled by a police dog while three cops stood by, guns drawn, to keep his friends from rescuing him from the crushing jaws of the dog. The cops, who claimed they thought the boy was a rapist for whom they were searching, have never been disciplined and are still on the force. The case is under federal investigation.

• A thirty-two-year-old black man, a British citizen, was carrying a briefcase with his passport and some sheet music to a rehearsal in South Philadelphia. Two cops demanded to know what was in the briefcase; when the man reached into his pocket for the key, he was beaten, handcuffed, and thrown into a paddy wagon. When police did search the briefcase, they found his British passport and the sheet music.

Unhappy with the results of their shakedown of the man, the cops then "discovered" an envelope of marijuana, but even a local judge wouldn't swallow that story, and the man was released. Some time later the cops rearrested him for holding up a cab driver. That charge was also dropped, but the two cops remain in good standing with the Philadelphia police department.

The case is under investigation by the FBI.

• Another black man drove past a stop sign and was spotted by two Philadelphia cops. They made him pull over and began verbally abusing him. Frightened, the man drove away, was caught, and, in front of witnesses, was beaten senseless by twelve cops, who broke two nightsticks from the blows they inflicted on his body. The cops were acquitted principally because the jury did not believe that the man could have survived such a beating.

Mayor Rizzo was described as "jubilant" over the verdict.

• Another Puerto Rican-American, Edgardo Ortiz, had just arrived home after completing the night shift one day last summer. The police knocked on his door and said that they wanted to ask him some questions. Ortiz, tired, did a very foolish thing for a Puerto Rican-American living in Philadelphia: he pointed out that they had no warrant and that he knew his rights.

Later, after he had been thrown through two windows and had been beaten almost senseless in front of his wife and screaming child, he asked permission to pull up his pants. As he bent over to do so, he was bludgeoned on the back of the head and thrown into a police wagon. Doing his bit for good community relations, one cop called Ortiz "a big spic bastard."

Three officers involved were later indicted by a federal grand jury. But that case was dropped after then-U.S. Attorney Marston grew suspicious that the Philadelphia Police Department had a part in covering up the involvement of a fourth officer. The suspect was the same cop who had killed José Reyes.

In the course of their relatively brief investigation, reporters Marimow and Neumann found sixty-six cops who pounded on thirty-two victims in a period of just a few months. The ongoing federal probes and federal-court actions seem to be the only hope that the people of Philadelphia have against a departmental policy that protects misfits and madmen who become cops. Philadelphia is the only major city in the country that has no effective procedure for allowing citizens to complain about their cops. Frank Rizzo intends to keep it that way.

On the same day that the *Inquirer* reported the beating of Ortiz and the shooting death of the sick man swinging the tree limb, it also reported the activities of Mayor Frank Rizzo, who was on a religious pilgrimage to Rome for the canonization of St. John Neumann, a Philadelphia bishop. It

CONTINUED ON PAGE 82

"I wet my pants!"

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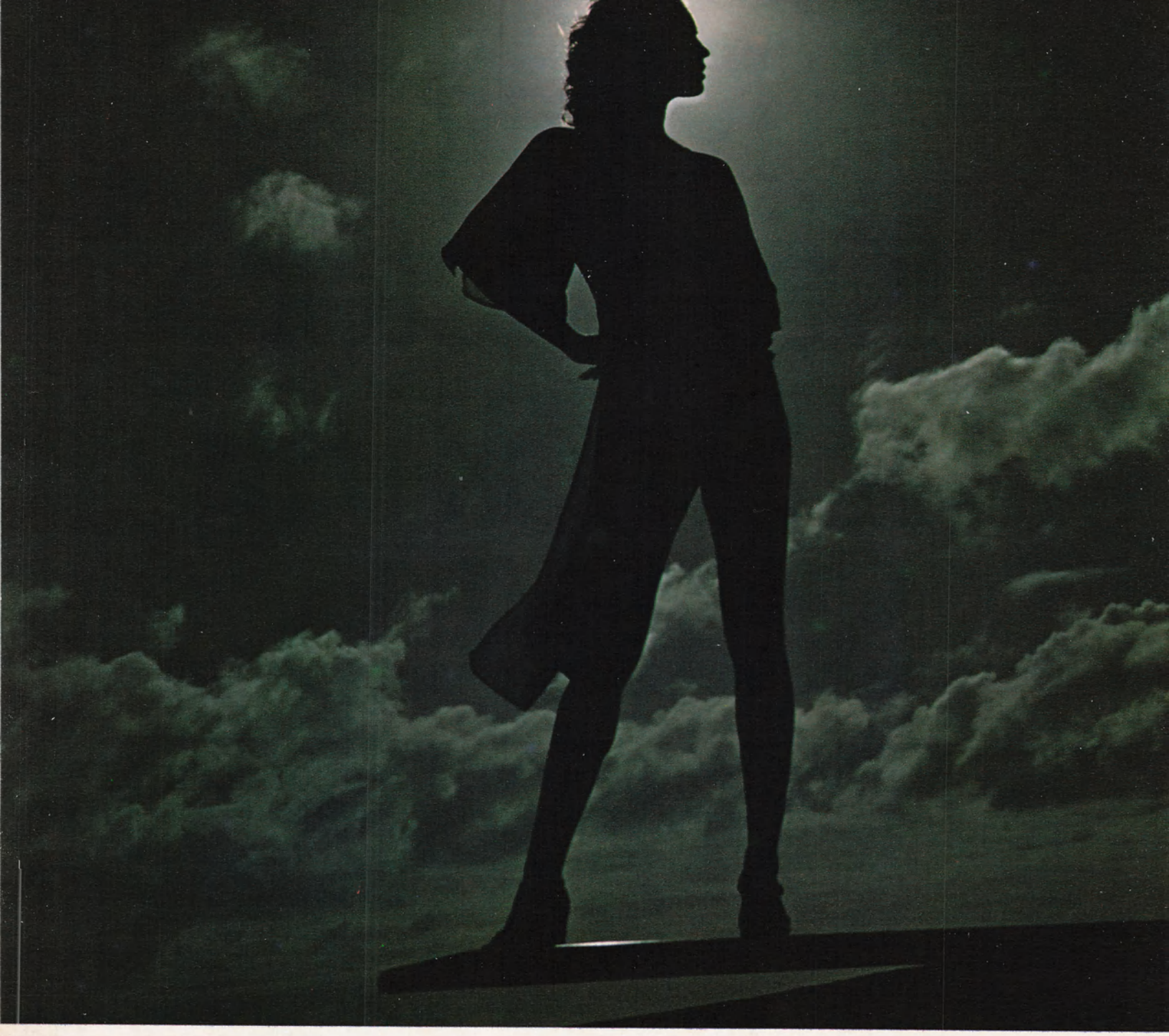
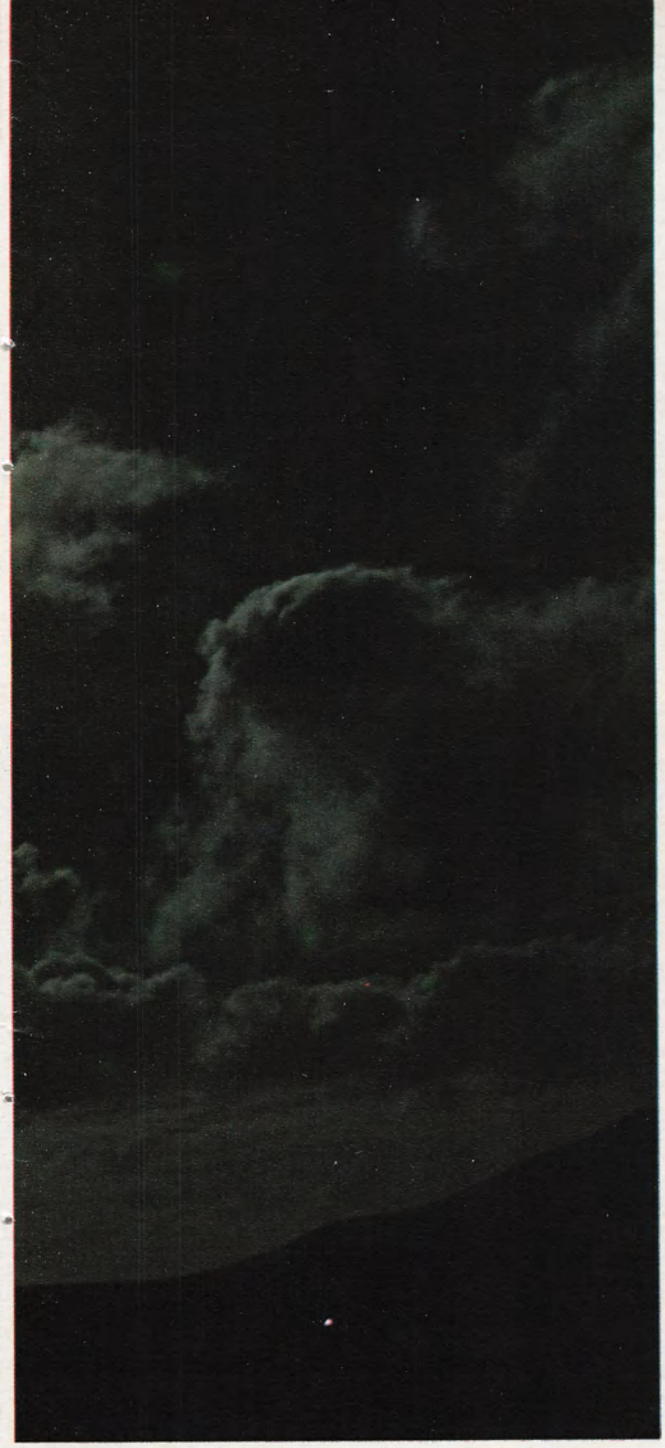


SEA, WIND AND FIRE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JIM FOXX

There are islands in the Caribbean Sea, near the Bahamas, that are largely inhabited by wild-growing fuchsia, free-flying parrots, and small, shy fauna, rustling in the lush undergrowth. Such a magical place holds undeniable appeal for an attractive, modern-day cosmopolite. It is a precious desolate spot on this crowded earth, where she can construct a private retreat—nestled into an unchanging landscape for her to admire. Brie Phillips discovered this oasis-retreat several years ago, and has escaped Montana winters by staying from September to May.

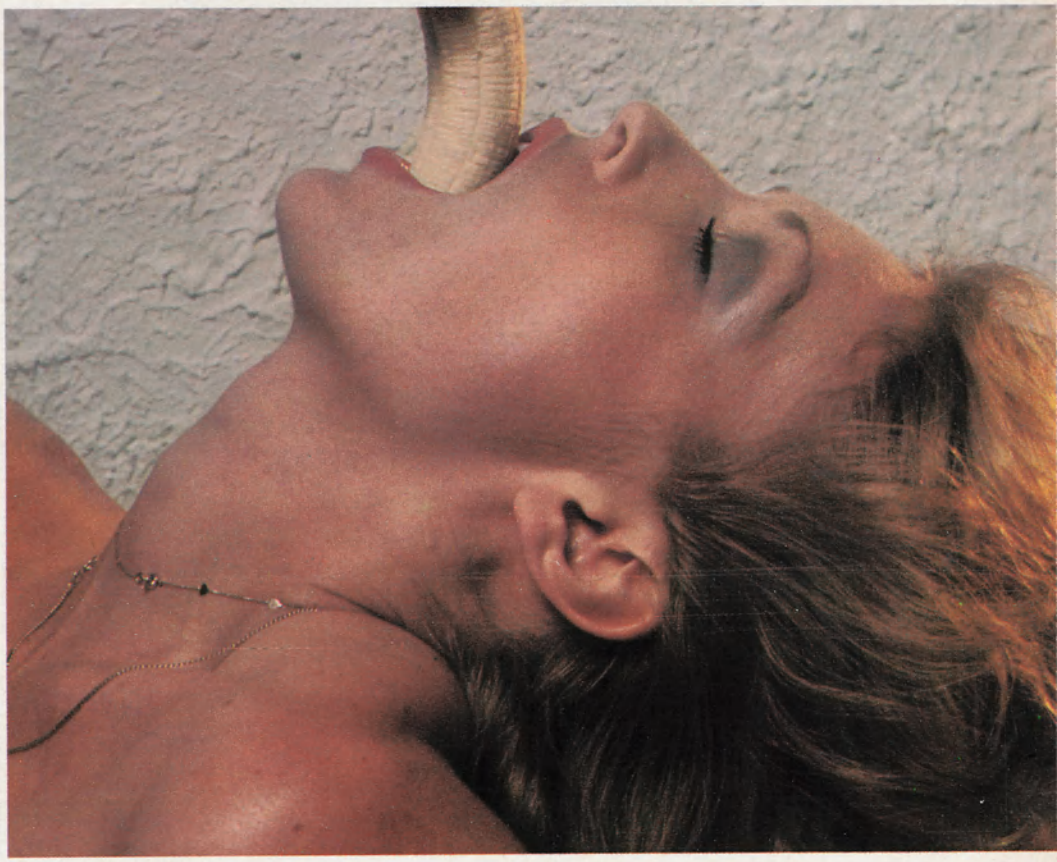


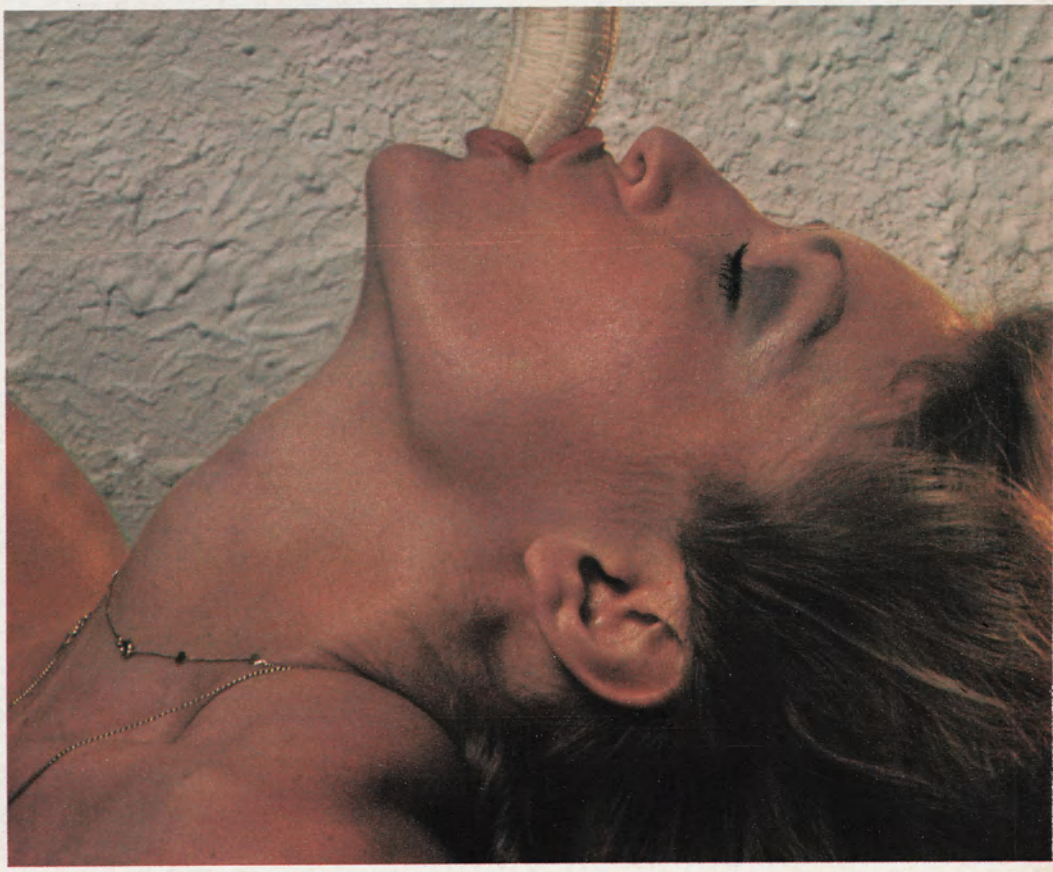
"I appreciate contrasts . . . I think that they make life so much more exciting."

As free-flowing as the flora that fills her environment with its color and perfume, Brie flourishes on this island of pale beige beaches skirting subtropical green forests. She lets the water consume her attention. "The sea was the birthplace of Venus," she reminds us. "How can you be here without thinking about love? The land itself urges you to love." Brie reminisces about past romance, thinks often of her present lovers, and conjures up that perfect man in whom providence has mysteriously but unerringly vested her future.

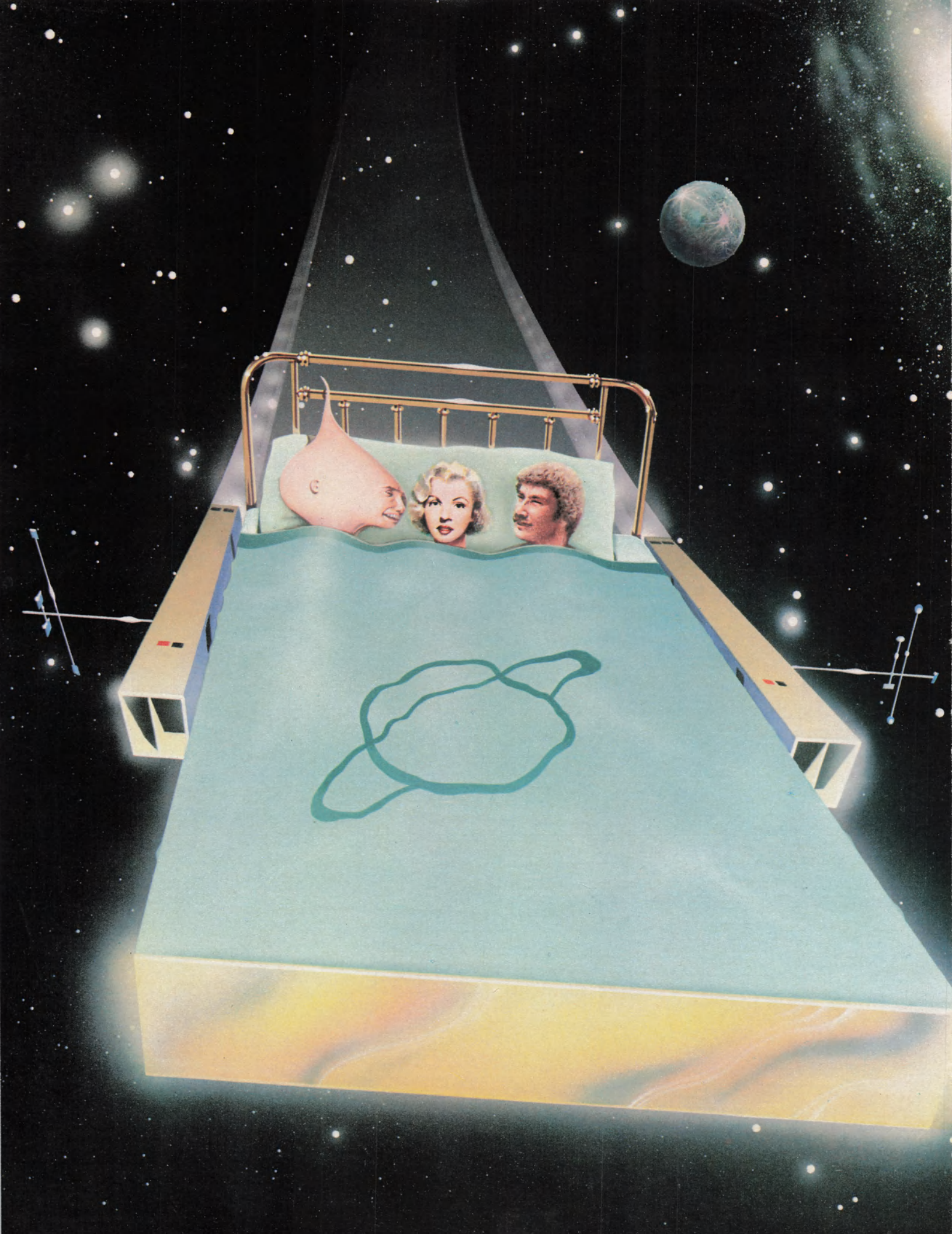
What will that paragon of male perfection be like? "He will be someone who feels comfortable here on the island with me" is Brie's principal stipulation. "There's nothing really to do here except enjoy yourself, your lover, and all this beautiful scenery," she adds. "You have to really like being close to nature, and you have to be resourceful."

At twenty-four, the vivacious Brie has made a lot of decisions about who she is and what she wants. Loyal to her home state of Montana, she is fond of her family's ranch, south of Butte, and looks forward to her very carefree summers there. "I appreciate contrasts," she remarks. "I think they make life so very much more exciting."





May is a month of transition for Brie. As her final island days approach, she begins to look ahead to the golden plains of the glorious American West. "That's where my home is," she explains. "But I've made a home for myself here, too, and it's always sad to leave." Until next September Montana's gain will be the Caribbean's loss.



THE SEQUEL TO "CLOSE ENCOUNTERS"

On board the space craft, the honored guest discovers what the strange creatures from outer space were really after.

If you liked that movie about the way I happened to get on that spacecraft in Wyoming, you'll love what happened afterward. If you believe it, that is.

First, they kept me separate from the NASA team, which XBal said had been claimed by the technology department. I was classified under anthropology, which was his division. My cubicle was a ringer for a Holiday Inn room. In fact, they'd used the Holiday Inn as a model. XBal said they always try to copy a "representative environment." If I never see another Big Mac or TV dinner or hear John Denver again, I'll be happy.

They had *appearances* down okay, but they were short on substance. I mean, the place looked fine to the eye but smelled like a chinchilla cage. And the bed looked pure-honeymoon suite, but the mattress must have been stuffed with old guitar picks.

There were other problems—the beer was just luke cold, etc.—but the cubicle was livable. Anyplace you *are* is home, if you want.

They hadn't made tiny aliens just for me. The HoDat—that's their name—come in all sizes. Those little guys that came out of the ship when I got on weren't ordinary HoDats but dwarves. Most HoDats are about our size, but whenever they land somewhere new, they send out a greeting committee of dwarves. The idea was that they were so cute that nobody would get scared or want to hurt them. And even if they did, all that was lost was a few dwarves. It was like the State Department.

The anthropology team consisted of XBal and two others I called Zombie and Orion Fats. They were your basic-looking HoDats—a little like a celery stalk, a little like a mushroom, and a little like Truman Capote, with teardrop-shaped heads and skin that was sort of DuPont kitchen-floor tile. XBal was the head coach and whole show, though—a combination of interrogator, tour guide, PR man, space shrink, ambassador, and earth specialist.

The HoDats are telepathic but can only receive from us, not send. So they used little mouthpieces called "translator filters." Their actual voice resembles the sound of an egg-beater, a calling dove, the wind in tall grass, the rhythm guitar in *Layla*, and a Dodge Monaco going through a hen house. Their phrase for "hello" sounds like the flush of a broken toilet. With the filters, though, it's like being on the telephone.

You couldn't really say they interrogated me. It was more of a cross between *Star Trek*, Rona Barrett, and the Gallup Poll.

Actually, they came here mainly for the same reason we'd go there if we could: curiosity. XBal said that most races are basically the same when it comes to the rest of the universe—nosy as shit and driven to go anyplace, as long as it's new. "Life is growth, and growth is travel. Even you people, who still cut holes in others to heal them and throw water on fire to extinguish it, have been to your moon and back and can't wait to visit the stars."

They also came looking for business. They basically

Illustration by Wayne McLoughlin

SATIRE BY ROBERT S. WIEDER

view us the way we view backward cultures—as consumers, a new potential market. And the array of gadgets and crap they could peddle to us—water-into-gasoline converters, self-sharpening razor blades—makes the Japanese look like Avon ladies. I guess we had the same thing in mind, since XBal said the members of the NASA team were there not only on behalf of science and the government but also on behalf of business. Every one of them was under contract to represent one outfit or another in trade talks. There was an engineer from Toyota, a biochemist representing Kelloggs, a lady astronaut sent by Revlon, and a deep-space astronomer who was from IBM and had a tic. "The business of space," said XBal, "is business."

Anyway, after a full day of questions, answers, and orientation, he brought Dee Fisher in to meet me. My brains fell out. The English language is hopeless when I try to describe that woman. She wasn't exactly a Xerox of Marilyn Monroe, but she was close enough to give you the willies, right down to the early-1950s makeup and hairstyle.

He introduced her as a "random sample" they just happened to have on board, a beauty who'd volunteered to satisfy my "legitimate sexual needs." That puzzled me.

"What about all these NASA clowns?" I asked. "You gonna give them vibrators or what?"

"They are technicians," he said, shrugging the question off. "Your government has assured us that they have no sexual needs. Our bio-analyses show that you, however, tend to grow impatient and testy without sex, but genial and cooperative when fulfilled."

I couldn't argue with that.

But something bugged me. This was no mere goodwill gesture. There was hidden machinery at work somewhere. That "this is important" feeling I got when I saw the mountain I got again, looking at Dee.

That wasn't all I got. I don't know if it was the two-thirds gravity or her one-third shorts, but I had a stiff big as a typewriter carriage. I decided the rule was the same, whether this was a great ruse or a great opportunity: shoot first and ask questions afterward.

To be exact, I shot five times, and we didn't get around to conversation until the next morning. When we did, it consisted mostly of her giving me a three-hour recitation on life among the HoDat and on XBal in particular. That made me wonder.

"You know more about these fuckers than I know about Indiana. Just how long have you been riding the sky rails with old XBal?" I asked.

"Awhile," she said vaguely.

"A hell of a while. Who'd you vote for, last election?"

"I don't vote," she said. She was quick.

"You like the Super Bowl?" I asked.

"I've never used one," she said. *Used* one?

Nobody who's been on earth since 1961 would make that mistake. "One of us is in trouble," I said. "If they've been *holding* you here for seventeen years, I think I am. If you've been hanging out with that ringer for Reddy Kilowatt that long voluntarily, I think you are."

"What the hell do you know?" she snapped at me. "It so happens that XBal is a marvelous person."

"Person?" I said. "Marvelous maybe, but anybody who calls him a *person* hasn't seen many real persons lately."

"We're very compatible."

"I'd like to see *that*."

"He has a wonderful personality."

"He has a personality like a recorded message."

Now she was pissed. "At least he knows what he's doing. He's no earthbound stiff. He's been around. He's got a lot of charm."

"A customs inspector has more charm," I said, laughing.

She reeled with disgust. "You're so screwed up, you're just beyond repair. I

After thirty years we'd still missed the whole point. Those flying saucers weren't spying, reconnoitering, or observing. They were *cruising!*

was crazy to think this would work."

What would work? What's up here? I actually liked XBal, but the more I badmouthed him, the more I discovered he was no small matter to this lady. I ridiculed him only to make her angry, which is the fastest way to get somebody to blurt out the truth. How'd I know she'd take me seriously?

I asked it only to stir her up: "Have you been *balling* that freak?"

"You call him a freak again, and I'll have you sent back to earth an organ at a time," she snarled. "And what I do is none of your business. My needs are as valid as they are real."

"I don't believe it," I croaked. I fell into a chair. "It must be like going to bed with Halloween."

"I happen to think he's cute!"

"He's about as cute as a stomach pump!"

"Beauty is only skin deep, asshole!"

"Skin! More like linoleum!"

Well, it got pretty nasty after that, and they mustn't have been monitoring us, or they would've come running to break it up. But it was just your typical man-woman screaming argument, which should have tipped me off right there. Women don't waste their time fighting with any men they aren't seriously interested in.

They especially don't tell complete strangers what she then told me. Listen to this.

The HoDat are a horny race. The most-used word in their language is *sputzang*, which has two meanings: (1) "being alive" and (2) "screwing." This pretty much sums them up. A HoDat would buy drinks for a vacuum cleaner, if that'd help him get it into the sack. That's how Dee came to be there.

You know all those various persons they'd sucked up over the years for inspection? Well, they hadn't just been kidnapping humans at random over the years. They were picking up people who *turned them on*. They weren't interested in ambassadors; they wanted good lays! Their idea of "cultural exchange" could be done in the backseat of a car. That's why they were frustrated when, after they'd painstakingly lured these carefully, erotically chosen pieces to Wyoming from all over the continent, the government horned in and substituted scientists!

("You might as well have sent us telephone operators," XBal muttered later. "Or, for that matter, telephones.")

After thirty years we'd still missed the whole point. They weren't spying, reconnoitering, or observing. They were *cruising*!

And in 1951 XBal had pulled one of the all-time scores. Dee. He'd lifted her off a Warner Brothers back lot then, off the set of *Tarzan's Vine Fever*. She was a budding, nineteen-year-old starlet, up in the tree house, after hours, trying to fuck a speaking role out of the director, when XBal happened to sail by. He took one look at what she was doing to the guy with a plastic fern and was so moved that he almost broadsided a DC-3, whose stewardesses he'd also been checking out. He swooped down, scooped her up, hypnotized the director, whispered "Westerns" at him, and split. Dee stayed on. As XBal's main old lady. For twenty-seven years.

Why? Easy. In 1951 she'd had your classic, 100 percent American, horny-teen attitude: novelty was everything. And, brother, was XBal something new. Dee was one of those women with an extra nerve, a neurological hot line from the cunt to the heart. And here was a man—or at least something as close to one as several things she'd dated in Hollywood—with *cosmic* experience, *stellar* technique. Talk about being out-of-this-world. The way to her heart was through her labia, and he knew the route. He'd screwed things we don't even know about. Besides, he could read her thoughts and had a unit the size of a handlebar. Nothing could stop old Lust in Space, right?

Wrong.

Dee was the most erotic dame I ever met. She had a mouth that could take off a tattoo. When that kid was hot, you could weld with her, and here she'd been loping around the galaxy for twenty-seven years

"Bad news, Zelda, I've been replaced by a computer."

without a man—a human one, anyway. Of course, you can't fault the know-how of anybody who's managed to keep a minx like Dee in his saucer for three decades, and XBal had a lot of good points going for him, but there were a couple of minor problems with his pointer.

XBal had an Achilles' heel or, more specifically, an Achilles' pecker. The problem was that it *was* the size of a handlebar, like their fingers, only more so—long, but thin and tapering. Now, XBal could go twenty-four hours without taking a deep breath—a knack you pick up when you usually have a couple of light-years to kill—and could make his reproductive member do everything from Immelmanns to rope tricks. But there were two important things he couldn't make it do.

One, he couldn't make it grow thicker.

Two, he couldn't make it spurt. HoDats don't ejaculate. They sort of seep. Once they get going, they're in no hurry. I guess Dee missed the hot blast up the middle, the fabled mutual climax. Rare as such bliss was on earth, it was nonexistent on the *Wheeshwab*. (That was the name of XBal's saucer. It was HoDat for "Space Sheik.")

It was also the actual reason why I was on the ship. I was the first human they'd ever revealed Dee to. This was necessary, since I was there specifically to fuck her. She'd *picked* me. She was a sucker for dimples and curly hair, and the biological scans showed we'd be genetically and physiologically compatible. But the kicker, I think, was that I happen to have, according to several women, a particularly thick whoosis. They did not seem to lament this.

After all those years, she'd desperately needed a cock fix. I was the goods. All I could say was "Twenty-seven years. Why?"

"You mean why leave Hollywood, where I could be a grade-B bimbo for twenty years, spending my time with an endless series of lizards and creeps until I'm old and fucked out enough to get a job at Woolworth's? Come on. I have everything I want, I see things nobody else even heard of, and I age one year for every seven on earth. You figure it out."

"If you've got everything you want, what am *I* doing here?"

"I never said things were perfect," she said archly. Then she grew melancholy and said that a person had to follow her heart, and she couldn't help it if she'd fallen for some galactic cruise artist. "It's bigger than both of us," she said.

"*That* big?" I laughed. "No *wonder* you love him."

I made her smile. "It's not just sex. For Chrissake, we could go down in history."

" 'Go down,' indeed," I said. She smiled again. Then we went over and ignored how the bed was stuffed.

Like I say, I never disliked XBal, but after this point we seemed to alienate each other almost by instinct. We couldn't talk about the weather without ending up in some dispute over larger principles.

Two days after Dee's and my first overnighter, I was talking to him about violence, which the HoDats totally abhor and rank alongside the dry heaves in usefulness. I asked: "Look, if you guys are such super space citizens, what do you do for clout, to lean on bad guys and so forth?"

He smiled like an archbishop. "We merely cause enormous, exquisite *pleasure* . . . and then abruptly terminate it."

I said I thought I'd stick with the violence, thanks.

Then we started hassling over boxing. XBal said that it was a fairly efficient way to eliminate the poorer classes—pay them to beat each other to death while the flusher classes watched—but that it was considered proof that man was an animal of the lower orders.

"That's bullshit," I told him. "Boxing isn't just mindless brute strength and pain tolerance; it's one human *personality* versus another, a contest of wills for the prize of conquest."

"You make it sound like seduction," he said thoughtfully.

"Well, why not? Human beings are basically me-first patriots, and every relationship is a kind of conflict at its foundation."

He said: "Even love?"

"Especially love. It's the only human conflict where a real peace is made."

"But isn't conflict the active expression of *hatred*, which is the exact opposite of love?"

"That's a lot of crap. Love and hate are just two different ways of getting hot about somebody. Either way, she is *important* to you. Whether you love or hate her just depends on whether her importance makes you happy or miserable. If it wasn't possible to love and despise somebody at the same time, we'd have a lower birthrate than the whooping crane."

He winced when I said "birthrate," and I'd soon know why.

That night Dee came by again. On the one hand, there were still some things I wanted to know about. On the other, only a sap, given a lady of Dee's appearance, would spend all his time pumping her for information, when he could be pumping her for all he was worth. It wasn't a rough decision.

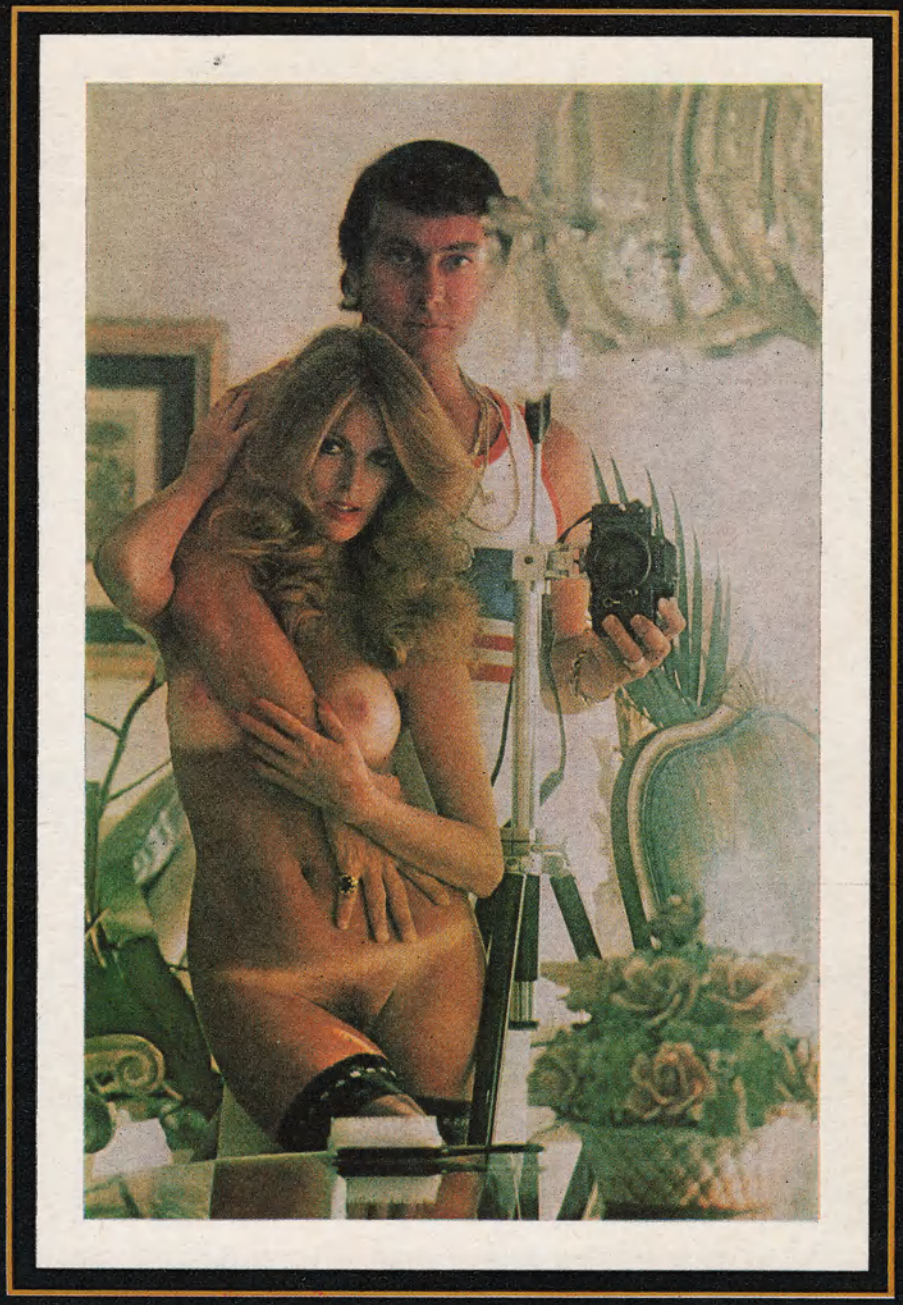
She taught me a few things she'd picked up from XBal that nobody on earth knew about, and I taught her a few things I'd picked up on earth that XBal didn't know about. It was very educational and made it hard for me to walk the next day. Then she asked about earth, and you'd be amazed at the things the HoDats didn't consider important enough to take note of: rock 'n' roll, LSD, the Pill, the Volkswagen, football, the antiwar movement, stereo, free love, gay liberation, Paul Newman, hot-air blowers, *Doonesbury*, and feminism. She'd missed a lot. Well, she hadn't missed it before, but now that she was hearing about it, you could see a wish-I'd-been-there look in her eye.

I also got off like an oil well, five times,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 90

"Don't make the same mistake I made at your age sweetheart. Go out there and fuck your brains out."

GET INTO THE PENTHOUSE PICTURE WITH THIS MAN



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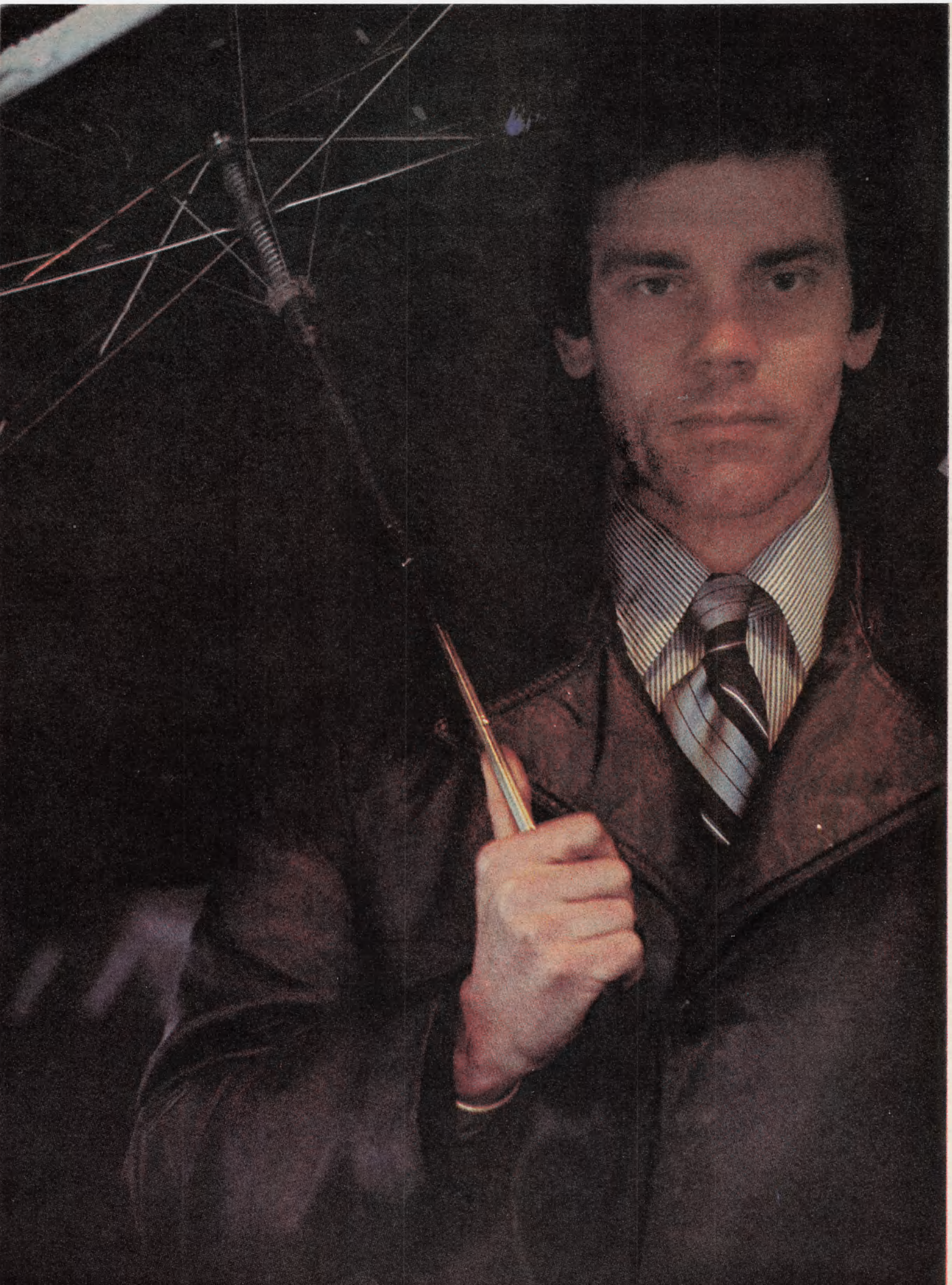

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

FRANK SNEPP

> I remember standing in the CIA's radio room, listening to cries for help from agents trapped outside the embassy at some forgotten rendezvous point. They were doomed men.

"It's very difficult trying to crawl out of a country standing up," says thirty-four-year-old Frank Warren Snepp III, describing the chaotic evacuation of Saigon on April 29, 1975.

Snepp, a self-styled "child of the southern establishment," is a lean, lithe, grimly introspective North Carolinian who served almost five years in Vietnam as an officer of the Central Intelligence Agency. As the CIA's chief strategic analyst in the Saigon station, he was among the last Americans to be plucked out of the beleaguered capital by helicopter. The experience seared his soul.

After spending the next four months in Bangkok, helping to lay "rat lines" (escape routes) for escaping South Vietnamese and Cambodians, Snepp was reassigned to CIA headquarters in Langley, Va. There his personal anguish deepened as he watched the agency embark on a calculating cover-up of the events that led up to the final disaster. Anguish gave way to anger, then to alienation, and finally to revulsion as top-ranking CIA officials began leaking highly sanitized versions of the evacuation. In January 1976, six months after returning to the United States, Frank Snepp resigned. Overcoming a heritage that makes much of unquestioning loyalty to national institutions, Frank Snepp decided to become a whistle blower.

Working ten hours a day for eighteen months, Snepp produced *Decent Interval* (published by Random House), a botch-by-botch account of that precipitate withdrawal of the U.S. presence in Saigon. The 600-page book was an almost immediate best-seller.

Getting *Decent Interval* published involved Snepp in meetings and strategies with all the earmarks of his previous clandestine operations. The CIA knew, from the time Snepp left the agency to the time the book appeared in November 1977, that he was writing. They did not know at what pace, who would publish, or when. Not that they didn't try to find out. One by one, old agency colleagues approached him to try to dissuade him or find out the details of the publication.

But Random House had learned its lesson from its dealings with the CIA on Victor Marchetti's book, *The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence* (published by Random House's subsidiary, Knopf). The agency had managed to delay publication of that book for more than two years and had chopped the text to pieces—at a legal cost to Random House Inc. of nearly $150,000.

Decent Interval was produced under wraps. Only about a dozen of the 800 Random House employees knew of the book during its writing and production. Snepp's name appeared nowhere in the publisher's files. Maps were commissioned outside the house for an unspecified manuscript. Headline type was set purposely jumbled and painstakingly reassembled by hand after office hours, and galleys were run off in nonconsecutive sequence. Snepp met with his editor in New York City parks, not setting foot in the publishing house until the book was being sold. There was no advance publicity; book reviewers got their copies of the book around the same time the CIA bought its copies.

Snepp found his ironic title for the book in what Kissinger's critics said at the time of the January 1973 cease-fire: that Kissinger had negotiated no honorable end to the long war, merely a "decent interval" between the withdrawal of American troops and the inevitable Communist takeover. "History will now record," says Snepp, "that the 'interval'—hardly decent—lasted only about an hour, as Gen. Van Tien Dung's troops marched into Saigon and started rounding up thousands who'd placed their blind trust in the Americans." Harsh words for a spook whom a former Saigon newsman described as "the spitting image of what an American agent should be."

He was born in Charlotte, N.C., the son of a former U.S. marine who is now a superior court judge. As a youth, he worked for newspapers and radio stations, hoping to emulate another North Carolinian, Edward R. Murrow. He graduated from Columbia University and then went on to receive a master's degree in international relations. His field of study: NATO and the diplomacy of nuclear deterrence. That and his imminent draftability made him an attractive recruit for the CIA, which in 1968 was looking for bright, young, analytical talent. "It is the supreme irony," he says, "that I joined the CIA in part to avoid going to Vietnam."

During his two tours in Vietnam (1969–71 and 1972–75), Snepp was that agency rarity, an officer who worked both sides—analytic and operative—of the espionage arena. His graduate-school specialty commended him at first to the European Division at Langley, which was then trying to track the next Soviet moves following the Czechoslovakian crisis that ended with Alexander Dubcek's fall from power.

"Because of my humorless devotion to work"—the hallmark of the just-arrived Nixon crew—"my colleagues decided to lighten my burden by having some fun with me," he remembers. One morning in early 1969, "a job application form for an opening in Vietnam circulated

Photograph by Pat Hill

through the office. Unknown to me, they filled in my name and sent it through along with an impassioned plea for consideration. A few days later, I was notified that I'd been accepted. Over my protests. I was posted to Saigon in June."

In Saigon Snepp spent the first tour doing analysis and occasionally interrogating Vietcong prisoners and defectors. When he was reassigned to Langley in 1971, his experience got him a slot on the Vietnam Task Force, where his job was to track upcoming North Vietnamese military moves on the strength of field reports and Hanoi propaganda. His reports, while quite accurate in hindsight, did not mesh with the intelligence Kissinger was garnering on his own. Snepp's CIA superiors, not wishing to tangle with the temperamental Kissinger, grew increasingly testy and impatient with the young man's arrogant persistence that his reports were valid. Finally, Snepp wore out his welcome and was fired from the task force. He was reassigned back to Saigon.

In 1972 in Saigon, one of his assignments was particularly challenging: to try to break a high-ranking captive, Nguyen Van Tai, formerly the deputy chief of Hanoi's secret police. The prisoner had been kept in a room with the air conditioners going full blast. Tai believed that his veins would collapse under frigid temperatures. They didn't, but under Snepp's relentless interrogation, Tai gradually gave away vital intelligence that confirmed his worth as a potential pawn in any prisoner exchange. Tai was, however, another casualty of the evacuation; a few days before the war ended, a senior CIA official ordered the "disappearance" of the prisoner, and Tai was flown up in an airplane to 10,000 feet over the South China Sea and thrown out of the plane.

Snepp's star was in the ascendant. Under the dual patronage of CIA Station Chief Thomas Polgar and Ambassador Graham Martin, Snepp rose to become the station's principal military analyst. At the same time, he made excellent contacts and was able to get uncannily accurate readings of General Dung's moves. But his most crucial reports seldom reached Washington in time or intact. The rest is history: the fall of Saigon, the U.S. abandonment of thousands of Vietnamese friends, Snepp's outraged exposé.

As this issue went to press, the Department of Justice was preparing to file a civil suit against Snepp, charging that his disclosures were unlawful and seeking damages and future injunctions, but Snepp talked with calm conviction to *Penthouse* interviewer F. Peter Model. Snepp explores not only what happened in Saigon but also, and more important to him—never having left the agency emotionally—the need for a wrenching reorganization of the CIA.

Penthouse: Why did you decide to write *Decent Interval*?

Snepp: After we withdrew from Vietnam in 1975, I saw the U.S. government completely whitewash the fact that it had just abandoned thousands of Vietnamese who had worked with the CIA since 1961—field agents, collaborators, translators, code clerks, and the like. The government completely botched its withdrawal. It also failed to destroy secret documents that gave Hanoi—and by extension, the Soviet KGB—the names and whereabouts of many of those left behind. Moreover, it jettisoned nearly $250 million in gold bullion and enough military hardware to equip the Communists for five years.

For months after returning from Vietnam, I implored the agency to do an after-action report, but I was ignored. Then I discovered that agency officials were leaking a self-serving version of what had taken place to their favored journalists. That did it for me. I had blood on my hands as a result of what had gone wrong in Vietnam. Many of my Vietnamese friends had been left behind, and I couldn't stomach this attempted cover-up by the agency.

So I quit the CIA and spent the next eighteen months doing the report that *someone* had to do. I hoped to pressure Congress—the so-called oversight committees—into doing what the agency and the State Department had refused to do: take a long, hard look into the debacle—the collapse of Saigon and what we did there to our friends and allies.

Penthouse: Were you expecting the collapse?

Snepp: During those last weeks of the war, you could feel the pressure of the North Vietnamese Army, closing inexorably around us like the coming monsoons. First Ban Me Thuot fell in mid-March, then Pleiku and Danang and Nha Trang—the entire northern half of the country—and by early April it was apparent to many of us in the embassy that the game was finished. President Thieu realized this, too, and shipped most of his household belongings weeks before the fall of the city.

> As I stumbled along with my colleagues up the stairs to the embassy's rooftop helicopter pad, the marines pushed the assembled Vietnamese passengers out of the way.

Penthouse: What was the mood like in Saigon?

Snepp: An eerie and false calm prevailed. During the first few days of April, one of the CIA officers had the presence of mind to suggest that Saigon be cordoned off against any stragglers and refugees. So, in a sense, Saigon became an island in the chaos—isolated and insulated against the horror of defeat. Still, the population seemed to sense that the worst was upon them, and they began selling things to scrape together enough money for a final boat ride or plane ride out. Suddenly, the black market was awash with air conditioners, jewelry, good bottled booze—the effluvia of the American presence. But nobody was buying. The city was a cornucopia of discarded luxury.

Penthouse: Did your Vietnamese friends come to you for help?

Snepp: Of course. As the army disintegrated under the Communist hammer blows, many of my Vietnamese friends began sleeping on my doorstep so that if the anticipated choppers came, they wouldn't miss out on a seat.

Initially, my closest friends were circumspect about asking for help. They'd merely ask me to change money for them; they thought American currency would be negotiable even in a Communist society. But as time went on, the questions and requests for favors became more pointed. "Will the Communists murder me for sleeping with American men?" asked one of my bargirl friends. And although I doubted they would, I felt obliged to help her; so I smuggled her onto an evacuation flight. Many of my friends in the embassy did the same.

A number of us mounted an improvisatory evacuation. Our efforts—all made without the knowledge or approval of the ambassador—helped save thousands of Vietnamese. But because we were just improvising, there was no order to our efforts. So, while many bar girls and cocktail-party friends got onto an evacuation flight, many of the most endangered and deserving Vietnamese did not.

Penthouse: Didn't the CIA station chief or the ambassador realize that the war was lost, that it was time to plan for an evacuation?

Snepp: Polgar, the station chief, who is now at a desk job at CIA headquarters in Langley, had concluded by early April that the war was lost. Ambassador Martin had not. I remember a briefing I gave him soon after the loss of Danang. I told him of the inevitable collapse, but he refused to accept what I told him. It was an extraordinary situation: the ambassador wasn't accepting the conclusions of his own country's intelligence organization!

Penthouse: But if Polgar did, why didn't he plan in advance for the evacuation of CIA employees?

Snepp: He came to believe, around the second week in April, that there was a slim chance for a negotiated settlement, one that would avert a Communist drive on Saigon and thereby make a full-fledged evacuation unnecessary. Initially, French diplomats were under this illusion. But within a few days, members of the Hungar-

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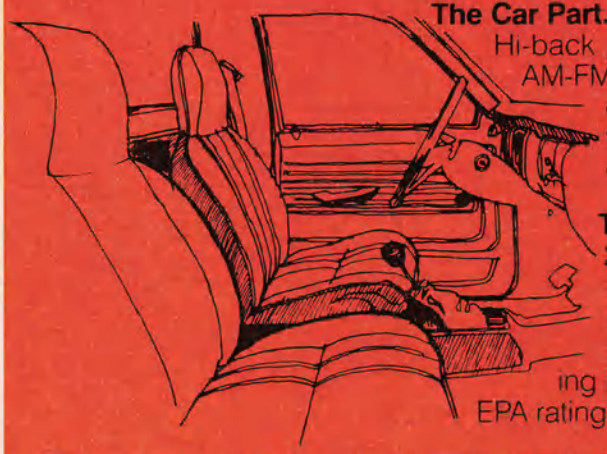

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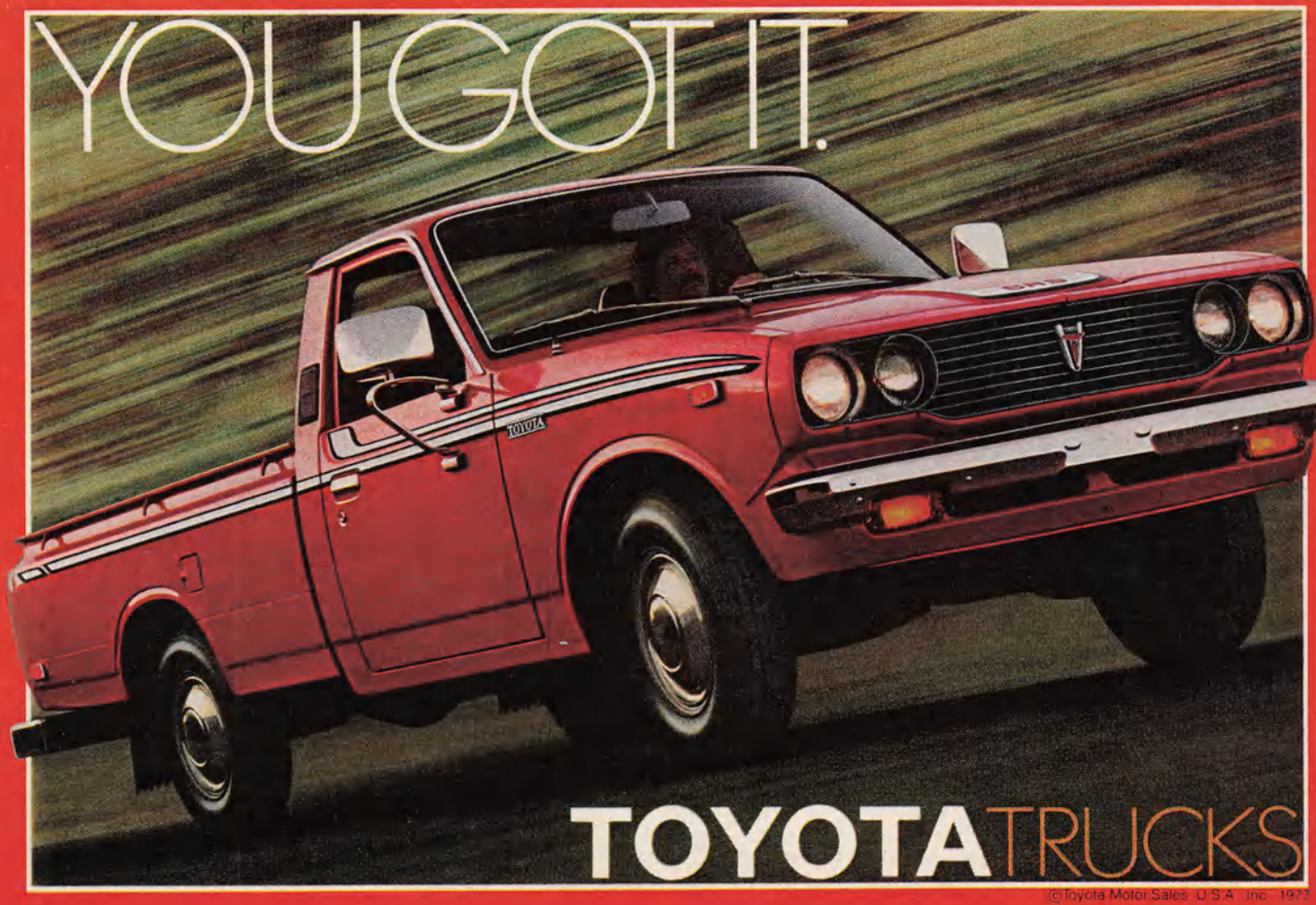

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ian truce team had followed suit. They told Polgar that a transition government might be set up in Vietnam—with Communist acquiescence—if only Thieu were removed.

Penthouse: And Polgar believed this?

Snepp: Yes—to the exclusion of our intelligence! Beginning in early April, our best intelligence agents were reporting that there was no chance whatsoever for a negotiated settlement. By mid-April the agency had been given a complete blueprint of the Communists' intentions, including even the date they planned to hit Saigon. But by then Polgar was diverted by the false signals from the French and the Hungarians, and he failed to send my intelligence reports directly to the White House, as was normal procedure.

Penthouse: What was Kissinger's attitude toward all this?

Snepp: He was as adamantly opposed to "pulling the plug" on Saigon as Martin and Polgar were. You'll recall that by late March—as the South Vietnamese Army began falling apart—he had big problems in the Middle East. He had just come off his Middle East shuttle, where he had been unsuccessful in arranging another Syrian-Egyptian disengagement in the Sinai. The reason for the failure was that neither side knew how far it could go in trusting American diplomacy.

The last thing Kissinger wanted to do, then, was to scuttle the American presence in Saigon. That would have cast even further doubt on American reliability as an ally and would have severely complicated his Middle Eastern gambit.

Also, Kissinger was hooked on the notion that a little more American aid might patch things up in Saigon. He never realized that the South Vietnamese government and army were so very corrupt that they couldn't absorb additional aid. This wasn't all his fault. From the first days of the cease-fire, the embassy had consistently downplayed the corruption in its reports to Washington. The ambassador's staff felt that if they advertised the faults of the South Vietnamese government, Congress would never agree to give additional aid. So those at the top simply ignored the very faults and weaknesses that were setting the South Vietnamese up for the kill.

Penthouse: Did Kissinger go along with those who believed in the chances for a negotiated settlement?

Snepp: He was skeptical at first, but he was gradually taken in. Here again, he believed the false reports of the Soviets. He had developed a certain sense of confidence in the Soviets' assurances as a result of his dealings with them on issues like SALT. When, in mid-April, Moscow responded ambiguously to his queries about North Vietnamese intentions, he chose to interpret their response in a positive light: as reaffirming the prospect for some kind of negotiations. So he failed to push Martin to accelerate the evacuation planning.

"Do you mind? It makes the time go faster."

Penthouse: Did anyone at the embassy try to signal Washington that Martin and Polgar and Kissinger were off track?

Snepp: One of my CIA colleagues contacted some of his State Department friends and told them that something had to be done to assure a successful evacuation. But CIA Director Colby, who seemed determined to follow Kissinger's guidelines, refused to second these recommendations. Also, I contacted several journalist friends in Saigon and briefed them on our intelligence, hoping *they* would get the message back to Washington. But most of them chose to believe the leaks they were getting from Polgar and Martin and keyed their dispatches to the idea that a negotiated settlement was possible.

Penthouse: You make much of Martin's and Polgar's failure to plan adequately for an evacuation. What should they have done?

Snepp: The minute we received word, in early April, that the Communists would not accept a negotiated settlement, they should have begun erecting the machinery for evacuation: preparing lists of those we should help, designating helicopter pickup points.

But none of this was done in a systematic way. Whatever evacuation took place came as a result of the private, almost surreptitious initiatives of Polgar's and Martin's subordinates. On the final day of the war there was not even a master list in the embassy identifying those who deserved our assistance.

Penthouse: When was it unmistakably the time for the evacuation?

Snepp: Even the decision that the evacuation was absolutely imperative was botched. Before the sun rose on April 29, I was practically blown out of bed as the Communists began shelling Saigon's air base—an action we'd foreshadowed in our intelligence reports. But for the next several hours, Kissinger and Martin dickered over whether or not to "pull the plug" and order a full-scale helicopter lift. The decision was reached around mid-morning, only after they realized that regular aircraft couldn't use the shelled runways.

In the meantime, the embassy had become a besieged fortress. Thousands upon thousands of Vietnamese mobbed the gates, seeking assistance in leaving the country. The crush of crowds made it totally impossible to send convoys out to pick up CIA agents and collaborators. So the horror was complete. We spent the waning hours of the day trying to reach some of our friends by helicopter. Since so many Americans were still stranded throughout the city, they got first priority in terms of seat space. We ended up saving ourselves—those in the white skins—while leaving our Vietnamese friends behind.

Penthouse: At what point did you realize that the evacuation was a disaster?

Snepp: A hundred terrible scenes drove that fact home. I remember standing in the CIA radio room, listening to static-filled messages from agents who were trapped outside the embassy at some forgotten or

CONTINUED ON PAGE 120

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PHILADELPHIA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

ran a four-column, front-page picture of Rizzo sitting with John Cardinal Krol and former Italian Senate President Amintore Fanfani on the porch of Fanfani's home. With Cardinal Krol translating, Rizzo talked with Fanfani about the ongoing civil unrest in Italy. Incensed, Rizzo pounded on a table and suggested that Fanfani send ten English-speaking cops to Philadelphia for two weeks, and "we'll show them how to eat these guys up."

"*Spacco il capo,*" Rizzo shouted in Calabrese. "*Spacco il capo.*" Freely translated, the phrase means "break their heads."

There aren't too many examples of Rizzo's head breaking in print. Perhaps that is because Rizzo, early in his career, learned to cultivate the stagnated press of the city districts. When he chooses to, Rizzo can be an undeniably charming man—if a self-serving one.

But cops know him best, and not all of them love him. Honest cops in Philadelphia—and they are the majority—have an opinion of Rizzo far different from that of the current group of head breakers being allowed to run rampant. "Rizzo would take on anybody," says a cop who worked a district with him, "if he had ten of us there to back him up."

One of the few times that Rizzo was accused of brutality in print was in connection with the beating of six sailors who were picked up after a bar-hopping spree. A friendly judge threw the case out. Another time Rizzo got into a fight with a small-time hood named Alexander Castelli. Castelli lost an eye. Another incident was witnessed by a reporter who never reported it—for reasons he will not disclose.

There are more examples on the record of another Rizzo trait—his shyness in telling the truth. For instance, on his application for a marriage license Rizzo claimed that he was born in 1918. He really was born on October 23, 1920.

Rizzo's active career in the U.S. Navy lasted just five days aboard the U.S.S. *Houston*. When pressed, he explains that doctors aboard the ship discovered that he had *diabetes insipidus*. The disease is a rare one, so rare, in fact, that two medical experts told *Penthouse* that there is no way that Rizzo could have been treated for it in 1939—when he says that he was told he had it. Without treatment, a victim is doomed to a life of near total inactivity. But a few months after this loathsome disease was detected, Rizzo was earning a living as a construction worker.

In October 1943 Rizzo became a cop. Twenty-nine years later, shortly after he became mayor, he bought a $350,000 home. A reporter's inspection of his finances revealed, among other things, that Rizzo had $60,000 distributed in $15,000 bundles at four savings banks. When he discovered that these savings accounts had been uncovered, Rizzo boasted that his father-in-law had left him the $60,000—a peculiar coincidence, not backed up by any court records.

The most dramatic confrontation between Rizzo and the truth occurred in August 1973, when the city's then-powerful Democratic boss, Peter J. Camiel, told a reporter that Rizzo had approached him in a bathroom at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel and offered him a deal: Camiel could name his own architects for city construction jobs if he would allow Rizzo to nominate an old buddy of his to the office of district attorney. Architects in Philadelphia—as in other big cities—have traditionally been expected to offer up a little "grease" (usually 5 percent of their contract) to the party that selects them.

When the story was printed, Rizzo vehemently denied it. He offered to take a lie-detector test. Approaching the machine with traditional cockiness, he told waiting reporters: "I have great confidence in the polygraph. If this machine says a man lied, he lied."

> The first full effort to end the abuses of the Philadelphia police came to an untimely end when President Carter fired U.S. Attorney David Marston.

The machine promptly said he lied.

Rizzo's lies are probably not so important as their purpose. One lie that he told *Penthouse* is of particular significance. It involves his association with a well-connected hood named George ("Scarface") Illgas, also known as "Illgast." Rizzo said he never heard of him.

In March 1959 Rizzo was moved to the Northeast and promoted to the rank of inspector. He told *The Bulletin* that he had been assigned to the area to crack down on numbers writers and loan sharks. Federal records and the records of the Pennsylvania Crime Commission show that the biggest numbers writer and "bank" in northeast Philadelphia at the time was none other than George Illgas. Prior to Rizzo's arrival, Illgas had had to suffer annoying arrests every year on numbers-writing charges—a routine common in most big cities for the purpose of keeping the writers and the cops "honest." After Rizzo's appearance on the scene, Illgas enjoyed singular good fortune. He was not arrested again until 1968, when he allegedly tried to buy off an honest undercover cop.

If Rizzo had never heard the name of George Illgas, he is probably the only cop in the city who was not familiar with it.

But Rizzo's memory may also be affected by the fact that he and Illgas enjoyed the same passion for hunting in the Pocono Mountains of Pennsylvania. *Penthouse* has established that Rizzo and Illgas were frequent guests at a lodge in the Poconos during those years. The lodge's proprietor not only boasted that "Frank and George" were frequent guests but also noted that both were welcome to bag deer at the park out of season—an extraordinary admission from a man sworn to protect the state's game. "Cops do it all the time," he told a reporter.

But if Rizzo missed his chance to bag a top hood—while getting in a little hunting on the side—he also missed a chance to nail the biggest crap game in the history of gambling on the East Coast. That was the so-called Reading game, which operated from 1959 to 1962, when it was finally closed down by the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

Rizzo had received still another transfer, this time to the mother lode of crime, which was then Philadelphia's Tenderloin, near Thirteenth and Market streets in the heart of Philadelphia. The Reading game attracted gamblers from all over the East, all of whom would gather at a nearby restaurant to be picked up each night by "luggers," who drove them to Reading (some fifty miles away) and to a million-dollar game that boasted not one but three high-rolling "California tables."

"Everybody made a buck on that game," says an ex-hood turned informer. "They rented their limousines from a funeral director, because they only used them from ten at night until seven in the morning. They even had a cop out in front of the restaurant—he'd blow a whistle like a hotel doorman to signal a limo when he had a full load coming in for the game. It looked like opening night on Broadway.

"The cops never touched them."

Apparently, Rizzo—whose job it was to keep on top of police corruption in his territory—suffered a disability even more serious than *diabetes insipidus* during those years: he became deaf, dumb, and blind.

Faced with almost totally spineless leadership, the "bad apples" have taken over the Philadelphia police barrel. More and more, honest cops are quitting, and those who want to be honest cops are not bothering to apply for the job. As one veteran cop put it recently: "As long as you have Rizzo, you're going to have bad cops."

David Marston, the U.S. attorney, provided some hope. But he was fired.

As this is being written, Rizzo is trying to defy the Philadelphia city charter in order to run for another term as mayor. If he runs, he can boast that he kept at least one promise that he made in a previous campaign: "I'm gonna make Attila the Hun look like a faggot!" No one observing the awful pervasiveness of brutality in the Philadelphia police department would disagree.

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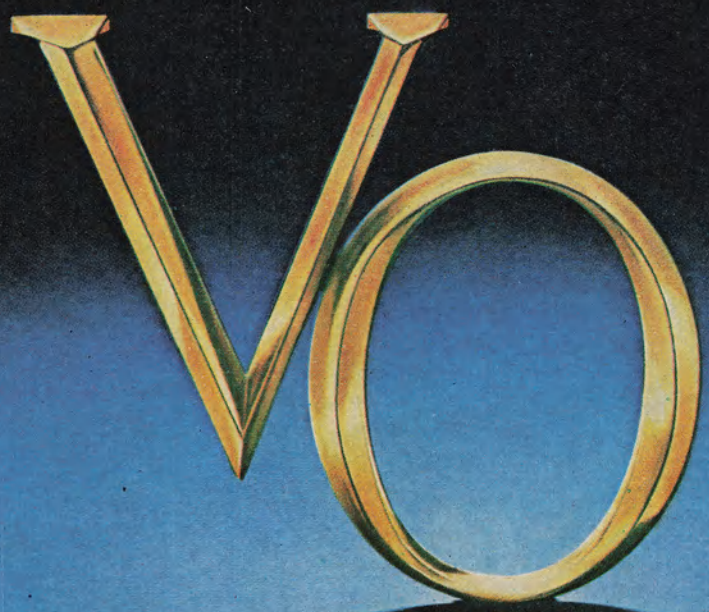

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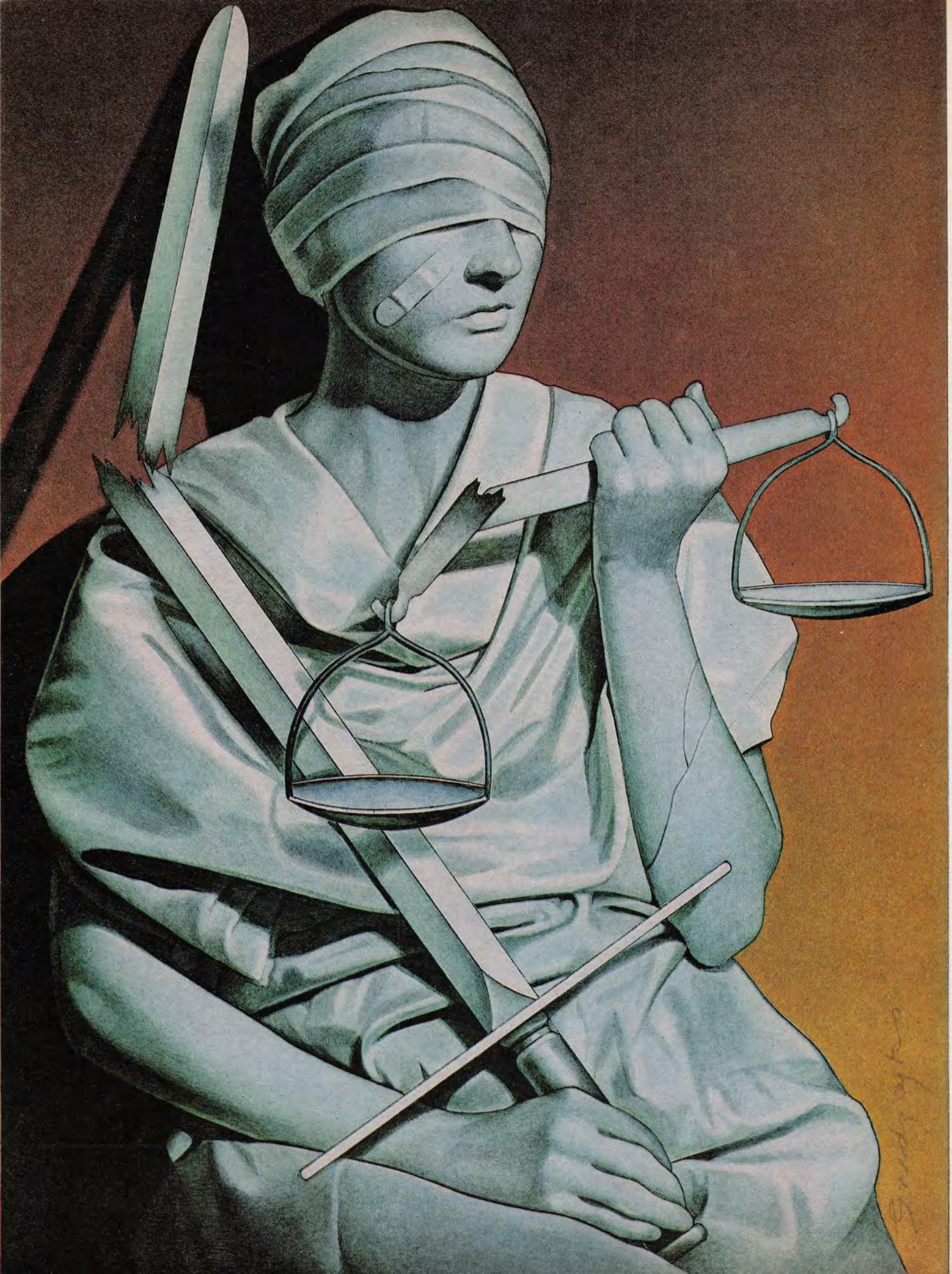


THE FAILURE OF AMERICAN JUSTICE

As long as we insist on keeping our rotten courts, parole boards, and prisons, we are going to have violent street crime.

BY JOHN GODWIN

Let us for a moment, imagine a Martian visiting our planet for the purpose of studying the administration of criminal justice in the United States today. This Marsperson has read that a Maryland Circuit Court found one Willie Lee Jones, aged twenty-five, guilty of abducting and murdering three men. Judge Jacob Levin thereupon sentenced Jones to three terms of life imprisonment on three counts of first-degree murder, to 120 years' imprisonment on four counts of kidnapping, and to 60 years' imprisonment on four counts of using a handgun in committing the murders. It was, the newspaper noted with satisfaction, the stiffest sentence handed down in Prince Georges County in recent memory.

Our Martian adds the figures on his pulse-operated wrist calculator and looks up with a puzzled smile. "I do not quite understand," he says. "The earthling's life span is three score and ten years, yes? Three life sentences, therefore, are 210 years, plus 120 and 60 years totals 390 years' imprisonment. My calculator is, maybe, in need of repair?"

We assure him of its accuracy.

"Ah," says he, "the punishment, then, applies to reincarnation. The criminal must spend his next—let me see—four and a half lives in prison also?"

"No, only *this* particular lifetime is concerned," we tell him.

"Then, please, what is the purpose of all those centuries?"

"The purpose," we explain, "is to prevent the criminal from being paroled."

Our Marsperson nods. "Now I comprehend. This stern judge, he has made certain that the criminal remains confined for the rest of his days, yes?"

"Well—er—not exactly. The stern judge, in fact, has made certain of nothing very much whatsoever. Consider this statement from the Maryland Parole Commission. It says: 'Under state law, anyone sentenced to life imprisonment is eligible for parole after serving fifteen years. As a rule, consecutive life sentences are treated as *one* sentence.' "

The Martian blinks his middle eye. "You are telling me that this Mr. Jones with his five and a half life sentences may actually be freed at the age of forty?"

"Oh, probably well before then. They may deduct the time he served in jail while he was awaiting trial or let him out on furlough or to live in a halfway house. Something like that."

"But then what is the point of the sentence?"

"Why, to deter others, of course! Also to help rehabilitate Mr. Jones. So perhaps he'll think twice before killing any more people when he gets out."

Here we unfortunately lose our Marsperson. He wanders away, quietly giggling to himself while trying to pick the flowers off the wallpaper. But if, by chance, you think we were indulging in hyperbole, allow me to present a few live samples of the genre.

In October 1966, a slight, sandy-haired pianist named Charles Yukl lured an aspiring entertainer, Suzanne Reynolds, to his Manhattan studio on the pretext of offering her music lessons. Yukl strangled the girl with a necktie, had intercourse with her, mutilated her body, and dumped her clothes in the garbage. For this crime Yukl spent exactly five years and four months in prison before he was paroled.

During July 1974 the periodical *Show Business* carried an ad announcing that "Actresses, ages seventeen to twenty-five, non-Equity, college types" were being interviewed for a motion picture to be filmed in New York shortly. Hopefuls were asked to contact "Mr. Williamson" at a studio in Waverly Place, Greenwich Village. One who did so was twenty-five-year-old Karin Schlegel from New Jersey. Her naked body, strangled, ripped, and violated, was found sprawled on the floor of an unoccupied studio at the Waverly Place address. The police didn't look any further when they discovered that "Mr. Williamson," the superintendent of the building, was Charles Yukl. He had replayed his previous murder in every detail. He received a life sentence but remains eligible for parole.

Richard Marquette was an Oregon plumber with a penchant for dismembering middle-aged women. In 1961 he was sentenced to life imprisonment for cutting up and scattering Joan Caudle of Portland. Marquette stayed behind bars for twelve years and then gained parole. He emerged in January 1973. A year later he killed another woman but only cut off her head this time. Then, in April 1975, he completely carved up Betty Wilson, severing her head, arms, legs, and breasts and throwing the torso into a creek near Salem. He pleaded guilty and drew a second life sentence, consecutive to his previous one. The Oregon Board of Parole announced that he would not be granted a hearing until the year 2005. It might be interesting to know how many more females Marquette has to dissect before being considered *beyond* parole.

In September 1974 an amiable, weak-faced young man named Barry Austin Brown stood in San Mateo, Calif., Superior Court and pleaded guilty to three charges of first-degree murder. The first murder was that of Mrs. Lois McNamara, a wealthy Hillsborough matron. Brown had gone through high school with her son, had frequently visited her home, and had been treated "like a second son" by her. Murder number two was that of Stephen Russell, a discharged sailor whom Brown had picked up as a hitchhiker. Murder number three was that of Richard Pipes, a grocery clerk in Santa Cruz, whom Brown shot dead when he held up the store.

All three killings were committed for loot: that of Mrs. McNamara netting Brown a car and the sum of approximately $1,500, and that of the sailor only a backpack. Brown, however, saw himself in a rather benevolent light. "I don't believe murder is part of my character," he informed a probation officer. "I believe I can, if given the chance, offer a lot to the people around me. I want to discover why I committed those acts. I don't want to be put in prison to rot away. . . ." The court apparently felt that he had a point. Brown received three *concurrent* life sentences for his triple slayings.

This meant that he will be eligible for parole after seven years!

It doesn't take exceptional powers of observation to notice something drastically askew about these court actions. They have a distinct Broadway flavor, a theatrical entrepreneur's lingo in which "supercolossal record smasher" means that your show is just about breaking even. The punishments tossed around sound like heavy-handed parodies of legal procedure. Death sentences coupled with two to three life terms, concurrent and consecutive, plus a few extra decades thrown in for good measure resemble echoes of the "judge and jury" satires that used to crack up Victorian music hall audiences. And they have little more bearing on real life.

A few years ago former Attorney General Edward H. Levi, speaking on the Voice of America, startled overseas listeners by declaring: "Judges throughout the United States are afraid to enforce the criminal law." Levi couldn't have offered a more inaccurate explanation if he'd tried. American judges aren't *afraid*, insofar as nobody is intimidating them. But a great many of them are utterly confused, at a loss as to how they can enforce laws that—for technical, sociological, or legislative reasons—have become unenforceable.

In 1968 Melvin Belli, one of the most flamboyant trial lawyers extant, produced a book called *The Law Revolution*, in which he enthused over the convulsions afflicting this country's judicial system. But as you read through the volume, you become more and more aware of the *absence* of revolutionary development. All you find is the withering, erosion, and reinterpretation or circumvention of existing laws, usually by means of plea bargains. But of "revolution" there isn't a trace. Perhaps it will take a revolution to restore the characteristics without which no legal system can function effectively for any length of time: consistency, predictability, and constancy.

To these characteristics we must add credibility, an essential the courts undermine whenever they hand down their *outré* sentences. Why, then, do the courts persist? Perhaps because they are defending their traditional position against steady encroachments by other agencies, whose powers cut across and often stymie the will of the courts. Among these agencies—and probably the most potent—are the parole boards. To a large extent, those Kafkaesque penalties are simply devices aimed at keeping prisoners out of reach of the parole people for as long as possible. But the efficaciousness of the penalties is waning rapidly as the parole boards and their allies come up with wrinkles of their own.

Thus two bodies whose activities were meant to be coordinated are locked in a power struggle that is threatening to choke the breath out of the criminal-justice system. It would be quite false to assume that the courts favor harsher methods while the parole boards espouse humanitarian principles. More often than not, parole decisions are governed purely by the motivation of temporary expediency, unaffected by moral considerations. The point is that the decisions can and will short-circuit the intentions expressed by judges and jurors at the time of the trial verdict.

The power struggle is particularly intense in Washington, D.C., which in some respects has become a testing ground for judicial innovations. "Let me illustrate how the system works here," said U.S. District Attorney William Collins. "Under the D.C. code, first-degree murder carries a mandatory life sentence. The actual terms are twenty years to life. According to statute, a murderer is not entitled to parole until he has served a *minimum* of twenty years. But there are a couple of factors cutting across that. The D.C. Corrections Department has introduced programs, such as work release and furlough. I've tried a number of homicide cases where the defendant should now be serving those minimum twenty years. And what happens? He's out working every day in the city! Then there's furlough. We have a rather well known defendant here—no, I won't mention his name—who is presently holding down a pretty important job in Washington. And officially he is under a twenty-year-to-life sentence for first-degree murder!"

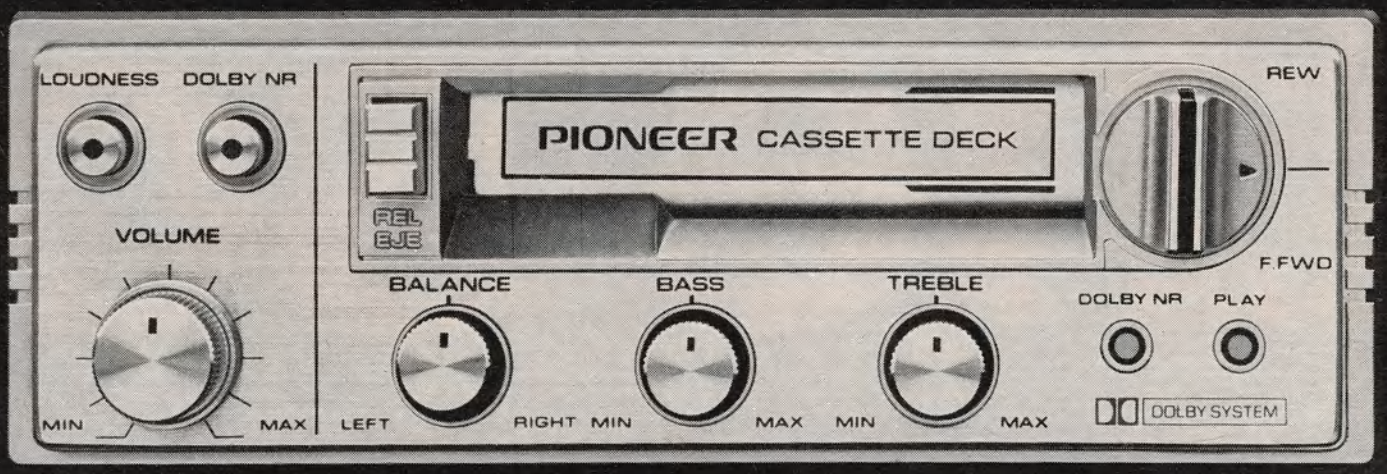
The district attorney gave me a rather grim little smile. "Furthermore," he went on, "in the late 1960s we had the dawning of the so-called halfway house concept. Now, a person living in a halfway house is under—let me say—*very minimal* supervision. But he is still, technically, serving his sentence. And the law of the District of Columbia is still, technically, being followed. Because the law, you see, doesn't prescribe the *manner* of the sentence. Merely the length."

Occasionally, courts and parole boards seem to be vying with each other in their determination to keep obviously lethal individuals at large until they produce at least one dead body. In 1975 a Washingtonian named Olen Lebby was convicted of assault with a dangerous weapon. He was out on parole on this conviction when he was hauled in and again convicted of assault with a dangerous weapon. The parole people promptly sprung him again, this time so that he could await sentencing on his second conviction. Mr. Lebby used his freedom to shoot and kill a Washington, D.C., policeman. Arrested once more, he was sentenced first to thirty to ninety months on the second dangerous-weapons count, then nine to twenty-seven years for murder. But the sentences are to run concurrently; so Lebby will be eligible for parole again after nine years.

The Washington, D.C., board has a record of granting parole two out of three times when a prisoner first becomes eligible. Its chairman, the Reverend H. Albion Ferrell, acknowledged that this proportion may appear somewhat high. But, he added with inimitable logic, only 10 percent of prison-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 146

"Doris, this is no time to worry about cholesterol!"



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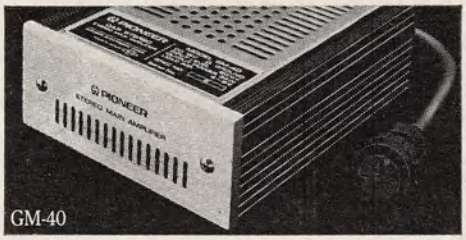

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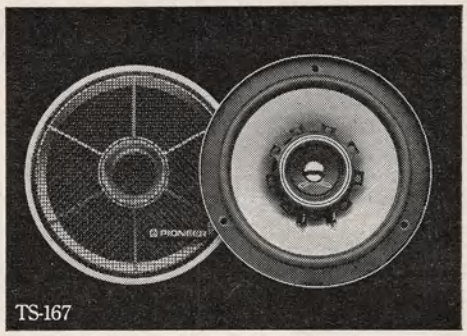

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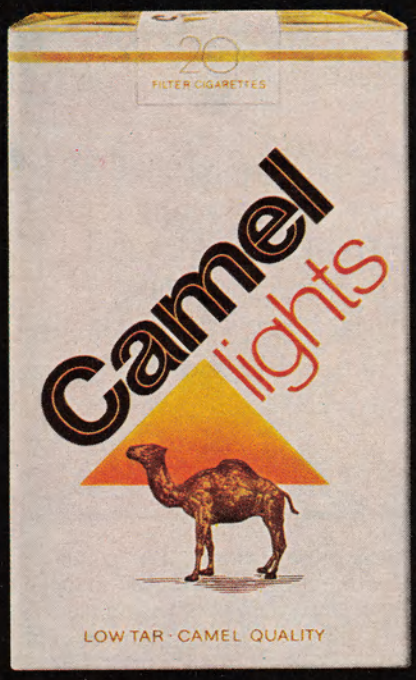

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9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

"CLOSE ENCOUNTERS"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

and if you think she missed all that other crap, say——

Anyway, after I'd brought Dee up to date on earth history (and earth fucking), XBal and I were talking about holidays. The HoDats don't have holidays like ours, which observe or memorialize the past. Their holidays are purely occasions for releasing pent-up urges that are repressed for the rest of the year—like Disgust Day, when anyone can act as revolting as he wants, or Humiliation Day, when all civil servants and authorities are mocked, insulted, and obliged to go around being made fools of. I had to admit these holidays would go over very well back home.

He was amazed that humans don't have any holidays for sex, since we seem to consider it both religious *and* patriotic. HoDat has forty-two holidays a year just for sexual release, he said, in a 207-day year. No wonder they're all over space.

"As much as we've observed, studied, and analyzed it," he waved his hands in the air, "we're still going crazy trying to make sense of your approach to sexuality."

"Welcome to the club," I told him.

"On the one hand, sex seems to cause most of your problems. On the other, it also seems to solve most of them."

"Yeah, well, a fuck in time saves nine."

"You go at it in so many ways, combinations, and variations that we can't isolate the one, fundamental, *basic* mechanism for satisfying a woman sexually."

"That's easy," I laughed. "Praise." The hell if I was going to give him tips on how to keep an earth woman; let the son of a bitch go see a marriage counselor.

"All over your planet, you stigmatize sex as illegal, immoral, or tasteless, but you go at it like jackals at every opportunity, and it's one of your major obsessions and industries." His forehead turned sea green, indicating vast frustration of a deep, personal nature. "Human sex is . . . *incomprehensible*!" he moaned wretchedly.

"That's what makes it fun," I smiled.

I wasn't deliberately trying to be snotty or belligerent. Half a parsec out in space or not, I was still in a state of mind as earthbound as topsoil: I was falling for another guy's old lady. And math is math wherever—three into two won't go.

While the NASA team was busy hammering out trade agreements, patent structures, personal-appearance tours, and endorsement contracts, XBal and I had achieved that bedrock, preconscious relationship between two creatures, competing for sexual advantage. And he knew it. When your woman comes back from another guy with her eyes like hubcaps and a promised-land stare, you know what the deal is. He knew, after the first time we'd been together, that she wasn't the same fucking person anymore, because she wasn't the same person fucking anymore.

Look, I never set out to bird-dog anybody, least of all some interstellar Warren Beatty, but logic is a joke in the face of emotions, and however I felt about it intellectually, here I was, competing in earnest for the woman, and that was it. You couldn't see the wall for the handwriting: before this was over, there would be winners and losers, and these concepts mean the same in every nook of space, I'm told.

So that night I went to work on Dee for real.

"He respects my mind," she said. "He calls it 'extremely lively.' "

"I respect your mind. I'm in absolute awe of the things it can make your body do. 'Lively' is an understatement."

"But he *knows* so much."

"He didn't know the string-of-beads trick, did he? Does he know from disco dancing, the Stones, Muhammed Ali, the ERA, or mescaline? In your ass."

"It's just that . . . since I've been with him, I've grown so much."

"In twenty-seven years, who doesn't?

> The space creatures were a horny race. They'd buy drinks for a vacuum cleaner, if that'd help 'em get it into the sack.

You grow or you explode. What makes you think you wouldn't have grown as much on earth? The woman-as-nitwit era you came from is gone. So is Victorian self-repression. Sin is just a word in the dictionary. Self-understanding and sensitivity aren't corny now; they're the goddamn rage. There are a dozen industries devoted just to *helping women grow*. You don't even have to worry about getting knocked up anymore!"

I thought that was a good point, but her reaction surprised me. Her eyes moistened, and a tone of plea came into her voice. I sensed a lost cause here and not mine. "But there's some . . . spark between us." She tried to clutch the spark with her hands. "It's as if he could read my mind."

"He *can* read your mind, lunatic! He's got the hook every human male ever dreamed about with a woman: he can read her fucking mind! He's not in your heart, Dee; he's in your head."

She stiffened. "So what if he is?"

"So, as long as he's in there, he's not gonna let any disturbing earth influences creep in. The Christians and the lions were a closer match."

"Roy, he's not better than you; he's just . . . different," she said, faltering.

"No shit he's different. He isn't even human!"

"That's a terrible thing to say about a person," she said, sniffling now.

"Terrible thing——" I sputtered. "You better take inventory of yourself, babe. You're not exactly a dinner guest here."

"Who're *you* to give advice?"

"Who're you to refuse it? Look," I took her elbows and drew my face close to hers. "Remember the good old days? The good old planet? Earth still means something to you, I hope. Or has he kicked out all the traces?"

"He had," she moaned, "but you kicked one back in the other night, and now everything's out of control." Then she collapsed into a basic sobbing jag.

I hung onto her until she got straight, and then she explained the rest of it. I wasn't there just to give her a taste of what she'd been missing—a thick schlong and hot ejaculations. I was there, selected carefully and genetically, to give her something else XBal couldn't. A baby. So he looked, talked, and acted more or less human; when it came to DNA, he might as well have been an artichoke.

This was no big deal when she'd been nineteen, horny, and fresh out of her pimple days; but she'd aged four years since then, space time, and was now biologically twenty-three, and gallons of irresistible new hormones, dedicated to the cause of maternity, had been sloshing through her for quite some time. I was there to satisfy her reproductive drive: the first extraterrestrial stud service.

And I'd earned my keep. I seeded the lady the first try, and she was now indisputably with embryo. You get so sensitive to your body in space that she'd *felt* herself conceive. The ship's bio-scanners had confirmed it. What nobody had counted on was the major *emotional* effect of pregnancy hormones—to create a sudden, deep, and intense love for whoever's handiest. In most cases, that's the father. It was the case here.

She'd fallen in love with me. She was going to have my kid, and now she wanted to have it *with* me. If necessary, back on earth. She'd enjoyed history's longest and weirdest adolescence, and now she wanted to settle down. A long *way* down, true, but the principle was pure American motherhood.

And I wanted it, too. Any human male who wouldn't try to hold onto Dee didn't belong *on* the earth, but *under* it.

But what could I do—challenge XBal to a duel?

"Let me talk to him first," Dee insisted. "I've never seen anything make him angry, but I don't think it would be a pleasant sight. And I don't want to hurt him."

Good luck, I thought but agreed, and she split.

XBal didn't let on when he came by later for our daily chat, but his forehead was pale gray, showing grief, with pink streaks, showing hostility. Within five minutes he

CONTINUED ON PAGE 114

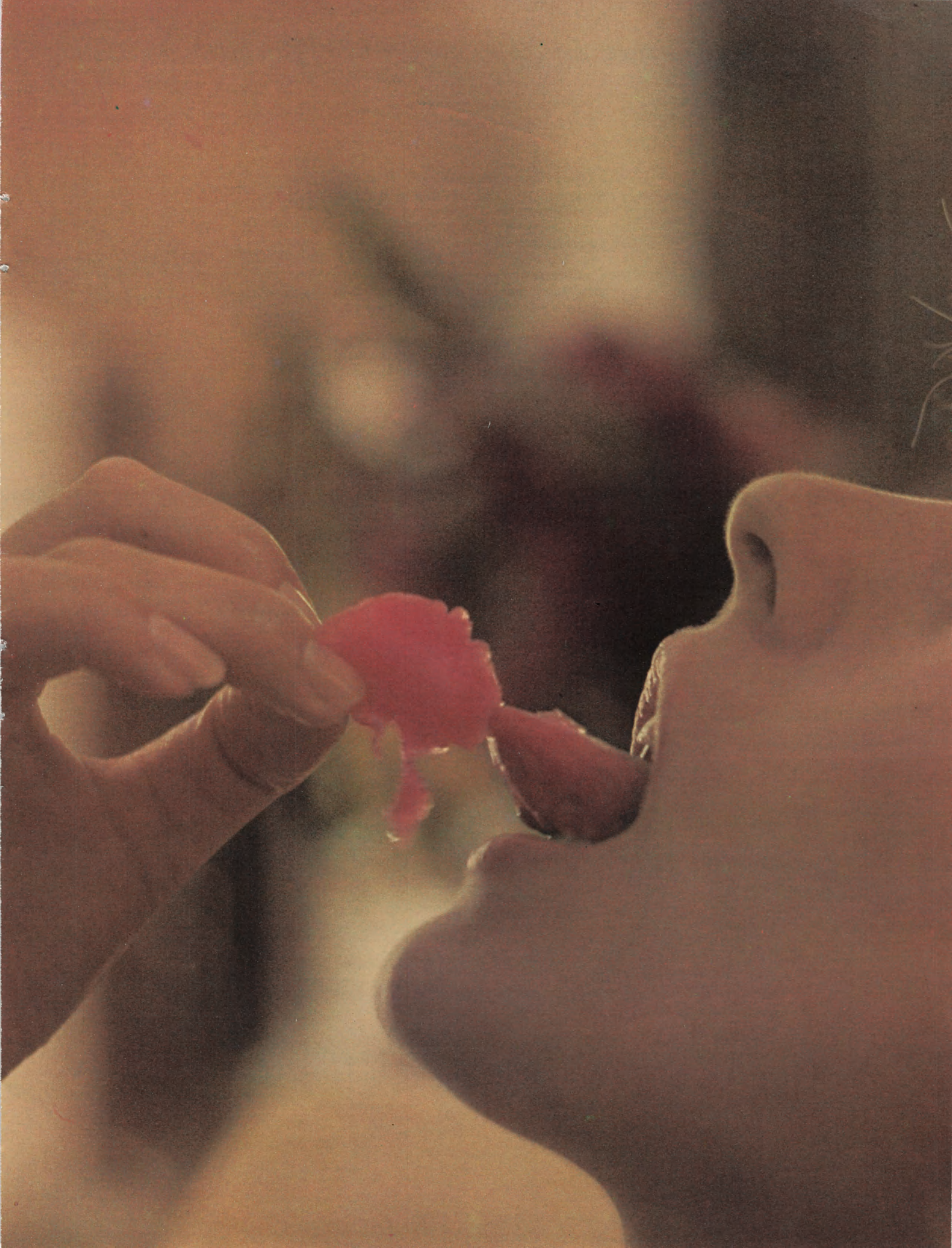
Angela

"I like to immerse myself in the bustling bazaar of life."

Of Feminine Persuasion

PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. W. ECK

The myriad qualities of Caribbean sunshine: clear, pale mornings, columns of light piercing scattered cumuli at noon, expansive rays gilding the landscape as the day wanes. Habitation LeClerc, Haiti, lies in a pool of eternal light, and Pet-of-the-Month Angela Hyer feels at home here, where her own moods are reflected in the chiaroscuro changes of the day.



"It was so romantic and sensual when it rained almost every night."

Woman is generally considered to be a creature of the moon, but Angela is a sun child, glowing, golden, changeable, radiating her own special light, a soul mate of that brilliant orb that rules the day. A native New Englander, Angela loves to pore through old atlases in search of new, sun-drenched destinations. Impulsively and often, she leaves her house full of cats in Massachusetts to seek out distant sun spots. "I like to immerse myself in the bustling bazaar of life, in the exotic, in the lives of people who live very differently from me," she tells us.

Location courtesy of Michael Armsworthy.

Angela, who is fluent in Spanish, particularly enjoys traveling to Caribbean isles and to South America, where she can chat with the natives and make her own way unobstructed by a language barrier. Anthropology and linguistics are interests she avidly pursues. When asked what she liked best about Cartagena, Colombia, where she had recently been, she replied, "The hot, steamy weather. It was so romantic and sensual when it rained almost every night." Romance? We wondered about Angela's love life. "I have several men friends whom I see right now," she says, "but I'm looking for that one special man, a life partner. I know that's not very 'in' these days. I guess I'm some kind of closet monogamist."

"I've found that men can make very good friends as well as lovers."

Angela believes in many of the tenets of the women's movement, but she does not agree with the libbers' hostility to men. "We all need each other," she said, "and I've found that men can make very good friends as well as lovers." She also believes in femininity. What exactly does it mean to a beautiful 35-24-36 woman to be feminine during the seventies? "Being myself," Angela answers simply, "and I think it also means belonging to a man."

Living the exciting life of a *Penthouse* Pet and model, Angela keeps a clear perspective and is charmingly modest. "People tell me I'm beautiful," she comments, "but I never quite believe them. Good looks are just a matter of luck anyhow. The rest is up to you."

Traveling in South America or ensconced in her Massachusetts manse, our May Pet of the Month has no trouble finding her place in the sun. Wherever she goes, she'll be taking her own sunshine warmth and glowing sensuality with her.

Shot on location at Habitation LeClerc, Haiti, and Cartagena, Colombia; interiors courtesy of Casino del Caribe and Hotel Las Velas, Colombia; all shots in Cartagena courtesy of Victor Nieto and Jorges Mercano; shoes by Cuoio of Boston; clothes by David Josef, Boston.

MISS ANGELA HYER/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

A frustrating problem faced by more and more Vietnam veterans is that of appealing the often arbitrary and capricious decisions by the Board of Veterans Appeals (BVA). When a veteran seeks to appeal a reduction in his disability rating or to have a rating increased, he must appear before this Veterans Administration body. Veterans who have "bad paper" discharges (cases in which full access to veterans' benefits is not automatic) and must request special certification from the VA often fall victim to the "appeals trap."

From the many hundreds of letters *Penthouse* has received about this problem, it's clear that the veteran making an appeal to the BVA is under a serious disadvantage. Although it is officially the obligation of the VA "to assist a claimant in developing the facts pertinent to his claim and to render a decision which grants him every benefit," actual results support or favor the veteran in only one out of ten cases. In contrast, appeals to the Social Security Administration involving similar claims favor the Social Security recipient or beneficiary in two out of three cases.

VA officials contend that the 90 percent denial rate for veterans' appeals simply reflects the cases' lack of merit, rather than any attempt by the board to "economize" or otherwise deny veterans their just due. Maybe so. But in view of the VA's statutory responsibility to resolve cases in which reasonable doubt arises regarding service origin, degree of disability, or *any* other point in favor of the veteran, it is evident that individual veterans have not received the benefit of reasonable doubt on any consistent basis. In fact, from the many cases we have reviewed, the burden of proof has unfairly been placed on the veteran.

The importance of a fair and honest appeals process for veterans cannot be overstated. It can involve not only several hundreds of thousands of dollars but also the difference between a life of dignity and one of despair for the veteran and his family. The aforementioned 90 percent denial rate understates the bleakness of this situation, especially in cases wherein the appealing veteran allows the VA to act in his behalf. In these cases (as opposed to those in which the veteran is represented by an "approved" organization, such as the Disabled American Veterans, the American Legion, the American Red Cross, etc.), the denial rate is more than 95 percent. Obviously, a veteran's chances with the BVA are improved when he is represented by an organization familiar with the intricacies of the appeals process and the complex web of VA regulations. Nevertheless, representation by these organizations—which by law are not permitted to charge for the service—by no means ensures a favorable decision, since each case is supposedly decided without regard for precedents established in similar cases.

If a veteran, his widow, or his beneficiaries want to be represented by an attorney before the BVA, the total compensation that can be paid the client's attorney is only ten dollars. Obviously, this limitation effectively precludes representation by an attorney of the veteran's own choosing. (Some attorneys will represent individual veterans as a public service, but these are few and far between.) Moreover, because compensation claims, disability ratings, etc. are complicated issues, which often pit the opinions and findings of civilian doctors and experts against those of VA authorities, few attorneys are willing to challenge what they consider to be a stacked deck.

The final straw in the VA's Catch-22 appeals process is that, although a veteran can keep coming back for another try *if* he produces new evidence, there is no way to appeal a BVA decision by taking it to a court of law. This lack of outside judicial review of VA decisions virtually denies the veteran a fundamental civil right. It also enables the BVA to continue deciding appeals on a case-by-case basis, without being bound by the precedents.

> The failure of the Board of Veterans Appeals to be truly sensitive to veterans' needs makes a hollow mockery of President Carter's promises to those who fought in Vietnam.

To remedy the inequities in the VA appeals process, Sen. Gary Hart (Dem.-Colo.) has introduced S. 364, entitled the "VA Administrative Procedure and Judicial Review Act." Senator Hart's bill provides for judicial review of administrative decisions made by the administrator of the VA in accordance with U.S. law, and it provides for a reasonable fee for an attorney handling the veteran's case. Although S. 364 has been guardedly endorsed by the VA and the major veterans' organizations, its passage is far from certain. *Penthouse* believes it to be a badly needed, long-overdue piece of legislation—especially in view of reports of the physical and mental deterioration of an increasing number of Vietnam veterans with service-connected and -related disabilities. The bill will help to force the VA and BVA to pursue a more consistent policy in meeting the changing needs of all veterans.

But this is not enough to remedy the present veteran-appeals situation. Hence *Penthouse* strongly urges Max Cleland, administrator of the VA, to overhaul the BVA itself by appointing minority members and individuals with actual experience in Vietnam to serve on the board. Failure to make the BVA more representational and truly sensitive to the needs of all veterans can only serve to make a hollow mockery of President Carter's statement that our government must treat Vietnam veterans with "compassion and gratitude."

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

BY JIM DAVIDSON

The author is the chairman of the National Taxpayers Union, a Washington-based organization dedicated to defending the rights of the taxpayers and eliminating waste in government.

THE AMERICAN MIDDLE-CLASS TAX REBELLION

The evils of our tax system—and they are evils—cannot be understood in terms of arithmetic. They cannot be computed in dollars and cents. And that is a hard thing to realize. When you first learn how much government is taking from you—from 45 to 55 percent of your income, a million dollars in your lifetime—the figures are staggering. *You are losing a million dollars.* Say it one time or many, it is hard to believe. The tendency is to be caught up with a hand calculator proving that it is not so. It is. But don't think of the loss in terms of dollars but as mere bookkeeping entries in account with a government that now numbers its debts in the trillions—like the distances to stars.

You do not need a green eyeshade in order to understand the real and great evil that taxation exacts. It is not a matter of numbers or percentages. Taxation in America has become a pilfering of the spirit—a subjugation of your liberty, your life, and your dignity by other human beings. The politicians don't just want your money. They want your soul. They want you to be worn down by taxes until you are dependent and helpless, as surely as you would be if some bloodsucker were draining your body. That is why you are taxed and taxed again, a hundred times in a hundred ways, until you are weak with an anemia that is worse than physical exhaustion. They make it fairly impossible for you to build up enough capital to make yourself independent.

As soon as you earn a little money, the politicians take it away. And the more you earn, the faster they take it. They want you to be weak, weak enough that you will endure, if not enjoy, all the accumulated infamies that they have imposed upon the American experience. That is the great evil of the tax system.

Its object is your weakness. To be sure, all they are taking is your money, and that needn't make you weak in any sense other than a financial one. But it does. When you don't have capital of your own, you are dependent upon others for your very survival. That means that you have to please them and do their work—and not your own. If you had several hundred thousand dollars in capital to fall back on, as you easily could if the tax man did not constantly take away what you earn, as he took it from your parents before you, you might not care so much whether you keep your job. As it is, you are dependent, and that means you must compromise your judgment—morally, politically, and creatively.

Consider the fact that individuals have experienced an enhanced sense of personal liberty during all the epochs of history when there have been great creative explosions. The reason is that creativity demands vigor and independence. You cannot do important work when you are weak. British essayist Graham Wallas put it well: "There are some emotional states in which creative thought is impossible, and the chief of these is the sense of helpless humiliation and anger which is produced in a sensitive nature by conscious inability to oppose or avoid the 'insolence of office.' Let any man who doubts it sit down for a day's work . . . after being grossly insulted by someone whom he is not in a position to resist."

That observation points exactly to the object of the tax system—to keep you so poor that you won't be "in a position to resist." The result is not only the stifling of America's creative energies but its productive and moral energies as well.

When you are unable to accumulate capital, you are less able to compete effectively with the great, larded corporations that

> The politicians don't want just your money. They want your soul. They want you to be worn down by taxes until you are dependent and helpless.

currently dominate the economy. Since you don't have the money to go into business for yourself or to finance exciting risk ventures that will bring new and better products to market, this activity never exists. The public is poorer for it. But the present corporate giants are not. When the competition is stillborn, these giants have no challenges to fear. The tax system sees to that by creating a chronic shortage of capital.

And if, by chance, you should somehow be able to get a business off the ground, the tax laws are rigged to make it harder for you to compete successfully. Not only are increasingly high capital-gains taxes imposed—to remove most of the incentive for starting new businesses—but also the tax man works at concentrating economic power in other ways. For example, the laws make it cheaper to operate on borrowed funds than on equity investment. Only the large, established businesses can obtain the lines of credit needed for borrowing large sums cheaply.

There is much more to this, but the effect is simple. By robbing you of your capital through confiscatory taxation, the government is creating the conditions for monopolization of the economy. The result is an evil of many facets. Your standard of living goes down, far below what it could be. You are made dependent and subservient by working at a job, when you might otherwise choose more meaningful work and supplement your income from capital. And vast sums of human energy and wealth are wasted in order to keep the status quo safe from the threat of competition.

Over the years, trillions of dollars have been drained from the pockets of the American people and squandered by the government. In most cases, it did not matter how the money was spent. All that mattered was that it was spent. There are documented cases of the government's spending $111 to purchase a pin. Each year the situation gets worse. More and more money is poured down a rathole, wasted on projects that cost billions but accomplish nothing.

The people who are paid to run these shams—in defense, education, housing, welfare, you name it—must know that they are committing their lives to nonsense. But they also know that the nonsense pays their bills. To make the mortgage payments, they need that paycheck; so they cannot afford to challenge the illusions, fictions, and unfounded convictions that provide the political rationale for their jobs.

The tax system makes us financial cripples, and unless we are heroes or fools, we end as moral cripples. Our money is taken away in order to make us weak. And once weakened, we acquiesce in absurdity: we demand help from the politicians, when it was they who made us poor in the first place.

Not everyone understands the system yet. But the people in southern Idaho do. They have been treated to a kind of special civics lesson that makes the relationship between paying taxes and obtaining political "help" clear. They understand taxes now, and with that understanding has come a sense of rebellion as strong and as lucid as that which inspired the Founding Fathers during their tax rebellion. The people of southern Idaho have ceased to contemplate their condition from a spirit of weakness. They know that the government has mighty powers and that they have none. But they have reached the state of rage where they reject the notion that justice alone has no power.

The cause of this tax rebellion is the incompetent Bureau of Reclamation, one of the manifold agencies whose half-hearted attempts to "do good" are meant to justify the current, staggering tax burden. The Bureau of Reclamation was responsible for the Teton Dam disaster of June 1976. A tidal wave of water washed through the district, killing eleven people, hastening the deaths of many more, and inflicting $400 million in property damage. Many small businesses and farms were wiped out, entirely because the Bureau of Reclamation ignored expert evidence that its dam was unsafe.

Suddenly impoverished by the incompetence of bureaucrats, the people turned to Washington for help. And the cycle began again. Congress appropriated funds that would make full restitution. And, immediately, the IRS arrived, demanding huge chunks of the flood-relief payments.

The people of Idaho balked. They did not pay what they came to call "blood money." Resistance was so widespread that the district director of the IRS actually issued a directive that agents should go from *door-to-door* to collect taxes in Madison, Fremont, and Bonneville counties.

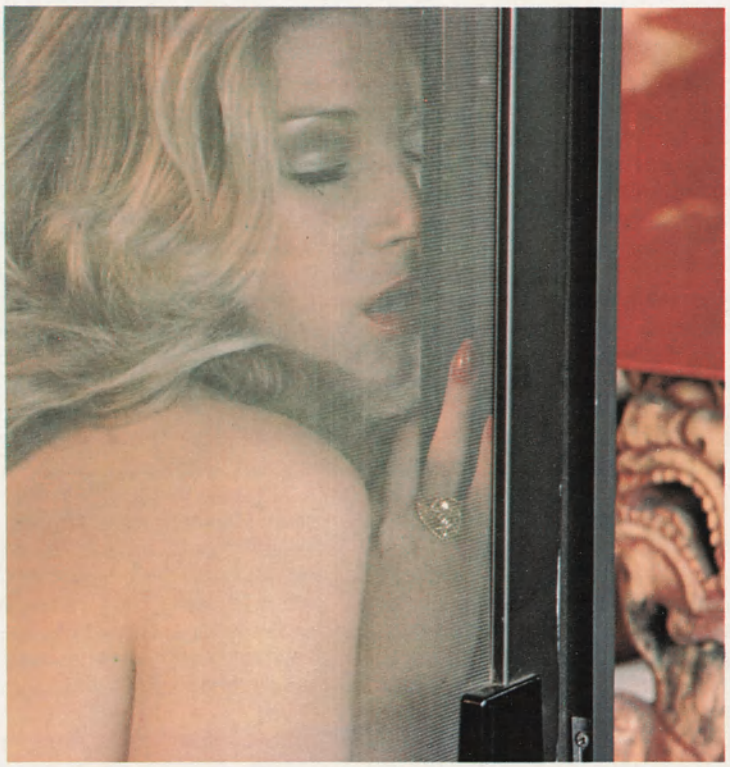
The tax rebellion is still centered in the outlands. But it is spreading. In Chicago last winter 200,000 property-owning tax rebels withheld property-tax payments. Alarmed politicians immediately slashed tax rates by $60 million in order to bring the revolt under control.

They have only postponed the inevitable. Government spending projections are simply too high ever to be paid. In Boston people with homes now have to pay in taxes 5 percent or more of the total value of their property each year. The property tax is almost as bad in some areas of New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, and Maryland. Government everywhere is spending more than it can without lowering the taxpayer's standard of living. Real spendable income has *declined* during the last decade. The average worker in the private sector now keeps $271.98 less in real spending power than he did in 1967. And that calculation includes only the impact of federal taxation. Higher local taxes make the matter worse, as do the $227 billion in tax increases voted by Congress last year. Still another $40 billion in taxes will be raised, because inflation combines with "progressive taxation" to push you constantly into higher tax brackets when your income is adjusted to preserve your purchasing power. And then there are new energy taxes and higher sales taxes and commuter taxes.

The so-called tax cuts now being advertised by politicians in Washington are total frauds. They are not even ample enough to compensate for *tax increases* that automatically go into effect. When all is said and done, government is taking 45 percent or more of one's total income, and you're lucky if your share is not even higher.

British analyst C. Northcote Parkinson made a thorough study of taxation in civilizations throughout history. He concluded that when taxation exceeds 35 percent on more than a temporary basis, "the peasants put down their hoes and start marching toward the seat of government."

In America we have long since passed that trigger point. Unless politicians take radical steps to slash government spending and reduce taxes, we shall soon be as poor as peasants. Then, with a tax system that presses upon us with a humiliating weight, we could be forgiven if we took our hoes in hand and acted to regain our birthright.

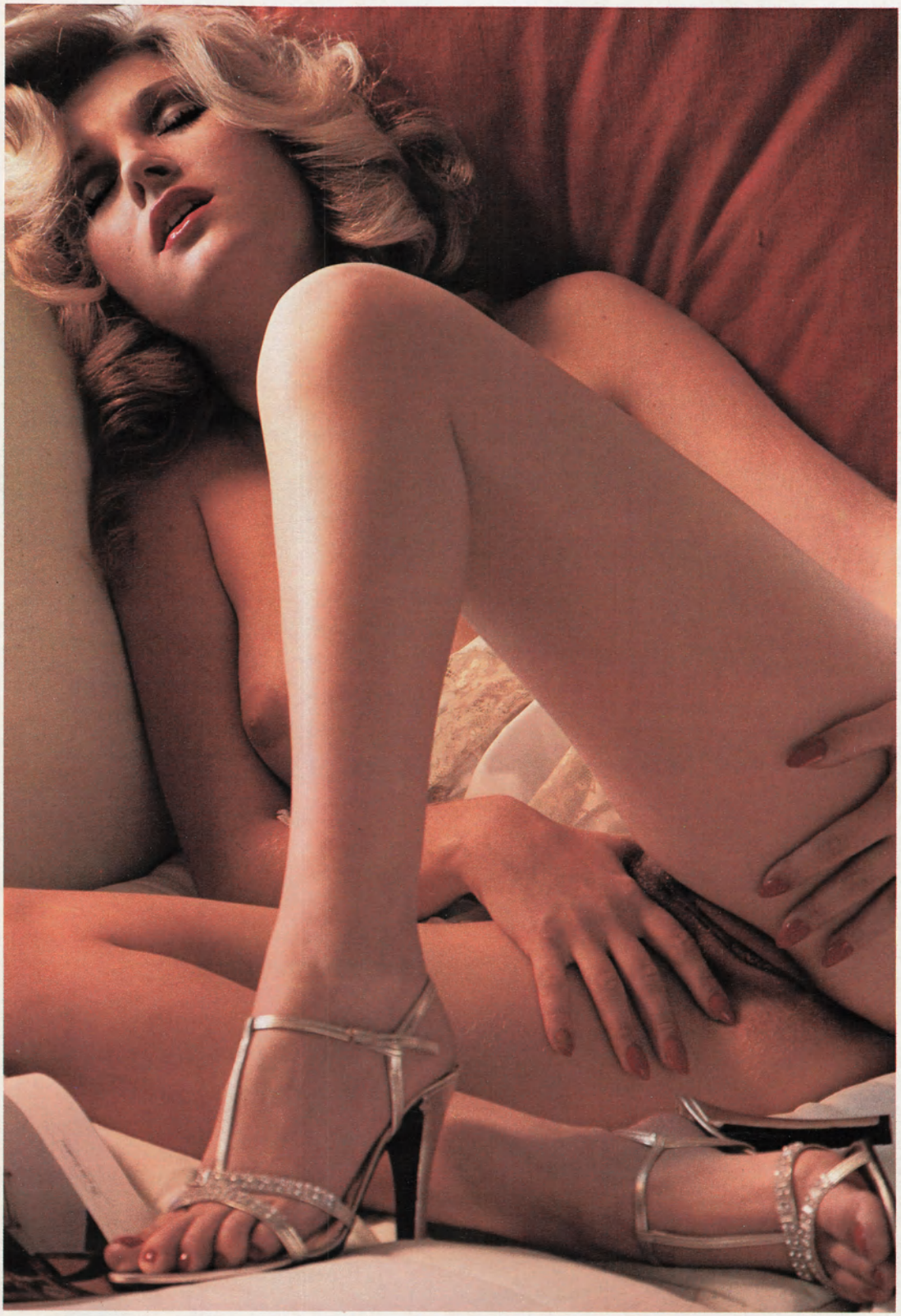


Glitterville, town of dreams,
Hollywood, where
sex is a mere commodity and
souls are sold by the yard.
Hollywood . . . where Debi Evans
makes her home
and where photographer
Stan Malinowski
discovered her. Every inch a
woman at nineteen,
Debi enjoys
posing for pictures. "There's
a sexual fascination—sort
of cat and mouse—between
myself and the photographer,"
she confesses.

SUNSET STRIP

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MALINOWSKI

Debi's dimensions are 35-23-36, and she's not shy about admitting a gentle love affair with her own body. "I think the female form is one of the Seven Wonders of the World. I like to think about men looking at nudes of me and getting sexually excited, even masturbating over what they see. It thrills me to touch my body, and I know it must be very exciting for someone to watch me do it."



This is Debi's sexual manifesto: "All women who appreciate their bodies are essentially exhibitionists—or at least they'd like to be. What arouses me is turning on a man. I don't think sex will ever go completely public. But if there's one lesson to be learned in the seventies, it's that sexuality doesn't have to be enjoyed behind closed doors."

"CLOSE ENCOUNTERS"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

was on the case of the whole human race.

"Sometimes we wonder if you pathetic creatures are worth our trouble," he said, pacing around. "On the one hand, you've produced the *Bible* and the trampoline. On the other, there are your freeways at rush hour and Sun Myung Moon. We're baffled. What's your *purpose*? You're more than the ultimate monkey yet less than complete. In celestial genetics they call *homo sapiens* Evolution's Last Laugh. The first report ever turned in on you people was only two words: '*humanity, vanity*.' "

So *I* got nasty. "Yeah, we love our own kind. That make you jealous?"

"Not as much as it makes you egomaniacal and neurotic," he snapped.

"*Neurotic*! What the hell do you know from neurotic?"

"Don't kid yourself. We didn't do some Berlitz crash course on humans; we scoured your learning centers for data. We know Freud, Jung, Adler, you name it. We've studied every theory from the Gnostic belief in an idiot god to the Dadaist self-destruct view of life as theater . . . "

"What are you talking about?" I yelled. "*I* don't know that shit; so what could it tell you about me? Whadda you know from lying your way through a 1040? Betting point spreads? Trying to get Channel 9?"

His forehead turned crimson, which doesn't stand for glee. "We know plenty. We know you outlaw 'obscenity' because it's too honest. We know that 'tact' means exhausting deception, that 'friendship' is a form of life insurance, and that 'truth' is whatever works."

"You don't know fuck! We're people, not data."

"Everything is data. If you haven't figured that out yet, you won't get far in this universe."

"Human emotions aren't. If you haven't figured that out yet, you won't get far with——" I stopped short of "your woman," but I didn't have to.

"I know." He flopped into a chair, put his fishbowl head in his spidery hands, and whined. "Why are you doing this to me?"

"Hey, Jack, coming here wasn't my idea. I was drafted, remember?"

"And you can't imagine my regret." He looked up at me through filmy eyes—the HoDat version of tears. "I'm only HoDat, you know; I'm not invulnerable."

"I know, and I'm sorry, but let's face it—you're not exactly human either, and a fling's a fling, but in the long run, your being with Dee is just not natural."

"Nature takes in a lot of territory, including earth *and* HoDat. Feelings are feelings. If you love us, do we not respond? If you prick us, do we not bleed?"

"It'd be nice to put that to a test," I said, glaring. "After twenty-seven years of conquest by brainwashing, you make the SLA look like Traveler's Aid."

His eyes narrowed, and he stood up. "I could simply keep her here——"

"For which she would simply hate you forever."

"Also, there's a backlash aging effect if she returns. On earth she'll age three years for every calendar year. You're twelve years older now, but when you're forty-five, she'll be fifty-three."

"Which I'm sure you told her in great detail," I said. He hung his head with *shloi*, which is part guilt, part shame, part sadism. "You prick. Well, at fifty-three she'll look better than my ex-wife did at thirty-two. Anyway, I like older women."

"Don't rub it in. It didn't do any good. Her mind—and her glands—are made up." He shrugged. "Blood will tell, Roy. She goes back with you tomorrow." Simple as that. He rose, turned, and went to the door.

"Hey," I called. "One thing. This alien-falls-for-earth-beauty is the oldest hack plot in science fiction. Nobody'll believe it. Why would any being get hot for a biologically, physically, emotionally different creature? She's got a great body, but only by human standards. So what gives?"

"The body interests us only insofar as it is imaginatively and enthusiastically used. Our primary sex organ—and yours—is the *brain*. We link up with our lovers mentally and physically. Their pleasure becomes ours."

"Jesus. Telepathic voyeurs, getting off on other people's sexual fantasies."

"You do it just as much. We're simply better at it."

"No wonder you admired her 'lively mind.' "

"Yes," his eyes filmed again. "Such a mind. She gave—you might say—the greatest head in the universe."

After that it was all anticlimax.

XBal and Dee spent a last night together, and I don't know what went on, given the lag between the time when a woman takes a new lover and when she starts confiding about the old one. I know that little was said the next morning. He landed a few miles outside of Duluth and walked us off the ship. He shook my hand.

"Try to find a broad-minded obstetrician," he told me. "The aging speedup, you know. You'll be a father in three months."

He turned to Dee, who shuffled her feet, looked down, and sniffed a lot. She tried to work up a farewell, but—as happens at such times—just flopped around. All she could manage was "My telekinesis is getting better."

"I told you it'd clear up if you stopped picking it," he said, smiling, which was the first I'd known that the HoDats had a sense of humor. It made me feel a bit better that he could see the vast, sick cosmic joke in the situation.

You couldn't miss the irony when that Christmas-tree-ornament spacecraft of his slung off into the skies. There he went—in the most advanced form of transportation in the universe—but still traveling in the most primitive possible way. Alone.

"You know Kelleher's credo . . . 'justice delayed is justice denied.' "

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R·GIUSTI

Part One

Diary of a Virgin

A young English girl's
odyssey from innocence lost to paradise found.

Today the great day has dawned. At least, to be perfectly honest, it dawned yesterday, and it didn't really dawn because it was eleven-fifteen at night, and even in May that's well past sunset. But I shall think of it as today! May the first!

At eleven-fifteen I finished reading *Cheri* by Colette, and really it was so sad that I cried quite a lot during the last few pages. Even so, because I went to a convent and because no man has yet seen my body naked, my rosy nipples, my high-slung breasts and dimpled hips, my long legs and straight and lovely back (all these things Lea says she had, and as I read, I slowly, with dawning excitement, realized that I had them, too), because of the somewhat unimportant fact that sexually I am a virgin page, unmarked by man (I try

By Cindy Peach

to keep up my reading of the classics; I think that's *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*), it never occurred to me that my career was to be, must be, could only be, given my money, my body, my flat, my upbringing, my lack of intellect, and my total unsuitability for anything else, that of—"The Fabulous Demimondaine!"

Actually, I think I mean courtesan, cocotte, or expensive whore. But with a difference, a divine difference! I am going to be the Lea of my age: the most skillful, patient, adorable, and pleasure-giving woman of my era; Montespan and Pompadour rolled into one; Marilyn Monroe, Brigitte Bardot, Greta Garbo—mystery, expertise, allure, sheer animal magnetism. Here I find that someone has torn the rest of the blurb from my tattered paperback copy of *Cheri*, and I shall have to leave the rest to you to make up for yourselves. I am not very imaginative; so in any case you will probably do better than I would.

I would just like to make it abundantly clear that I have at last chosen my career. I am going to be that tender and infinitely experienced woman who takes a callow and nervous youth and teaches him about his own body.

I've only got two problems. I suppose I'm lucky it's only two. I could be ugly and poor and of no fixed abode, instead of a flawlessly beautiful young girl, rich beyond the dreams of most normal people's dreams of avarice, in possession of a moderately desirable flat, and endowed with considerable sexual potential. Nevertheless, two problems I have got: one, I'm a virgin; and, two, I'm a virgin. Tomorrow I shall go to see Elspeth. She'll know what to do.

May 2

To a certain extent, I suppose one could say that I was right in assuming that Elspeth would know what to do. According to her lights, she definitely did. But Elspeth's lights are not everyone's, and I had to find this out the hard way. However, it was all most interesting and, in its own way, enjoyable.

Elspeth is about thirty-seven or -eight, and she often dresses in men's clothes, which she looks very nice in. She has her hair cut short, and sometimes she smokes a pipe and sometimes cigars, which look right on her. In some lights she appears to have a slight mustache, but this look varies. Sometimes it's quite marked, and sometimes it's not there at all. Yesterday it wasn't there at all.

I met Elspeth at Mary Paxton, where dear Pa sent me when I left the convent, because he wanted me to be a lady, with accomplishments, like being able to arrange flowers and knowing how to sign yourself when you write a letter to the archbishop of Canterbury. I realized quite soon that I was not interested in becoming an accomplished lady, and it was a good thing that the people at Mary Paxton realized this almost as soon as I did. They didn't ask me to leave, because they had lovely manners, and that would have been rude; they wrote a very nice letter to dear Pa, in which they said that they didn't think that I was benefiting from the system of education they had to offer. This was very honest of them, because, after all, Pa was paying them a lot of money and they could have gone on taking it without telling anyone anything about my not benefiting and everything.

Anyway, as I said, I met Elspeth at Mary Paxton. She had been there for quite a long time, about six months, and she was very bored with it, in spite of there being so many pretty girls there. They weren't all pretty, of course; some were just rich. We were all rich, of course, but some, like me, were pretty as well. Elspeth taught voice production, which really meant making you say your vowels properly.

Elspeth was very patient with the ones who couldn't do their vowels. She had to give up quite soon with some of them, however—mostly the ugly ones. So Elspeth used to let these ones go and used to concentrate all her efforts on the pretty ones. She used to put one hand flat on their chests and one on their backs and used to listen very carefully when they did their exercises. These exercises made them breathe very fast and heave their diaphragms up and down. The girls seemed to find it very muddling to have to decide the difference between their chests and their diaphragms. Usually, they pushed their chests in and out and up and down, and if they had big chests, it was really quite interesting to watch, particularly as Elspeth's hand went up and down and in and out, too, like a boat on a choppy sea. I have a big chest, but, as I say, my vowels are perfect; so she didn't have to do this to me. She just made me do it every now and then to check that my vowels were still all right and that they weren't becoming despoiled. As I said, she was a very patient person, in spite of looking like a man and smoking a pipe and cigars and, sometimes, quite unexpectedly, having a mustache.

I decided that she would be the person to ask how I should become a demimondaine, in spite of the problem of my being a virgin, because of a conversation we had one night in my room.

You see, Elspeth used to come into my bedroom at night. Actually, she came into a lot of our bedrooms, but particularly into mine. Perhaps she thought she ought to make up for not doing exercises with me as often as she did with the other very pretty girls who had big chests. Actually, it wasn't really a conversation. She just sat on my bed and smoked her pipe and listened to me while I told her all about being a virgin and not wanting to be, and how difficult I felt it was going to be to find a man in my own station in life who lived at a sufficiently instinctual level to deflower me painlessly and properly and without making a fuss about it. She listened to me while I told her

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"We do still make house calls, you know."

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Why smoke this much tar...

19	12	17	12	16	11	16	17	10
MG TAR 1.2 MG NIC.	MG TAR 0.9 MG NIC.	MG TAR 1.0 MG NIC.	MG TAR 0.7 MG NIC.	MG TAR 1.0 MG NIC.	MG TAR 0.7 MG NIC.	MG TAR 1.1 MG NIC.	MG TAR 1.2 MG NIC.	MG TAR 0.6 MG NIC.

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

INTERVIEW

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inaccessible rendezvous point. "Help me!" they'd scream. "My family and I are waiting to be picked up!" As I listened, I knew they could never be helped. They were doomed men in the hands of the Vietcong.

I also remember walking down by the wall that surrounded the embassy and peering out through the wrought-iron gate at the sea of panicked faces. At one point I saw an old Vietnamese woman run to the wall with a small boy in her arms. She reached up and tried to pull herself and the boy over. But suddenly the crowd lurched, and the boy was swept from her. An American marine leaned down and lifted her over the wall, but the boy was lost forever. Now the old woman lives alone in Arlington, Va., alone with her grief and guilt at leaving her grandson behind.

I also remember walking through the CIA offices in the embassy on that final day. Many of my colleagues had broken out bottles of booze and were guzzling away as their agents screamed over the radio for help. At one point a young State Department officer walked in and shouted, "What is this, a goddamn cocktail party?" I nudged him toward the door. I was too ashamed at the spectacle to even try to offer a lame rationalization.

Penthouse: Were you in Saigon to the very end, when the final helicopter took off?

Snepp: Almost. I was evacuated with the last CIA contingent at the embassy. Only the station chief, his deputy, and a radio man remained—to leave with the ambassador. And as I stumbled along with my colleagues up the stairs to the embassy's rooftop helicopter pad, the marines pushed the assembled Vietnamese passengers out of our way. I couldn't look at their faces. Many of those same Vietnamese would ultimately be herded out to the embassy courtyard where, hours later, they would be abandoned to the Vietcong as the ambassador and his party were lifted by helicopter off the roof.

Penthouse: What was happening in Washington at this time?

Snepp: Kissinger was already busy trying to repair his reputation. During the final hours of the airlift, he held a press conference and told reporters that there had been a chance for a negotiated settlement almost up until the last day of the war, but that the North Vietnamese had opted for a military solution at the last minute. This was, of course, totally at odds with the intelligence reports we'd received and tried to communicate since early April.

Penthouse: After Saigon's collapse, did you attempt to alert the CIA to what had gone wrong?

Snepp: I begged them just to look into it, to do a report. No one listened—not the agency, the State Department, the Congress.

Penthouse: What do you think Congress should do about the Vietnamese at this late date?

Snepp: Liberalize the immigration restrictions for the "boat people," for one thing—those who have escaped Vietnam and are now afloat in the ocean, trying to find a country that will take them in. Over 100,000 boat people and other Indochina refugees are currently crammed into hellholes they call "refugee camps" in Thailand.

This refugee problem is a matter of principle. In the military, you never leave your dead or wounded behind. In the intelligence business, if you're worth anything at all, you don't leave your agents or collaborators behind, no matter how disreputable they may seem to the outside world. When the CIA needed information or help from agents, the only thing it could offer was the assurance that they'd be protected in a crunch. And on that score, it failed miserably.

Penthouse: Was the CIA's blunder in Vietnam an isolated case, perhaps?

Snepp: The agency's actions in Vietnam were not aberrations. Many of the men who are now entrenched at the top of the CIA hierarchy got their feet wet in Vietnam. They developed their operational practices and their scruples there. The same holds true, by the way, for a lot of journalists and State Department officials; so the Saigon collapse is a good test case. If you can see how the agency operated there, you can see how it operates, by extension, in many other places.

Penthouse: Who do you think really deserves the blame for the disastrous evacuation?

Snepp: Many officials deserve blame, but the thing that particularly bothers me about Kissinger is that he's not big enough to admit that he must *share* the responsibility. He ignored our intelligence, he made terrible decisions, he misrepresented the facts to the American public, but he has refused to acknowledge he was wrong.

I also haven't heard much about the fact that Kissinger and Nixon met in 1973 at San Clemente and, without prior consent from Congress, promised Thieu $1.8 billion per year, ad infinitum, in military and economic aid, if he would only hang in there. Polgar told me that. He said he had triggered a real fire storm two years later at CIA headquarters when he cabled the agency, reminding them of the Thieu commitment.

Penthouse: Have you had any more contact with Kissinger?

Snepp: Only indirect. I appeared on the television show "60 Minutes." At the end of the show Mike Wallace read rebuttals of my story from all sorts of people I had "fingered." One of them, an *anonymous* source, was quoted as saying Ambassador Martin had freaked out, had gone "batty." *Off* the air, one of Wallace's crew confided to me that the "anonymous" source was none other than Kissinger. As you can see, he was still trying to avoid responsibility by blaming Martin—that is, attacking him from behind a duck blind.

Penthouse: How could intelligence gathering be improved?

Snepp: That's a terribly complex question. Most important, the White House needs to establish new priorities for the entire intelligence community.

Up till now, many of our intelligence-gathering techniques and assets have been focused on our primary "enemies"—the Soviets and the Chinese, the object being to sort out their military capabilities. But in fact the world's problems have evolved far beyond this narrow, Cold War perspective. We should be devoting at least equal time, in terms of intelligence gathering, to global energy and food shortages, two areas where our intelligence has been notably deficient. Only when the White House shifts our intelligence priorities in these directions can we improve our intelligence reporting—that is, make it responsive to our needs in the world today.

Penthouse: How is it possible to prevent abuses like those you witnessed in Vietnam?

Snepp: I pointed out to the Senate Intelligence Committee that it would be useful to set up several channels for disseminating analyses from major embassies and CIA stations around the world—particularly in such sensitive spots as Tokyo, Singapore, Rome, and so on. The ambassador and the CIA station chief would retain their own communication ties to Washington. But there should also be separate pipelines for CIA analysts in the large embassies to send their own views back to Washington, without having to clear them with the ambassador and station chief.

Penthouse: Do you think the CIA is truly effective in its most basic mission—the recruiting of agents?

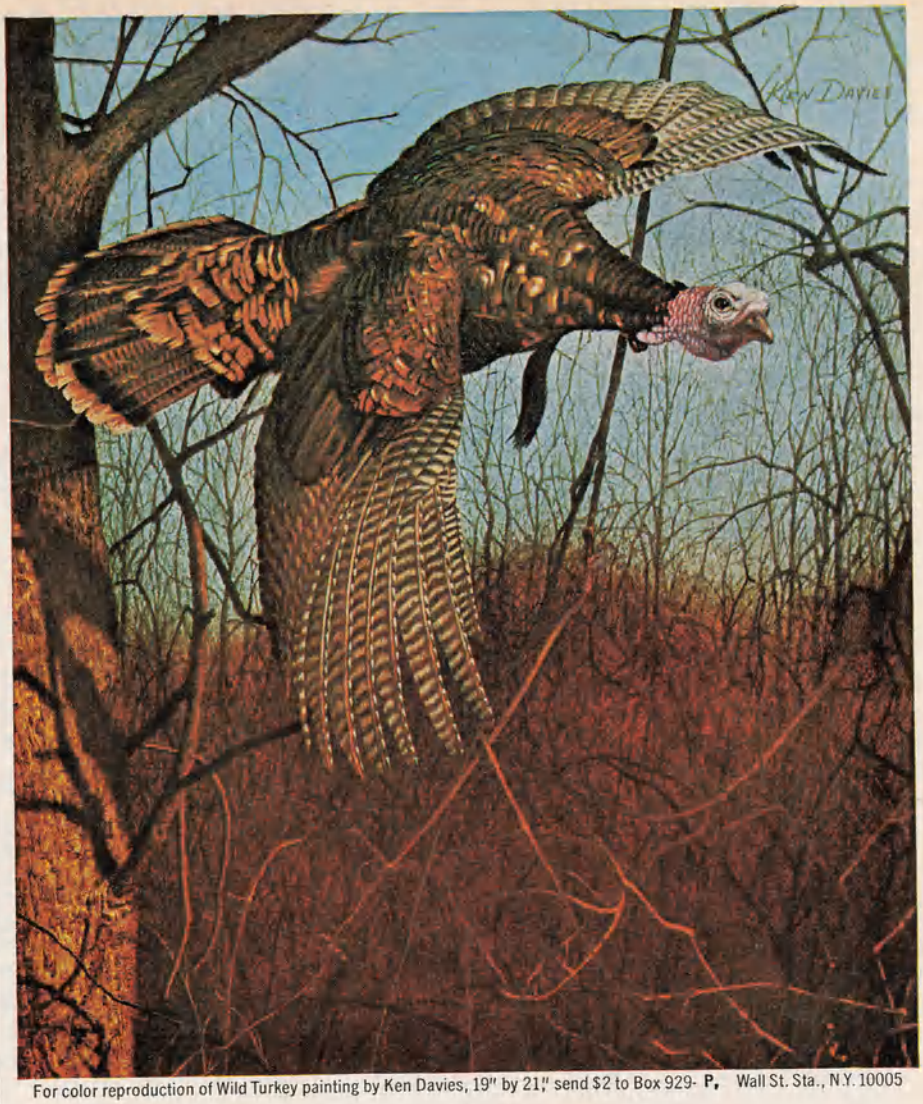
Snepp: Some of my former CIA colleagues think not. They say the CIA ought to be abolished, since it hasn't managed to pick up any master spies recently in the Soviet Union, China, or even North Korea. Well, even if that were true, which I doubt, I don't think recruitment rosters are any measure of the CIA's utility. Intelligence gathering is not a cost-effective business and can't be judged on that basis. You may spend a fortune developing an agent who doesn't pan out. Then, one day, a defector walks into your embassy and gives you the mother lode for free.

Frankly, it doesn't matter where you get intelligence, as long as you get it. Nor does it matter how long you have to wait for it. The Soviets understand this. During World War II they spent half their time developing spy networks that they could use against us and the British *after* the war. It surely wasn't cost-effective in terms of Russia's *immediate* needs. But ultimately the investment paid off handsomely, producing Kim Philby, Burgess and Maclean, and, most recently, several German spies.

Penthouse: As a dedicated member of the CIA in good standing, were you always aware of the agency's transgressions?

Snepp: To tell the truth, I didn't know the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 126



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LOOSE LIVING

Big, blousy, romantic shirts are what to wear at the Club Med in Cancun, Mexico, or any other "in" sun spot this summer.

Big shirts are the thing this summer—blousy, bold, making romantic, dramatic statements right out of the pages of Alexandre Dumas. It's the Beau Brummel look, a full silhouette featuring flowing fabrics that caress the body to give it a loose, masculine sexuality. Cottons, silks, and linens are best for these shirts, because they drape naturally over the torso.

Formal shirts have been given a new, informal, "looser" accent. Without stiff collars and minus the bow tie, a tuxedo shirt worn without the jacket has a definitive Byronic appeal. A band collar or wing collar, a pleated bib front, and long shirttails more than convey the message of casual elegance.

Equally popular, but for a different purpose, are the big blouson pullovers in air-cooled terry and cotton mesh. These shirts assert themselves with a rough, nubby texture that has a smashing appeal for the beach. Bold and breezy, worn with drawstring pants, they feature boat-neck collars and big chest pockets—all loose and easy for those sultry days by the sea.

To highlight this feeling, *Penthouse* traveled to the Club Mediterranee in Cancun, Mexico, to shoot this feature on "hot" wear against the tropical heat and romantic beauty of that famous resort spot. These casually elegant clothes were made for the ultimate summer life-style and are

Sunset on the lagoon at Club Med in Cancun, Mexico.

(top) The rows of guest houses and balconies lend a modern architectural background to the new romantics. At left, the silk-striped big shirt ($60) and matching pull-on pants ($60) are by Mark Birnbaum for Carará. The pure-silk, pleated bib-front shirt ($110) and silk charcoal-colored pull-on pants ($130) by Pinky and Dianne Ltd. for Private Label.
(bottom, left) Hot *is the word for this orange cotton-terry pullover drawstring sweatshirt ($40) that is Ice by Blye; white cotton drawstring pants by Faded Glory. (right) The cream-colored cotton-terry short-sleeve pullover shirt with contrast placket-front collar ($27.50) cotton pants ($30) are by Ron Chereskin. (center) The bright orange rain-repellent, short-zippered nylon jacket ($33) and white cotton "sack" trousers ($30) are by David Leong, New York. Her ruffled, off-the-shoulder cotton dress by Faded Glory.*

interchangeable in the fashion-meets-fantasy scene, whether one is cruising along the miles of chalk-lined beaches or making the scene at the club's disco-cabaret theater until dawn.

In mid-January, *Penthouse* arrived in Cancun (Yucatan), known to Mayan kings as "City of the Sun." We were whisked from the airport by bus to the Club Med village, which is situated on a private peninsula framed by a quiet, palm-surrounded lagoon and the Caribbean Sea. At the center lies a two-story, open-air restaurant, built around an atrium; adjacent are the bar, entertainment complex, and swimming pool. Multi-storied rooming complexes, rising in tiers, radiate outward from the central area, creating—whether you're facing the lagoon or the ocean—a huge, white, floating architectural illusion on a sea of deep blue.

The success of the Club Med is due to a brilliantly simple formula: the club takes care of everything—and for one prepaid price. The only tab you run up is at the bar, and there is no tipping permitted. Free pitchers of rosé and red wine are poured with lunch and dinner. (The cuisine, incidentally, is French—and superb.) All the land and water sports, including snorkeling, sailing, and wind-surfing—as well as the instruction and equipment—are "à la maison" (on-the-house). Classical-music concerts at sunset, disco dancing, and live, naughty cabaret are nightly events and also free.

Important to *Penthouse* readers, whether single, married, or swinging it, the Club Med is one place where everything seems possible. Its exotic location, French ambience, and free-and-easy people provide the pleasure that can lead to fiery emotions. When you go, don't forget to pack those airy, romantic shirts that will add to the thrill of it all. (For information on Club Med membership, please write Club Mediterranee, 40 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York, N.Y. 10019 or call toll free (800) 528-3131.)

The main village complex caught by our photographer in its predawn quiet.

(top) Sunset over the red-clay rooftops of Club Med. (left) Sure to shine is the banded-collar big shirt of gold, lurex-striped cotton (about $45 by Lee Wright for G. B. Pedrini; the mesh-weave (ventilated) drawstring shorts ($15) by John Karl for Charsel. The cotton British-tan shirt with wing-collar ($78) and pleated shorts ($52) by Charles Suppon for Intre Sport; sandals by Verde; ribbon belt by Jean Casanave. Drawstring bag and quilted bag by David Leong. Her swimsuit by Oleg Cassini for Mare Mode; shoes by Maud Frizon, New York. (bottom) This summer, beat the heat in cotton-mesh big shirts. (left) The boat-neck-style pullover has a large, diagonal chest pocket (about $25) and is by Robert Truth; yellow "flight" pants ($35) by David Leong; the other pullover V-neck style ($23) is by F. Michael Glading for Miklos; khaki pants (about $26) by Robert Truth. The tangerine-colored drawstring pullover shirt of rayon challis ($30) and matching pants ($30) by F. Michael Glading for Miklos.

For information on where to buy merchandise featured here, see page 166.

INTERVIEW

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extent of the agency's questionable activities until late in the game. The agency is so compartmented that you can be working next door to a guy who's planning to overthrow a government and not know it.

Penthouse: But you yourself were involved in "illegal" operations. You wrote memos and briefings designed to manipulate congressional and public attitudes toward the Thieu regime—clearly in violation of the 1947 National Security Act, at least insofar as the act proscribes CIA involvement in U.S. domestic policies.

Snepp: That act is ambiguous as hell. It's got a loophole in it that allows the agency to do just about anything the president deems "essential to national security." Besides, I'm no lawyer. Never once, during my entire time in the CIA, did anyone brief me on the limits of the law or my own legal obligations as a CIA officer. In part, the prevailing attitude was that we were all outside the law. I hope that's changing. During my meeting with Admiral Turner, the new CIA director, I suggested that new recruits be briefed on the law as part of their induction and training. He seemed surprised that it wasn't already happening.

Penthouse: What happened when you returned to this country and appeared before the Senate Intelligence Committee?

Snepp: When *Decent Interval* was published, I volunteered to testify—I was not subpoenaed—about what I had written. I spent two days, from nine in the morning to six at night, being interrogated by the staff. On the third day, I went before the full committee for a four-hour session behind closed doors. It was a fiasco. The staff people had all read my book, while none of the senators had. They didn't seem the slightest bit interested in pursuing the points I raised. They were concerned only with echoing the agency's line, to the point of disparaging my arguments and challenging my credibility. The CIA apologists on the committee so loaded the transcript with anti-Snepp statements that anyone reading it would have had no incentive to vote for a full-fledged investigation.

The frightening thing was that, within a day of the hearing, I talked to a friend who said he'd just found out what had taken place inside. Jesus. *How?* The session was *closed*! The Senate makes the great claim that it protects its sources and its secrets and tells me not to worry about leaks. Well, that wasn't so in my case.

A little later, I was told by Rep. Les Aspin's administrative assistant that Aspin didn't need to interview me for his investigation of the CIA's relationship with the press because he already had a copy of the transcript. The staffer later denied it, but *someone* was lying. Either Aspin didn't want to interview any but a selected group of witnesses, *or* the Senate leaked the transcript to him. Either way, I'm left with less than total respect for Congress' handling of the very serious business of overseeing the CIA.

Penthouse: What do you think of Adm. Stansfield Turner, who was told by Carter to reassert the administration's control of the intelligence community?

Snepp: Turner came on like Mr. Clean at first, but that didn't last long. He lost an important battle with the Pentagon. You see, the CIA is only a small part of the intelligence community. The Pentagon controls a much larger part. Its National Security Agency, Defense Intelligence Agency, and National Reconnaissance Office together eat up 80 percent of the national intelligence budget of around $5 to $6 billion.

Now, under the latest White House and legislative directives, Turner has obtained control over the Pentagon's intelligence budget for the first time. But he *hasn't* obtained authority to hire and fire intelligence officers who work for the Pentagon agencies; so he's really in no position to cut out the bloat there. And his efforts to reshape the CIA have been a series of fiascos. He's treated the agency like a midshipman's school. He continually talks down to senior officials. He's also isolated himself by throwing up a cordon of naval officers around him who really don't know much about the CIA—and the agency's old guard has returned the insult in spades. Rapidly, they've closed ranks against him and have kept him from spotting problems until they're about to explode on him.

Turner's become a captive of the same middle and higher echelons he's committed to purging. Many at the top are masters of survival, with allies in the bureaucracy who are keeping the admiral from shaking up the place. I don't care how hard he tries; I don't think he'll be able to dislodge the entrenched leadership—the very architects of the CIA's many failures.

Look at one of the most publicized cases—MK-Ultra, the program in which the CIA experimented with "mind bending" drugs. Turner really didn't know anything about it until some little fellow in the bowels of the agency managed to kick over an archive and find MK-Ultra to have been far more extensive than Turner had ever imagined—or had admitted to Congress. You can't tell me some guy up top didn't know about the extent of that program, a $25 million affair that ran back twenty-five years or so. Why didn't one of the admiral's spear carriers level with him and say, "Look, sir, you misled Congress on this. Don't you think we ought to check out the files?" Nobody did. Everybody covers his ass.

Actually, I think it's good that Turner's trying to clean house by getting rid of 800 people by 1979. But the tragedy is that after demoralizing the agency, he'll discover that many of the people who most deserved to be fired were not. They're the ones who control all the levers of power, like the people in the Office of Security. The guys in Security are the keepers of the files.

"Would you mind very much if I went in before you? You're only a sore throat and I'm diarrhea."

"Liza introduced us to white rum and soda at an Andy Warhol party."

We were introduced to Liza Minnelli at a party Andy Warhol gave for his magazine "Interview." What amazed us about her was that the personality she projects on stage is not an act at all. It's simply Liza. She radiates such warmth and enthusiasm that after an hour of conversation we both felt as if we'd known her all our lives.

During the evening I asked Liza if I could get her a drink and she ordered something I'd never tasted before: white rum and soda. It sounded interesting (Liza has a way of making everything sound interesting) so I tried one. Then my wife tried one. From that moment, white rum and soda has been one of our favorite drinks.

White rum also mixes marvelously with tonic, is fantastic with orange juice and makes a better martini than gin or vodka.

A Warhol party, the start of a friendship with Liza Minnelli and an introduction to white rum.

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on everything and everybody. They're the ones, for example, who launched the illegal surveillance back in 1972 of columnist Jack Anderson.

Penthouse: But doesn't Turner have the keys to those files?

Snepp: Only if Security wants him to have the keys, and even that depends on what files you're talking about. There are "hard" files and "soft" files. The hard file, the official one, is the one the average citizen can get to—if he's lucky—under the Freedom of Information Act. But the soft file you don't even know about. That's the one that contains all sorts of data that can't be verified or which may be particularly embarrassing to you or the agency, but which is nonetheless "weighed" if the agency is judging a particular target—or an employee.

My own soft file undoubtedly contains all sorts of things that could be very valuable to me if I had to press a lawsuit against the agency. But will I ever get it? No, because *officially* that file doesn't exist.

Penthouse: Why haven't you, like Victor Marchetti, been prevented by a court order from the CIA from writing about the agency without its approval?

Snepp: I'm almost waiting for that. But so far it hasn't happened, because the CIA hasn't been able to demonstrate to the satisfaction of the Justice Department that what I have said or written is a threat to national security. Even so, I'm prepared to accept the legal consequences of my actions. That's part of the tradition of legitimate dissent in this country.

Penthouse: What is the CIA secrecy agreement that you've been accused of violating?

Snepp: It's a simple document. It requires that the agency employees "never divulge, publish, or reveal in writing, word, conduct, or otherwise any classified information" to any unauthorized person without prior consent of the director. It provides that the agent can seek satisfaction for a grievance in the CIA inspector general's office.

I feel I have fulfilled the document's basic obligations. I've exposed no secrets; so I've lived up to the *spirit* of the agreement, as a matter of fact, also to the *letter* of the agreement, as I did seek satisfaction for my grievances about the evacuation within the agency before I went public, but nobody wanted to hear.

Penthouse: Is the secrecy agreement a reasonable document?

Snepp: Not really. The new recruit is required to sign the agreement on his first or second day in the agency, long before he really knows what the agency's all about. In effect, he's asked to sign away his First Amendment right to speak out about things he will learn about only later and which might offend him morally or religiously. Thus, when I joined in 1968 and signed the agreement, I had no idea that the CIA was engaged in assassinations or the overthrow of unfriendly governments. In fact, the CIA official who briefed me at the time explicitly assured me of the agency's wholesomeness. Don't forget: at that time the CIA was still very much a mystery. There was no Church committee. There were no disclosures yet by either Marchetti or Agee.

Penthouse: Can the secrecy agreement be abused?

Snepp: Certainly. Look at the Helms case. Pretty clever use of the oath, wasn't it? There he was, up for an ambassadorial appointment to Iran. But then someone in Congress asks Richard Helms some embarrassing questions about the CIA's involvement in Chile, things that might sink his confirmation. So Helms invokes the secrecy agreement to avoid talking about these things and gets the appointment. Only later does he acknowledge that he misled Congress, but *even then* he claims that he wears that act of duplicity as a "badge of honor." Of course, he's widely applauded in the agency. The old-boy network even took up a collection to help pay his court fine.

Penthouse: What about Helms's contention that he couldn't have leveled with Congress without jeopardizing agency sources and methods?

> I still suffer from what I call soundmares—the echoes of panicked radio transmissions from friends and agents trapped outside the agency compound.

Snepp: It's pure crap. He'd testified to Congress many times before on equally sensitive matters without ever blowing vital secrets. No, he was embarrassed about Chile. He could have asked for a closed executive session. Or he could have told the senators, "Look, fellows, this is a matter for the Congress and the White House to settle. I can't comment." But he didn't. He copped out. Worse, he set a lousy example. Now others in the agency may be tempted to do what he did.

Penthouse: But the agency's problem seems to go beyond the duplicity of its leaders. Might the whole secrecy concept be faulty?

Snepp: It's far too broad and getting broader. One proposal currently under review in Congress would allow the CIA to classify any information that might "increase international tension." Christ, by that standard, the agency could label "Top Secret" anything that might give it a black eye.

Penthouse: You're not the first spy to come in from the cold and write a book. What makes you different from former spies-turned-authors?

Snepp: The thing that makes me different is that I'm really not antiagency. I'm not in the demolition business. I exposed no secrets that hadn't already been exposed by the CIA's stupidity and mismanagement.

I have no respect at all for someone like Philip Agee. After writing his book, Agee flew into exile and continued to potshot the CIA from the shelter of foreign shores. To me, that's gutless. He simply blew every secret he knew, including the identities of lots of agents and collaborators, many of whom had gotten caught up in the CIA's web through no fault of their own; they didn't deserve to suffer exposure. Agee literally destroyed the agency's operations in Latin America, a part of the world where Soviet intelligence was particularly strong.

And if Agee was so fair-minded, why didn't he devote equal coverage to Soviet operations—to Cuban, for that matter? His failure to do so led a number of people in the agency to conclude he was actually working for the Cubans.

I am also unlike Agee and Marchetti because I made a determined effort to put my grievances before CIA management *before* airing them publicly. I quit the agency precisely because management didn't want to hear what I had to say.

Penthouse: Do you believe in the CIA as an institution?

Snepp: Absolutely. I happen to believe that there is a *need* for such an organization. I believe in it for two main reasons. First, we're living in a Hobbesian world; we've got to protect ourselves, and the CIA provides us with an option—to choose between conventional diplomacy and all-out war. Second, the agency cannot be dismantled, because there's no way the government—that is, the president of the United States—will allow it. There'll always be a president with the need to steal secrets, to get intelligence on our foreign adversaries that can't be had through normal diplomatic channels.

So it's pointless to debate whether the CIA ought to exist. Since it will continue to exist in some form, my feeling is: better the devil you know than one you don't. We might as well try to make the best of the agency we have. That means some sensible, careful organizational reform from the ground up.

Penthouse: Do you think it's possible for the CIA's covert activities to be controlled?

Snepp: With the current changes in the intelligence community—the establishment of the cabinet-level Inter-Agency Committee to oversee intelligence operations—there's a *chance* that controls can be placed on covert operations.

The new legislative charter that's just been written for the CIA is designed to accomplish this. I hope that it will contain these two rules. First, no covert operation—no *action* covert operation of any kind—should be allowed without strict and narrow guidelines from the White House and the Inter-Agency Committee. That, at least, would insure accountability up and

down the line. Second, anyone who oversteps the guidelines must be liable to criminal prosecution. That would minimize the kind of contingency planning that ultimately blossomed into full-scale covert involvement in such places as Chile, Angola, and, to a certain extent, Vietnam.

Penthouse: If a CIA agent is ordered to do something illegal or questionable, what can he do, short of quitting?

Snepp: Not much. Unlike the State Department, the CIA has no dissent channel. There's no way a CIA officer in the field can file a protest direct to Langley without going through his superior. And even if he could get a hearing with the CIA's inspector general's office, there's no guarantee his complaint will be acted upon. Up to now, the inspector general has served merely as a lightning rod for criticism, a way of defusing internal dissent before it becomes critical. Turner claims he's changing this. But, as I said earlier, he'd have to alter the entire infrastructure to do so.

Penthouse: When you were with the CIA in Vietnam, did you question the United States' involvement in the war?

Snepp: As an intelligence officer, I didn't have the luxury of speculating on the morality or the logic of the war.

Penthouse: Did you think we could win the war?

Snepp: The war was never winnable in the classic American, total-victory-over-the-enemy sense. But I did believe that if we had accommodated the North Vietnamese, allowed the Communists a hand in the government during the early days of the cease-fire, we might have defused some of the war sentiment in Hanoi, and this might have brought about some kind of stalemate. But this is pure speculation.

Penthouse: Are questions like that ultimately for the politicians—the policymakers?

Snepp: Yes. A politicized intelligence officer, a "man with a mission," is the most dangerous player on the field of battle. In the intelligence field—note the word *intelligence*—there should be only one ethic: getting the truth and getting it back to the policymakers.

Penthouse: Are you saying an intelligence officer cannot have a private morality?

Snepp: No, I am not advocating suspending such beliefs. But the intelligence officer has a *professional* obligation not to allow his own morals to intrude, to color his dispatches. The world of espionage is a twilight zone where there are no real absolutes except the facts and the truth.

Penthouse: Carved on the CIA headquarters building is the credo "And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall set you free." Now that you've found and exposed your truth, do you feel free?

Snepp: No, not at all. I still live with the ghosts of Saigon's past. I still suffer from what I call "soundmares"—the echoes of panicked radio transmissions from friends and agents trapped outside of the embassy compound. I know I will never be able to forget them. ○+⊟

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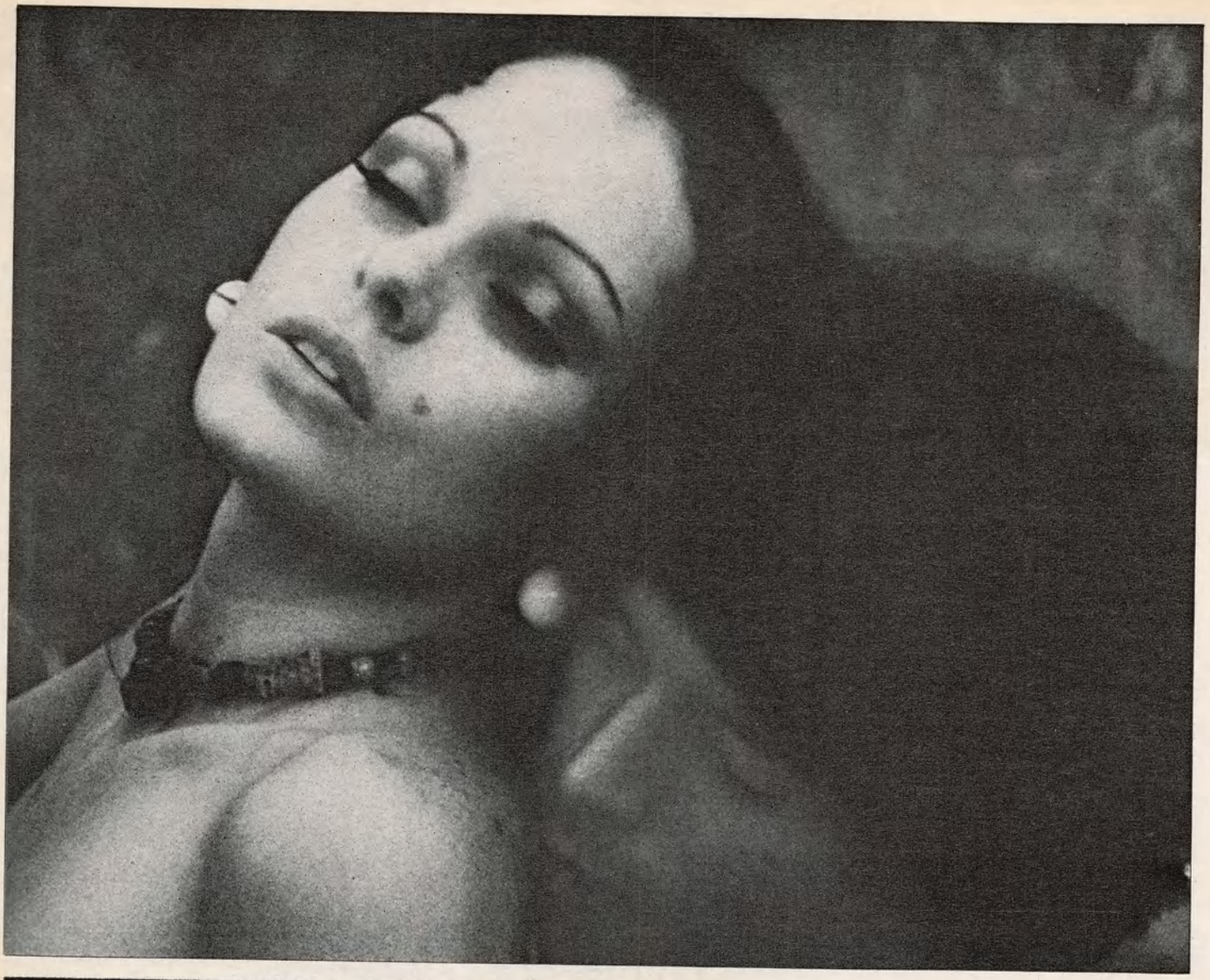

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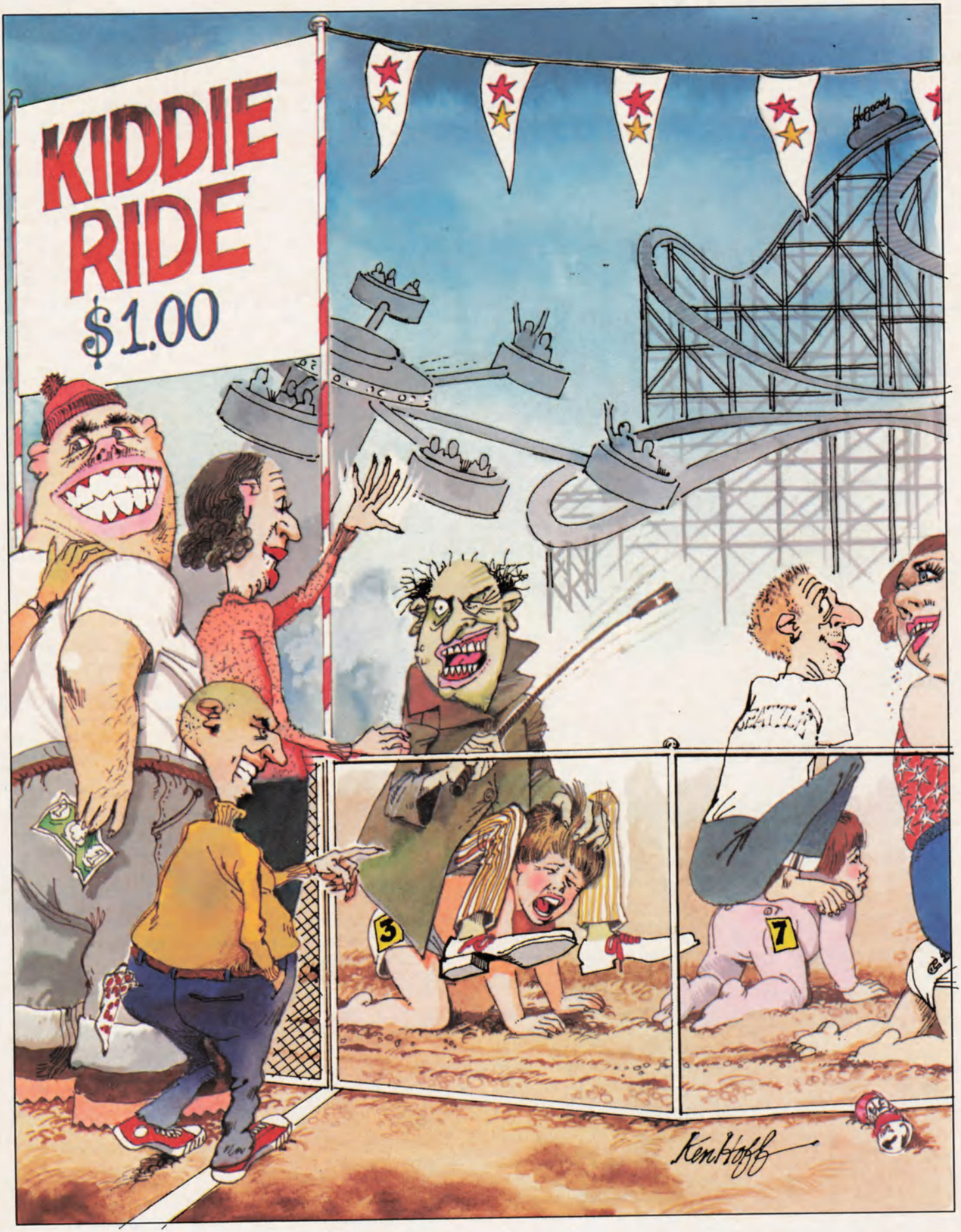
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Crucifixion

Sidney would have done
anything to please this desperate man,
even nailing him to a door.

FICTION BY JAMES PURDY

Roy Sturtevant was in a big tub, such as people used to employ for their children especially before indoor plumbing, taking his first bath in about ten years, when Sidney De Lakes rapped at the screen door—the storm door was open and the glass broken.

Roy had already emptied the water four times and was about to get up and empty it again. The water was the color of dark brown river water after a heavy downpour, the kind of water one would expect to find frogs or tadpoles floating around in, but there were, to make up for this lack, pieces of old leaves and other tiny vegetation, which had come off from the soles of his feet.

He was so surprised to see this visitor that he stood up stark naked in front of him. Then he started to reach for a big, white Turkish towel, but his arms were not long enough, and Sidney went over and reached for it for him.

"So," Roy Sturtevant began, and then he wiped his mouth free from the suds, which had gathered over it. "Sidney."

"I promised Gareth." Sidney got out and almost lunged toward his enemy. "I'm reporting in," he mumbled inaudibly.

They seemed like the first words ever addressed by the football hero to Roy Sturtevant, who went on rubbing himself, going over his ears last, till they were beet red.

"On whose say-so did you say you was here?" Roy inquired. "On account of I ain't required nobody to have you report. I never heard of nobody reporting here, and you know it."

"I lied when I said 'Gareth,'" Sidney changed his first statement. "I come on my own . . . Still, *their* hands are pushing me, too . . . By 'their' I mean not only Gareth and his dad and brothers but Brian, Brian McFee . . . "

"See here," Roy stumbled out of the tub at the sound of the last name. He shivered badly.

Sidney's eyes widened perceptibly at the appearance of the renderer, all sinews, veins, tendons, the bones themselves almost touchable in places from the regimen which he had pursued and which vetoed any hint of fat accumulating on his body.

"I don't believe," the renderer got his voice at last, "in fact I am sure, Brian and Gareth would never send somebody else in their place . . . They'd come on their own . . . " He shuddered violently.

"So then I have come to surrender to you."

Roy Sturtevant stood there still, naked as he had been born. Then, moving like a great cat, he hurried over to a stool on which his pants were resting and stepped into them and threw a T-shirt over his chest. His hair he continued to work into the towel.

"You don't deny, do you," Sidney went on somewhat deliriously, his tones very like a baritone solo rather than a speaking voice, "don't and can't deny, you have been stalking me all my life? I wonder you was not present when I was born. I feel you have supervised my every breath."

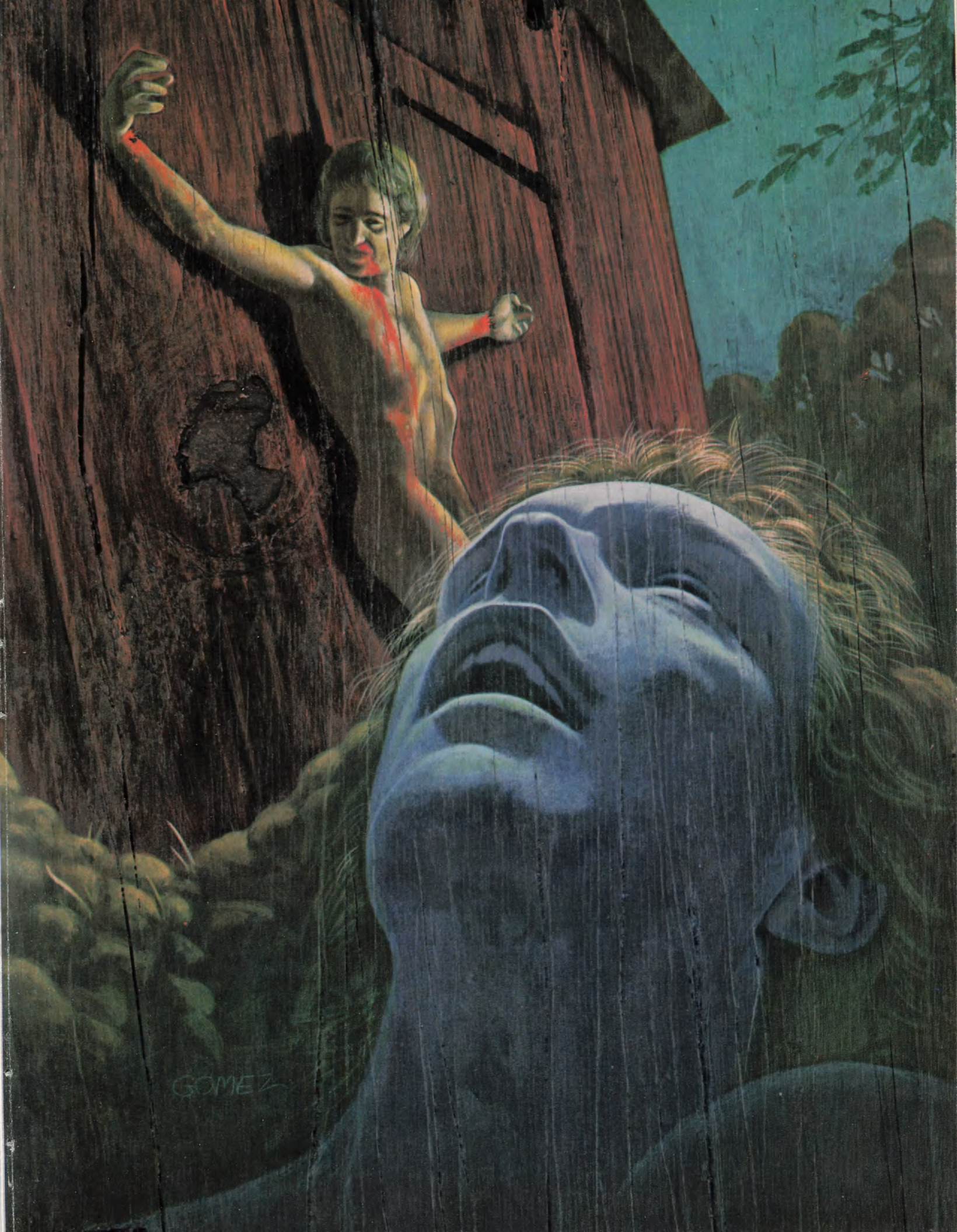
"But why come now?" Roy wondered. "When all's finished and done with . . . I mean, you could have come when you was in the eighth grade and needed me so bad, and I would have helped you night and day with your lessons, your fractions, long division, proportion, and Caesar's *Commentaries* and all the rest you could not ever get straight in your head . . . " Roy thought a while and then looked down at himself. "My body must have known you was comin' on account of I have bathed like for being laid out in The Greenbrier Funeral Parlor."

"I have been ordered to kill you at least twice; that's for sure." Sidney went on like a windy echo.

Roy grinned on hearing this and began putting salve on his feet.

"You know you deserve death if for only what you done to Gareth." He was trying to feel anger, and then, explaining to his enemy his failure to feel it, he said: "I have been mad for too

From the forthcoming novel *Narrow Rooms*, by James Purdy, published by Arbor House.


GOMEZ

long at you to show you now how mad I am . . . yet I don't feel nothin' when I see you at present. Why is that?"

"Then why don't you go home and think over what it is you plan to do to me if you should report again?"

But as the renderer said this, he drew in his breath, preventing himself from screaming only by biting his lips, for between himself and the football star he saw Brian McFee dart across his line of vision and then vanish.

"I could never get here again, Roy, for one thing. Once is all I could summon up the strength for." Sidney was speaking, unaware of the tumult in the mind of the other man.

"It's that bad, huh?"

Roy put on his socks and heavy high shoes and laced them unsteadily, drowsily.

"How can you be sure, as you phrase it, De Lakes, I have been after you all your life? I mean, what proof have you?"

"I don't have no proof and don't require or need none. Leastways not for you, who knows it all. I know you have plagued me!"

As Sidney shouted out this last sentence, he half rose and then slumped down, as it was becoming more clear now that he was at last in the presence of his tormentor, that he was actually speaking to the one who had done everything against him, who had in sum dictated his life.

"If you couldn't do simple eighth- and ninth-grade arithmetic and algebra—for I cheated on all the tests for you till you passed—well, then, how can you prove I have it in for you?"

"I already answered that. You have haunted me. All my life! You are the one!" It was all he could get out.

Then, raising his eyes and his voice, he cried out in tones that reached his opponent like flaming steel: "'Twas you killed Brian McFee!"

Roy Sturtevant laughed, but he laughed too loud and too long for it to be convincing as laughter. Then, quieting down, he inquired: "If I was to tell you you could be rid of me, would you do it?"

"I have to!" Sidney cried. "I have to be rid of you . . . Now I see you and how strong you are, I know that . . . "

"Good, good . . . Did it ever occur to you, though, that I might want to be rid of you also?"

Sidney bent his head down now into his two outstretched palms.

"That never crossed your mind?"

"No."

"Why didn't it?"

"Because it was you who persisted. You know it. I didn't do nothing to egg you on."

"How can you be so sure of that, Sidney!"

"Sidney! He calls me Sidney!" He began to weep deliriously.

"I mean," Roy began volubly, "since you were so dumb all your life in everything, couldn't do simple math or Latin, failed in all you undertook except when you were a football star—you did that good, didn't you? Well, how do you know then, being such a numbskull though so handsome, that you *didn't* do something to egg me on?"

"I don't follow you."

"Listen then to how you egged me on." He rose and took Sidney's face gently in his hand. "Just by existing you did. Every time you passed by me you threw off energy enough to make me want you forever. You commanded *me* by just your breathing . . . Like you do now."

"Then how can I stop it?"

"I think there is a way."

"Then tell me how, unless . . . "

"Unless, hell . . . There is this way and this way only."

"I can't kill you even for Gareth . . . I will not kill again! I love him but not that much." He sobbed shamelessly now. "I am not a killer."

"You killed Brian McFee."

"I will not kill you even to be free . . . No."

"Even with a mock killing?"

Sidney blinked at him through his tears.

"Supposin' you were to nail me naked to the barn door all night, say, and then you brought the corpse of Brian McFee to see what you had done, owin' to the fact you claim I killed him through you and so he ought to be present . . . "

"Brian is in his grave, you low son of a bitch."

"But he could be brought out of his grave."

"No!"

Roy had been walking up and down the room as he spoke, and now he approached Sidney De Lakes and took his left hand in his right hand.

"Don't touch me, Sturtevant. Don't, don't . . . "

Roy put his mouth on Sidney's, and the latter shivered violently; men have shivered less violently at the moment of death from some pestilential fever.

"Kiss me, Sidney . . . If you want to be free."

"I'm kissin' you," Sidney said between his sobs. His face was wet from tears.

"Let me drink your tears. I ain't never drunk tears."

"Kill me, Roy, why don't you? I don't care. You can kill me, then render me; nobody will know."

"Supposin' you were to nail me naked to the barn door all night, say, and then you brought the corpse of Brian McFee to see what you had done."

"I don't want to kill you. Never wanted to." He went on kissing Sid's face assiduously all over, his kisses drying it of his tears.

He took out Sidney's penis and bent Sidney's own face over his penis and said, "Cry on your own cock, Sidney. Go on, cry on it. Refresh your cock."

"Kill me, or let me go free," he blubbered, his face held against his own sex.

Pulling up his head with his hands so that Sidney faced him again, Roy said: "If you go home without doin' what I say, you won't never be free of me ever . . . "

"I can't dig up the man I shot, for God's sake . . . Have some pity or decency."

Sidney rose and then threw himself down on the floor, face forward.

Roy bent down over his prostrate visitor, brought him face upwards, then took his penis into his own mouth, holding it briefly.

"No, no," Sidney cried. "I can't bear it, I can't, I can't."

"Will you do what I say then?" he fulminated.

"I will try . . . But for God's sake don't make love to me . . . Kill me first . . . "

"Tryin' ain't good enough."

He began sucking him again.

"Yes, I'll do it . . . I'll do it, Roy . . . "

"But if you don't do it right, Sidney," Roy said, getting up, "I will do something so bad to you you will remember it for a billion years in hell."

Sidney nodded.

"I say, will you do it now if I let go of you?" for he still held on to his penis with his hand.

"I'll do it."

He pushed Sid's penis back into his trousers and buttoned him up. "I'll need some shovels and a pickax and stuff," Sidney spoke. He began to sob more violently, and then he screamed once or twice in such a hideous way that even Roy looked aghast. Quieting down then a little, he asked, "Must I do it, Roy?" He kept asking this over and again.

"Yes, Sidney, if you would be free . . . "

"All right, now listen to me," Roy began, for he knew that what he was about to say, what he had indeed been commanded now to say, were words that would not be believed, would not indeed be thought of as having been correctly heard.

"After you gather up the picks and shovels and other tools, just before you go off to the cemetery, I want you to nail me to the barn door. Do you hear?"

Sidney waited. He nodded slowly. Then he went over to the screen door, opened it quickly, and vomited out onto the geraniums and petunias and morning glories, all growing wild in disarray. He wiped his mouth on the back of his hand and came back inside.

Roy was busy collecting the nails out of a box and had brought out two hammers, a large, heavy one and another of lesser weight but hefty utility.

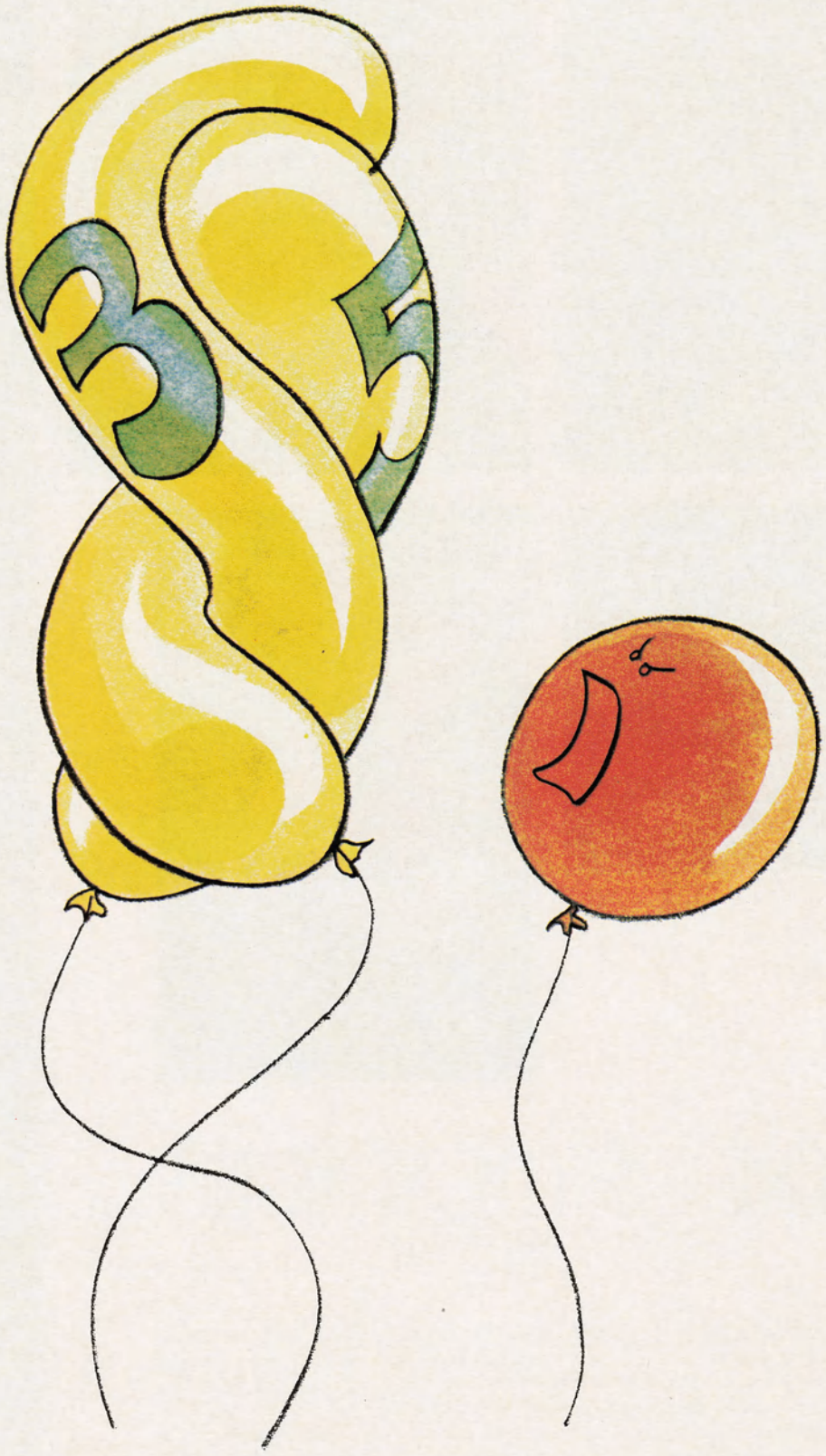
He took off all his clothes and then picked up a revolver, which had been resting, unseen by Sidney, on a small commode.

He pointed the gun at Sid, and they

CONTINUED ON PAGE 164

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"Okay, Dunbrowsky, baby, not in the locker room."

Lotus courtesy of Nesen Sportcars, Thousand Oaks, Calif.

JULIENE OF THE SPIRITS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL WACHTER

North of Los Angeles and south of Santa Barbara lies the California town of Thousand Oaks. This is wheels country, and for Juliene Schuster, who grew up here, the faster they spin the better. "I love all small, speedy cars," she confesses. "I guess Jaguars from the late fifties are my favorites, though." Juliene likes to spin out under her own steam, too, and she keeps her 35-24-36 body in shape by pedaling around the local hills and dales. It's quite a sight for the happy natives, who, understandably, are wont to wait breathlessly for her little biking forays.

The sun sets in the West over rolling mountains rivaled only by the statuesque silhouette of Juliene. She often practices yoga on a hilltop near her home at sunset, and she feels very spiritual at that time of day. "I never think endings are sad," she says. "The end of one day is just a prelude to the next day's beginning." Doing yoga in the nude has made Juliene very comfortable with her own body. But this is the first time she has ever posed nude for a magazine. "It felt very natural to me," she says. "The shooting lasted three days, and I thoroughly enjoyed every minute of it."

At twenty-two, Juliene is very happily in love. "This love affair is only a month old," she said, smiling big, "but the way it's going now, I think it could last forever." How does her man feel about her *Penthouse* debut? "The idea of it really turns him on, and he's been dying to see me in the magazine. We both consider ourselves to be sexually liberated adults."

I spend most of my money on lacy little things that I can wear in bed

Juliene is partial to "sexy, old-fashioned underwear and negligees," and she has quite a collection of them. "People who see me on the street aren't seeing the best part of my wardrobe," she tells us. "I spend most of my money on lacy little things that I can wear at home and in bed with my man." Juliene's fantasy life is very active. "I think about sex a lot," she says. "One of my fantasies is to make love with several other couples. That seems really exciting to me. I'd also like to be in bed with a woman. I've never done it, but I imagine it would be very warm and gentle—the kind of sex you can't give yourself or get from a man, because it's something entirely different. There's probably no one who knows how to make love to a woman better than another woman."

What kind of lovemaking does Juliene enjoy most? "I love oral sex," she answers. "It makes me feel very close to a man. Sometimes I think it's the greatest intimacy that two people can share. All kinds of sex feel good; it makes me feel wonderful, and I think I know how to make a man feel great, too. But, somehow, putting your mouth just everywhere, all over the man you love, is for me the ultimate way to make love. And I like to have it done to me, too." With her dark blonde hair cascading in soft waves over smooth, white shoulders, Juliene looks somewhat more delicious.

"Putting your mouth just everywhere, all over the man you love, is for me the ultimate way to make love."

TANGLED SCALES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

ers held in maximum security are paroled, because "if they are in maximum security, they're disciplinary problems. And if they can't adjust within an institution, how can we anticipate they'll adjust in the community?" This explanation, of course, begs the question of why the problem 10 percent should be released at all.

Although the board acts like greased lightning in granting paroles, it turns tortoise when it ponders the revocation of paroles of defendants who commit violent crimes after they have been freed. At a 1976 hearing of the District Judiciary subcommittee, Ferrell explained that when the board decides to consider revoking the parole of a repeat offender, the decision is usually postponed until the court system has adjudicated the charge for which the defendant was arrested . . . which may take months.

This explanation seemed to place the blame squarely on the courts. But Superior Court Judge Donald S. Smith told the hearing that he had waited "day after day, week after week" for the board to provide him with a recommendation as to whether it wished to pursue parole revocation for a particular defendant. Finally, Smith related, he had threatened to haul the Reverend Ferrell himself into court if a recommendation was not forthcoming immediately. *Then* the board complied.

That gives you an inkling of the relationship between courts and parole boards. The proof of their working methods can be summarized by the following statistic. Of all criminals arrested for murder in Washington, 28 percent were found to be free on parole, bail, or probation!

It might be gratifying to reveal that parole boards take bribes to spring prisoners, as intimated by J. Edgar Hoover. This, however, proves to be another FBI myth. With rare exceptions, parole boards are far less corruptible than state governors, some of whom constantly favor selected underworld pals. By and large the boards are staffed by honest mediocrities, who are appointed for no discernible merit and are determined to hang on to their $32,000-a-year jobs. This determination often forces them into petty lying, such as feeding the public concocted statistics, which, they hope, won't be checked. They never lie on a grand scale, in the manner of, say, lawyers or police departments. They just manicure the facts a little.

Their ignorance can be appalling. Several board members turned out not to know the difference between psychological and psychiatric reports, or between neurotics and psychotics. Yet they base most of their parole decisions on what they fondly term a prisoner's "mental attitude." And how do they assess this attitude?

"You are an asshole."

"It's done in about ten to fifteen minutes," an ex-con who is still on parole told me. "That's what you wait for all year. You're in this room, with two members of the board facing you. They ask you questions and you answer fast, because you keep thinking that you don't have much time to make a good impression. A good impression—that's being kinda middling smart, not *too* smart. And sounding like you feel guilty, but not *too* guilty. Not like you're all hung up about it. And you gotta sound *positive*, like you have a program ready: work or school or religion maybe. Religion is always good. You bring in Jesus, and that goes over great, mostly.

"The main thing, though, you gotta let on you'll put up with any amount of shit. Really kiss ass. What I mean is you don't walk in there upright. You sort of crawl in and crawl out again and talk real soft and gentle. I seen guys practice it in their cells—hundreds of times—how they'll walk and talk. Practice their mental attitudes. . . ."

The right "mental attitude," then, is mainly a matter of playacting. The smoothies and hypocrites and Bible spouters are the most likely to succeed. Although the boards are supposed to consider the prisoner's whole personality and background, in practice they concentrate almost solely on his behavior in custody, which is apt to be totally misleading. His actual crime, which should be the chief criterion, weighs least of all. I had one board member tell me quite seriously that "the worse a prisoner's offense, the better, generally, he does on parole." That observation is so devastatingly inaccurate that I wondered what part of Oz she hailed from.

But because the boards keep one ear cocked for public reaction, some prisoners are made to pay for the crimes of others. If popular outrage runs high over some particularly brutal bank robbery or rape, men convicted of the same type of felony will have their parole deferred until things simmer down. Above all, the boards are sensitive to the fluctuating needs of the state governor's office, because that's where the board members' jobs are examined. When the governor requires a tough law-'n'-order image—after a noisome political scandal or an especially heinous crime—the parole tap is turned down to a trickle. Then, when the cages start bulging at the seams and it becomes a question of building expensive new prisons, there's a sudden and miraculous increase in the number of convicts developing the right mental attitudes and the trickle turns into a flood. Expediency comes first, second, and third, with genuine parole considerations lagging so far behind that they are frequently lost from sight.

The wildest fluctuations occur in California, possibly because it allows the greatest parole discretion. By state law a lifer becomes eligible after serving seven years; those with lesser stretches, after one-third of their *minimum* term. This ruling renders the meaning of "minimum" as ridiculous as that of "life" and widens the credibility gap

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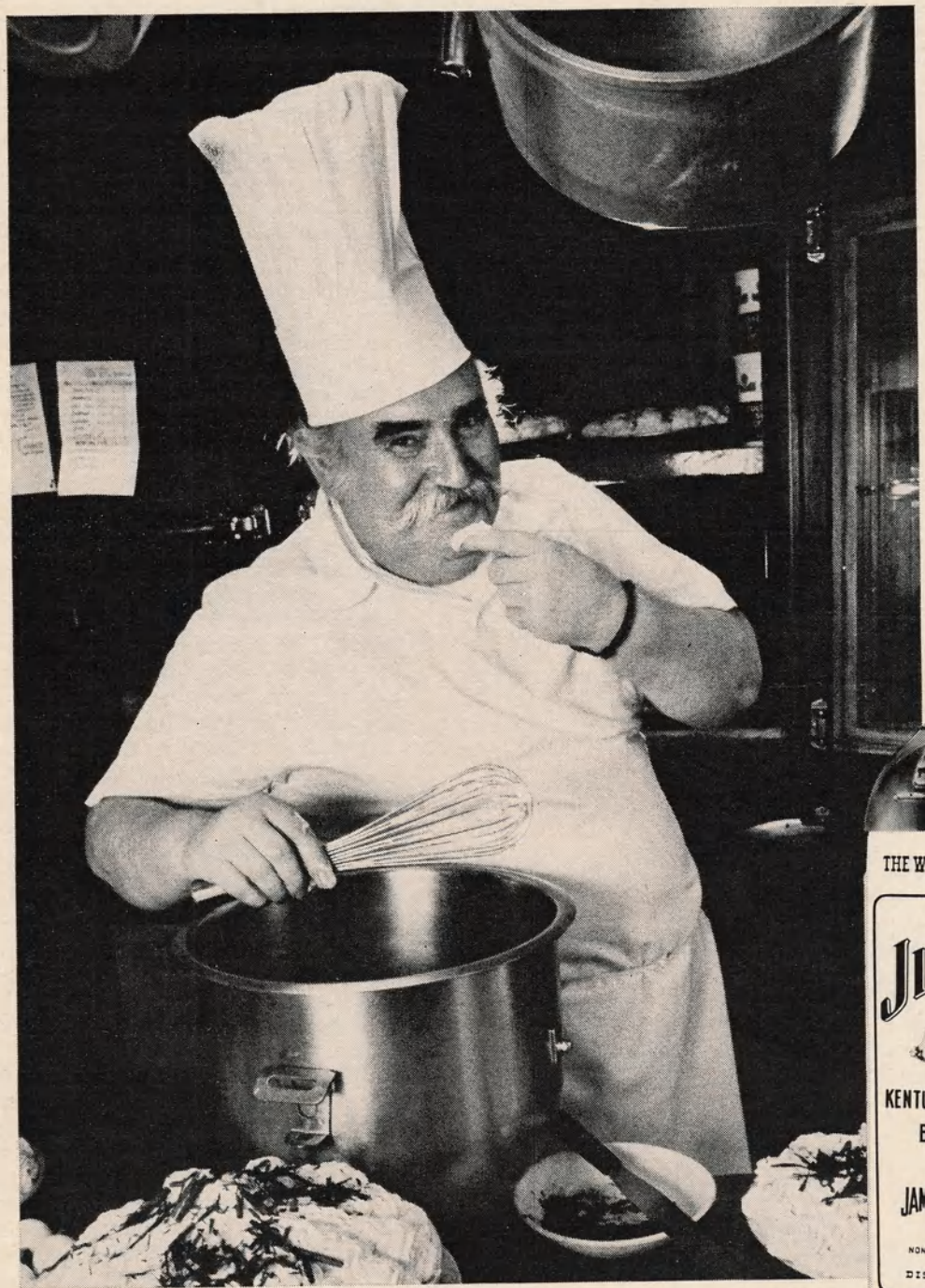

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of the sentencing system. California has no parole pattern, only spasms dictated by politics, finances, and the public temper.

In 1974 the Adult Authority—as the state parole board is called—released 4,717 prisoners. The next year the number shot up to 10,578, which presupposes that more than twice as many convicts somehow qualified for freedom. What had really happened was that the state's prison population had swollen way beyond its housing capacity and that the governor's office had passed word to "empty 'em out." Following protests, the Adult Authority distributed form letters declaring, "Only about 2 percent of all felons released continue to commit high violent crimes." The purveyors of this comforting claim apparently didn't think that anyone would check it with the figures compiled by the Bureau of Criminal Statistics. When someone did, it emerged that this percentage comprised only felons rearrested while on parole, convicted of new violent crimes, and returned to prison.

It did not include those who are caught but returned directly to prison without a new trial, those who plea bargain down to a conviction for some nonviolent crime, and those sentenced to federal prison or locked up in another state. If you include these categories, the number runs anywhere from 20 to more than 50 percent!

Among those released in the 1975 parole deluge was James Reece, who was imprisoned with a judge's special recommendation that he never be paroled. Reece, branded a "one-man crime wave" by the judge, robbed a Hayward, Calif., pharmacy in 1966, kidnapping an old man and a sheriff's deputy during his getaway. After he was captured, he twice attempted escape and succeeded the second time. He robbed an Oakland woman before his escape was even noticed and was then recaptured while trying to drive a stolen car across the Mexican border. He appeared in a San Diego court, which released him from custody through a clerical foul-up that still hasn't been explained. Reece vanished but reappeared a month later. He tried to kidnap at gunpoint a topless dancer named Yvonne D'Angers, after chasing her car down a winding road and running her into a ditch. The episode ended with a car crash in which Reece was badly injured.

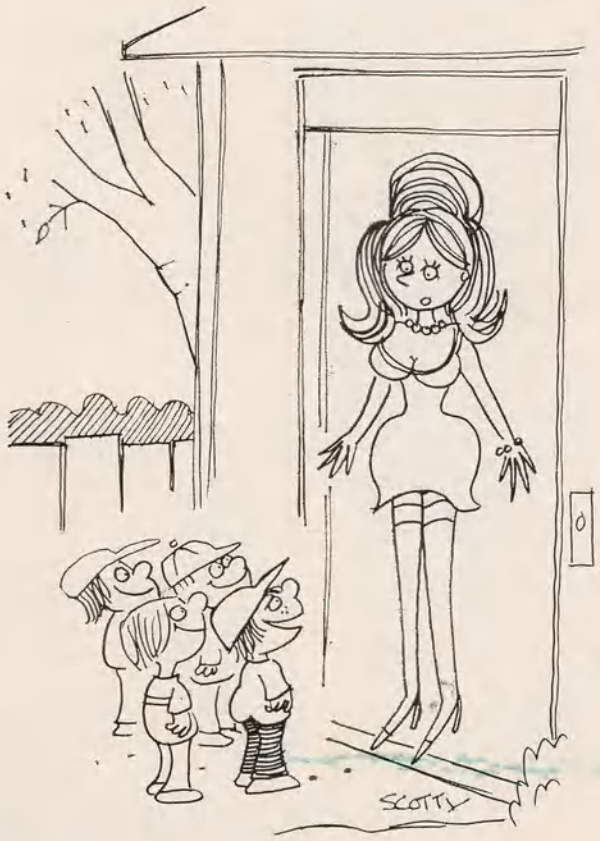
He spent the next three years in a state hospital for the criminally insane until the doctors declared him legally sane and fit to be tried. At his trial Reece tried to demolish the courtroom. It took five deputies to subdue him, even after he was handcuffed. The judge gave him five years to life, but after barely three and a half years the Adult Authority decided that he had made a "social adjustment." They knew this because Reece told them so himself. He was, he declared, eager for parole because it would allow him to work on the outside with juvenile offenders. "I want to deter them from a life of crime such as I have led."

Exactly fifty-two days after his release Reece kidnapped young Debra Ann Rebiejo, a Hayward college student. He raped her, shot her five times, and then dumped her corpse in a drainage ditch. He stole a car, robbed a woman clerk in a wig store, tried to rape her, and shot her when she screamed for help. He shot it out with pursuing lawmen, who returned the fire and captured him, critically wounded. The district attorney of Alameda County, who prosecuted Reece, learned only after the battle that the "crime wave" was back on the streets. The Adult Authority hadn't bothered to inform him of the release.

If parole is eroding the authority of the courts, plea bargaining may be cutting their throats. No better process was ever devised for bringing a nation's judiciary system into ridicule and contempt and for negating the very purpose for which it is supposed to function. A plea bargain is a legal ploy that allows a defendant to plead guilty to a reduced charge in return for a sure, time- and money-saving conviction. In other words, it is a legal conspiracy between prosecution and defense aimed at rendering a trial unnecessary. it is an efficient economy measure and perhaps the most disastrous fixture known to criminal justice.

Today, nationwide, 90 percent of all serious crimes are cleared by plea bargains, although "cleared" is hardly the right word for a procedure based essentially on falsehood. The most illustrious plea bargain in history was that of Vice-President Spiro Agnew. The Justice Department allowed him to plead *nolo contendere* (no contest) to a count of income-tax evasion. Agnew resigned as vice-president and received a three-year suspended sentence and a $10,000 fine instead of imprisonment. The U.S. court structure is so overburdened that even a 10 to 15 percent cut in plea bargaining would double the trial load and virtually squash the machine. Chicago Judge Marvin Aspen has stated, "Sometimes you have to rely on things which are antagonistic to the system just so the system won't fall apart." But in the sense of society's constitutional right to trial the system has already fallen apart—90 percent of the time.

The perniciousness of plea bargaining cuts both ways, shafting nearly as many innocents as it allows guilty criminals to get off lightly. Thousands of hack lawyers make a practice of hanging around courtrooms and fastening on to potential clients at the time of their arraignment. These clients, mostly poor, bewildered, and semiliterate, usually agree when their self-appointed mouthpiece suggests that their only chance of avoiding a stiff sentence lies in pleading guilty to a charge one rung down from whatever they are facing—say, assault instead of armed robbery. The prosecutor will usually agree as well, particularly when his evidence is shaky. So the



"We thought you'd like to know you've been elected as the mother whose dress we'd most like to look up."

lawyer collects his fee, the prosecutor his conviction, and the accused his sentence, whereas he might well have been acquitted had the case gone to trial; or he might have received an even lower sentence. The process is so irrational that it sometimes results in cellmates' serving radically different stretches for the same felony.

New York City is America's plea-bargain capital because it has the most logjammed courts, a ludicrously divided criminal-justice system, and a state legislature suffering from periodic urges to commit harakiri. During one such fit it narrowed the definition of first-degree murder down to the slaying of police and correctional officers. Other killings rate as second-degree, thus depriving the prosecution of one more chip in the bargaining game.

(This doesn't mean, however, that cop killers are necessarily tried for first-degree murder—not when expediency suggests otherwise. Luis Velez cold-bloodedly gunned down officers Fred Reddy and Andrew Glover and confessed both slayings. Nevertheless, District Attorney Morgenthau permitted him to plead guilty to two counts of second-degree murder. Why? Well, Velez would have received a mandatory death sentence, and the Supreme Court *might* have struck down the verdict. That *could* have meant an expensive retrial. Rather than risk such a gruesome prospect, Mr.Morgenthau agreed to a bargain that demonstrated utter contempt not only for the lives of policemen but also for the law of the state. The dead officers' colleagues felt even more embittered by the sop thrown in their direction: the district attorney's recommendation that Velez should never be granted parole. Everybody—including the district attorney—knows how parole boards treat such recommendations.)

New York City currently averages about 1,700 homicides a year, nearly half of them in Manhattan alone. Less than 60 percent of these cases are cleared annually, one way or another, which may constitute a world record for lame justice.

In 1973, an average year for Manhattan, grand juries voted 326 homicide indictments. From this total, 200 killers plea bargained their way down to manslaughter or negligent homicide raps, which differ quite drastically from murder. Manhattan thus spared itself the expense of 200 trials. Almost everybody was pleased: conservatives, because it saved the taxpayers' money; liberals, because it prevented the killers from languishing in jail for long; and the slayers, because they collected from two to five years for deeds that once—not so far back—meant the electric chair. The only unhappy ones were the cranks who believed that homicide laws should actually be enforced and—perhaps—the families of the 200 victims.

On the other hand, things can go hard on a defendant who refuses a bargain, chiefly because of the interminable delays and expenses involved. In the fall of 1973, there was a series of rape-robberies within a few

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short blocks of each other on Manhattan's East Side. All followed the same pattern. A man knocked on a young woman's door, asking for pencil and paper to leave a message for another tenant. When the victim let him in, he held a knife at her throat, wrapped a panty hose around her neck, and threatened to strangle her if she didn't submit. Three of the victims, all exceptionally attractive, recognized a photo of their attacker—a man who had been arrested for a sex offense in Queens some years earlier. His name was David Allweiss, a tall, natty twenty-one-year-old who called himself a writer.

On October 10, Allweiss, accompanied by an attorney, walked into the East Twenty-first Street station house and turned himself in. He was arraigned and duly released on bail.

On the night of October 23, a friend found the body of Carol Hoffmann in her studio apartment on East Twenty-ninth Street. She had been a publishing assistant working for Harper & Row, a well-groomed, smartly dressed career woman with a divorce behind her. She lay on the white rug, face up, a panty hose wound around her neck, the blade of a knife protruding from her abdomen. The medical examiner determined that Ms. Hoffmann had been manually strangled, not garroted, and that the killer afterward had plunged the knife into her stomach ten times.

The amazing thing was that her boyfriend had actually talked to her murderer for about fifteen minutes, just before she was killed. The boyfriend had telephoned her at 9:00 P.M. and learned that a man was in her apartment, a man with a "problem." He had come in allegedly looking for another man who had raped his wife. The boyfriend talked to him and tried to calm him down. When Carol came back on the line, he advised her to get rid of the fellow—fast—and then ring him back. She said quietly, "All right," and hung up. When she failed to ring back, the friend went to her apartment and found her dead.

The panty hose clue, which smacked of fetishism, made the detectives arrest Allweiss. Carol's boyfriend then identified his voice as positively that of the man on the telephone. The crime laboratory also established that a strand of hair found in the dead girl's mouth had the same properties as the suspect's hair. But that was all the evidence linking him to the murder. It was a weak case and grew no stronger when six young women identified Allweiss as the man who had raped them in their apartments. Proof of multiple rape was not proof of murder. Furthermore, Ms. Hoffmann had not been sexually assaulted.

The bargaining began and dragged on for nearly two years, losing whatever resemblance it might have had to a legal procedure. The district attorney offered to drop four charges of rape if Allweiss would plead guilty to two, plus the murder. Allweiss refused, and the wrangling went on. In April 1974 he agreed to plead guilty to raping two women. That plea was to cover "pending cases," including the killing of Carol, and he was promised a sentence of eight to twenty-five years, which could get him out on parole after three years. But later Allweiss withdrew his plea, saying that he hadn't realized that he would, in effect, be admitting the murder. The only recourse was to try him in court, a prospect the prosecution dreaded.

The prosecutor, Assistant District Attorney Paul Flaxman, asked for permission to employ the so-called Molineux Doctrine, a rarely used method of introducing evidence of the defendant's past crimes in order to prove a pattern that matches aspects of the present case. The six women took the stand, described their rapes, and pointed out Allweiss as their attacker. There were certain matching elements—such as the lingerie fetishism—that also appeared in the murder. But the fact remained that the killing was not a rape murder, and this point Flaxman seized upon with remarkable skill.

"Each of these women complied with the defendant's order. Each is alive," he told the jury. "I suggest to you that you may reasonably draw the conclusion that Carol Hoffman is dead because she did not comply. Carol Hoffmann is dead precisely because she was *not* raped!"

The jurors found Allweiss guilty of second-degree murder. He received up to eighteen years' imprisonment for the rapes and twenty-five years to life for the murder. On Flaxman's request the sentences were consecutive, making Allweiss ineligible for parole until he is sixty-seven. An example had been made, perhaps not of justice, but certainly of what happens to culprits who turn down a good bargain.

Among conservatives it is an article of faith that "soft judges" bear the main responsibility for our homicide crisis, and that toughness from the bench would go a long way toward alleviating it. Like so many articles of faith, this doesn't stand up too well under scrutiny. There are, of course, a great many judges whose soft souls match their soft heads. But, to begin with, these judges are the products of a selection system to which conservatives cling with iron tenacity. Every attempt to change the system encounters their furious opposition.

We have also seen how the powers vested in parole boards can take the bite out of virtually any sentence. In 1977 California Superior Court Judge Peetris did his utmost to hand a fitting penalty to Robert Leroy Biehler, with distinctly anemic results. Biehler, who had aspired to become "the pimp of San Fernando Valley," murdered a mother and her fifteen-year-old son, an adult neighbor, and a roller derby girl. In court the judge declared that the only appropriate punishment for the quadruple killing would be death and, since that was not possible under present law, life without possibility of parole. This sentence, however, can be given only for such crimes

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as kidnap for ransom. "The next step downward in severity would be consecutive sentences for each murder," said Peetris. 'Unfortunately, the Sentencing Law of 1976 does not permit this." He therefore gave the defendant life in prison but added: "The reality of this sentence is that because of credit for time already spent in custody—450 days—Biehler would be eligible for parole in five years and ten months from today."

So the problem is not really a large number of indulgent judges. Incompetency is much more important. In New York, Chicago, and other large cities, political sachems determine who will be elevated to the bench, and their choices frequently waver between nonentities and outright disasters. Court reporters call a large proportion of these party appointees "old necessities" because—like necessity—they know no law. Legal ignorance, however, is often one of their minor failings. As Pat Brown, former governor of California, once acknowledged, "There are some judges that are superannuated, senile, mentally ill, or alcoholics, and they should be removed."

This is easier said than done. Federal judges are appointed by the president and can hold their jobs for life. They can be removed only by impeachment for misbehavior, which happens very rarely indeed. Gubernatorial appointees, who rank among the worst, can theoretically be ousted by the voters. In practice the incumbents have so many advantages going for them, such as patronage and political influence, that it becomes immensely difficult to vote them out. Ordinary voters do not, as a rule, keep an eye on courtroom affairs; so a judge's behavior has to be spectacularly awful to cause him to lose his seat at the polls. Lack of judicial knowledge alone won't do it. As a rule, judges can perpetrate any amount of courtroom inanities without getting either censured or ousted.

They can also, if they choose, get by on the barest minimum of work. A study conducted in Chicago found that, despite the severe shortage of judges, the day of the average Cook County jurist entailed no more than two and three-quarter hours on the bench plus one and three-quarter hours in his chambers.

Undoubtedly, the most corrosive feature of the system is the constant pressure of local politics on bench decisions. Steven Phillips, former assistant district attorney in New York's Bronx County, told of a potentially explosive homicide case (an Italian boy had knifed a black high-school student; simply to prove his machismo). In the plea-bargaining wrangles that followed, Phillips proposed an open plea of first-degree manslaughter, leaving the question of sentencing entirely in the hands of the judge—where it belongs. He was not in the least surprised to hear his proposal turned down on the spot. "What, are you out of your mind?" the judge asked. "You want me to stick my neck out on a case like this? No way! . . . I'll adjourn the case for one week. If, at that time, the district attorney's office is prepared to make a recommendation on sentence, I will accept the plea and follow that recommendation. If not, I will set the case down for trial."

It is this uncertainity, this pathetic lack of judicial self-assurance, that creates much of the havoc in criminal jurisprudence. It tends to make judges go off the deep end in opposite directions. According to temperament, some act like Attila the Hun, cursing, bellowing, threatening to jail everybody within reach, imposing penalties that first-year law students know will be overturned on review. Others display marshmallow spines, letting themselves be bullied by all participants, including obstreperous defendants, and watching benignly while their court becomes a shambles. (In New York I saw a defendant spit repeatedly at witnesses without stirring His Honor to a reprimand.) Only a minority of American judges wield the calm, detached authority expected as a matter of course from British judges.

The result is a numbing proportion of mistrials and reversed decisions, adding further time and expenses to cases that have already consumed too much of both. (For example, an ordinary Los Angeles theft trial, involving $100, ended up costing taxpayers $130,212.) Most reversals are based on procedural errors or improper sentences that moderately efficient judges could have avoided.

But even outstanding jurists find it wellnigh impossible to administer some of the transcendental laws imposed on them by legislators. A prime specimen was the 1970 Bail Reform Act, which aimed at the abolition of some old evils and succeeded in compounding them with new ones. Bail is an ancient Anglo-Saxon legal tradition, antedating the Magna Carta. It has always worked unfairly against the poor, who had to stay in jail while the rich "posted bond" and went free until the time of their trial.

The Reform Act, introduced in the District of Columbia as a "model law," sought to rectify this inequity by requiring that an accused be set free, without bail, if he can demonstrate the kind of community ties that suggest he will show up for his subsequent trial. The first pitfall was that wonderfully vague term "community ties," which can be interpreted to mean just about anything. It can, for example, mean a woman with whom the accused is currently living. In a case I attended, this turned out to be a prostitute whom he had picked up in a bar three weeks previously. The judge accepted the lady's address as the accused's "established residence." A parole officer told me an even better one. "Quite often they give the name of a 'resident friend,' and he or she is a codefendant in the crime for which they're going to be tried."

According to the U.S. attorney's office,

"She's trying to talk me into buying her another drink."

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out of 2,000 indicted felony cases, 500 failed to appear for trial. But this is still a better record than that of Bonabond, an organization founded by ex-convicts that frequently gets "third-party custody" of defendants awaiting trial. More than one-third of Bonabond's clients either didn't show up in court or were rearrested for other crimes before their appointments were due.

Most of the felonies mentioned above were property offenses. You might think that bail regulations would be more stringent where violent crimes or murder are concerned, particularly when the safety of prospective witnesses is at stake. Not so. Section 1321 of the Bail Reform Act states explicitly, *"No financial condition may be imposed to assure the safety of any person or the community."* This means that an armed bandit, whose fate hinges on the testimony of his victim, has as much right to free bail as a shoplifter has. And if the victim or his family get threatening phone calls in the meantime, they have to *prove* that these calls come from the defendant before bail revocation can be considered.

Until 1972 judges had the optional power to detain defendants charged with capital crimes. But that year the Supreme Court effectively abolished capital punishment in the District of Columbia. Lawyers could therefore argue that, since capital crimes no longer existed, their clients were entitled to the same bail benefits as were others not charged with murder. Often they argued successfully, giving rise to grimly comic interludes in which judges in one breath called the defendants "dangers to the community" and in the next granted them bail. High-money bonds make no difference, except to give the judge a sterner image. What the general public does not know is that defendants usually have to put up only one-tenth of the amount.

Throughout the American judiciary network—coast to coast—there aren't nearly enough judges or prosecutors, bailiffs, clerks, or typists, not enough courts, jails, or even washroom facilities. And what exists is frequently of such inferior quality that it provides additional handicaps.

The one commodity available in superabundance is lawyers, the only personnel who have multiplied as fast as the crime rate. At the beginning of this century, there was approximately one lawyer to every 1,100 Americans. Today the ratio stands at one to 530. (In England it's one to 1,600; in Japan one to 10,300.)

Far from easing the overcrowded court dockets, this plethora of legal eagles is constantly adding to the burden. They will tackle the most harebrained appeals, the most frivolous judicial maneuvers, simply in order to keep busy and rake in some form of fee. And while they may do their clients not a shred of good, the bench must deal with these shysterish manipulations.

The situation was summed up neatly by Sen. Edward Kennedy: "Our existing criminal-justice system is no deterrent at all to violent crime in our society."

SEXUAL BLUR

The agony and the ecstasy of nonstop orgasm; why sexual relief is just a climax away.

BY NICK TOSCHES

February 3
Today marks the beginning of the fourth year. Something must be done. I can't talk to anyone about it, and it's driving me mad. I'm going to the gynecologist Monday, and I'll tell him the whole story. I don't see any other way.

February 6
The doctor had a face like a ferret, and his hands were cold. As I spoke, he fondled his speculum in what struck me as a very anxious, unprofessional manner. At one point, he swatted with his speculum at an insect, which I think wasn't even there. I hinted, I stammered, I mumbled and shrugged, and then I trumpeted it out.

"I have an orgasm problem."

"This is not an uncommon problem among young women," he said, glancing about the room for his insect tormentor. "You know, Susan, often it isn't the woman's fault so much as her partner's. I'm talking about petting or the lack of it. Cunnilingus." He uttered the last word with a lascivious, velar trill.

"No. Not that sort of problem. I have too many orgasms. I can't control them."

"Too many orgasms," he said with a wry, theatrical air and a fillip of the speculum. "I would hesitate to call multiple orgasms a problem."

"I don't have multiple orgasms. They're just orgasms. But I have them all the time."

"All the time?"

"Yes. On the subway. At the beach. While I'm eating lunch. Watching television. I had one out there in your waiting room."

And now he put down his speculum, looking at me as if I were a puppy that had soiled his carpet. "You had an orgasm in my waiting room? This is decidedly strange. How often does this occur?"

"All the time. I'll feel my heart quicken. My thighs tingle. Then it happens. At least two or three times a day, without rhyme or reason. It causes the most embarrassing, disastrous moments. I can't hold a job. I'm afraid to leave my apartment. My aunt died last year, and I had an orgasm at the funeral."

The doctor shined his beam within me but found no trace of physical disorder. He gave me the card of a psychiatrist and walked me to the door.

"You think I'm crazy, don't you?" I asked.

"Of course not," he replied, regarding, with what was either reverence or distaste, the leather couch in his waiting room.

God knows how I'm to get money for a psychiatrist or for anything else. I'll have to attempt another job interview and pray that nothing goes wrong. Soon. The unemployment checks end next month.

February 10
Billy from down the hall took me to dinner at Alfredo's last night, and I didn't create a scene. Then, as soon as we returned to his apartment, it hit me. I leaned against the wall and felt my eyes roll back. Billy asked me if I was all right. I held his arm and came, quite audibly. He took my ass in his hands and kissed my neck. I put my tongue in his mouth and waited for him to unbutton my blouse. I waited and I waited, and then I just reached down, unzippered his pants, and drew his dick out.

His head felt warm between my legs. My calmest moments come when I am naked, in a bed, with a face against my crotch—circumstances in which an orgasm is never a faux pas. I draped my legs over Billy's shoulders and relaxed as his tongue painted pictures on my vulva. Then I felt his dick enter me, and my hips trembled. I bit his chest and enjoyed the orgasm of the just. Later we lay with our heads in opposite directions, each of us pecking at the other's pink.

"Before, when we first came home, you had an orgasm, didn't you?" Billy said.

"Sort of," I said, hoping he would shut up.

"That's weird," he mused. "I've never seen anything like that before."

"I don't want to talk about it," I said. I took his shrunken dick and his balls into my mouth with one great glumph. Instantly, the pale, smooth prey got big.

"O Lord," he said.

February 14
I feel like it's getting worse, if that's possible. I went for an interview today, and it was a bust. I should have known better than to show up for the interview. My alarm clock didn't wake me this morning; my orgasm did. The sun hadn't even come up yet, and I was lying there semiconscious, slobbering on the corner of a pillow and coming in colors. It's awful. My life is a machine-gun orgasm. I come the way other people smoke cigarettes. I'm the only girl alive who comes more times a day than she pees.

Sixty-seven Wall Street. I had my fancy, blue velvet suit on. There I sat, explaining that I'm sheer hell with a Dictaphone and that I can type seventy-five words a minute on a slow day. He was looking at my résumé, and he was impressed. Then it happened—every bone in my body turned to hot tea, my thighs tensed up, and I began to feel faint.

"Shall I call a doctor? Do you wear one of those metal tags that explains this?" he asked.

I shut my eyes. It was a big one, like on that night in Asbury Park, under the boardwalk with Jerry Flaherty, when he stuck it in slow, and it seemed to never end, and I went out of my skin . . .

I opened my eyes—how long was I swooning, a second, a minute?—and realized he was speaking at an intercom. "Get in here. This young lady is having some sort of fit. Damned if I know. She's making these, these animal sounds. Maybe it's that damned LSD they take."

"I must be coming down with something," I said to the woman who had joined us. She looked at me and then at him.

"Thank you," he said to me. "We'll call you when we make our decision."

"Drink plenty of liquids," said the woman as I walked toward the door. On my way home I stopped for a hot dog, and it hit me again. I've got mustard and onions all over the front of my velvet suit. I'm going to go to bed and dream about being frigid.

February 16
I met the strangest little man this morning at the Jefferson Market. He was before me on the checkout line, and he kept turning to me. He'd smile and then whisper something. Finally, I said, "I can't hear you." Then he said it a bit louder, and I realized that I knew what he'd been saying all along.

"I'd like to kiss your legs," he said in a soft British accent. "If I can guess your age and weight, will you let me?"

I didn't answer, although I felt more beguiled than annoyed. Then he sized me up and down and spoke again.

"You're twenty-one years old, and you weigh one hundred and twenty-four pounds. And, what the hell, you're five and a half feet tall. Should we make a date, or shall I come along with you now?"

Now I was not only beguiled but also impressed. He'd got it all correct. And, what the hell, maybe I felt like having my legs kissed by a cute little limey. Half an hour later, I was lying on the couch in my undies, and the Englishman—Willie is his name—was lavishing romance upon my shins. After a few minutes, it hit

me, and I just lay there shivering.

"Ah, you, too, favor the legs. This is good, very good indeed." He clenched my knee with his teeth and then hummed.

I managed to get his dick in my mouth. It was a small one but a pretty one. I sucked it all the way in till I could feel it fill the turn of my throat. The Englishman spread the lips of my cunt and swept his knuckles across my clitoris. I came again as his yokum rushed down my throat, making of each gasp a hot swallow.

"Personally," he was saying a few moments later, "I think all women should wear hose and paint their toenails red. I've always found it curious that there are women who conscientiously brush their teeth two and three times a day but go for days on end without shaving their legs. But tell me about yourself."

He's invited me to go dancing with him this weekend, but I think I'll have a headache.

February 24

Billy took me to the ballet last night. I came in the middle of *La Bayadère*. It wasn't an exceptionally violent orgasm, but it was obvious. The elderly woman sitting next to me leaned over to her husband, and I heard her say, "Jeffrey, this girl is having . . . an experience." Billy is such a sweetheart. We stayed up half the night, fucking and drinking beer, and I told him I'm going to see the psychiatrist next week.

February 25

Rosalie came by this afternoon. I've known that bitch since Bayside High, and she never changes. She gave me a copy of her latest magazine article (which is to say her third article to be published since she interviewed Jill Johnston for the Pace weekly in 1974). It's called "A Consumer Guide to Winter Brie."

"Do you have any idea, Susan, what it means to have a piece published in *New York*?"

"It doesn't even take up a whole page," I said. "Use the ashtray." She scattered those ashes on purpose; they landed everywhere but on her.

"You once wanted to be a writer, too. What happened, Susan, did you throw in the towel?" the bitch asked.

"I still write, sometimes. Not too much about Brie, though." While I was speaking, I felt it coming over me. I tried to rise and leave the room, but the attempt was too late. The orgasm seemed to last a full minute, during which time Rosalie watched.

"You know, Susan, I've seen you do that before, and I'll be damned if I can figure out what you mean to accomplish by it. That night at Lorraine's party, you went through that little act and had every guy in the room drooling on your shoulder. It's a hell of a way to get attention; that's all I can say."

"Listen, Rosalie"—or did I actually say, "Listen, bitch"?—"I don't do it on purpose. They're attacks."

"Orgasm attacks. Yes, of course. That's the most absurd thing I've ever heard in my life. Involuntary orgasms! Do you even know what an orgasm is, Susan? A woman has to *work* for an orgasm. Attacks my ass."

"Rosalie, go eat some Brie," I said.

March 1

I sucked my first teenage dick today. I mean, it's the first one I sucked since I was a teenager. It was an unusually mild day, and I was sitting in Central Park, near the Fifth Avenue entrance, reading ghost stories. It hit me. (And is it my imagination, or have I actually had an orgasm at *precisely* two in the afternoon every day for the past three weeks?) After I came, I opened my eyes and saw this cute boy of eighteen or nineteen sitting at the other end of the bench.

"Hey, lady, wanna make love?" he said. "I was watchin' you, and you look like you wanna make love. I know a good place near the pond where nobody goes."

So I tucked away my ghost story and followed him behind a knoll of leafless trees. He spread his jacket on the ground with gallantry, and I took off my pants. His dick was cold and hard, and my mouth was warm and wet; he came in a flash, and in a flash it was hard again. He held his hands on my ass as we fucked. I came all over that little son of a bitch.

"Doin' it makes me hungry," he said. I'll have to use that line myself someday.

March 6

The psychiatrist's name is Weber. He says the whole problem is involuntary muscle spasms, brought about by trauma.

"Something happened to you four years ago that is still reverberating through your mind and body. What do you think it was that caused the trauma?"

I said the answer before he finished the question: "Four years ago I first got laid."

"Ah! You make it too easy."

"You mean, you know how to treat this sort of thing?"

"The literature is not extensive. I recall the case of a young man in Los Angeles, in 1948. O'Leary was his name, if I'm not mistaken. He had traumatic hiccups. He hiccuped for years. Then one day in 1956, the hiccuping ceased, just like that."

"I don't get the message. Can you cure me or not?"

"If you've got the money, honey, I've got the time. That's a little psychiatric joke. Of course I can cure you. I've walked men back from the crags of dementia. Orgasms! I eat them for breakfast."

March 10

My mother feels that I am the victim of divine retribution. She took me to dinner last night to remind me that my unemployment money runs out next week. Then she asked if I'm still having "those seizures."

"Mother, you might as well call them orgasms. After all, that's what they are," I said.

"With food in your mouth, you say such words?" She cockled her nose in repulsion. "A girl gets all hot and bothered at a funeral. That's the new morality, I guess. I'm amazed you didn't rape the priest."

"Mother, they're spasms. I really can't help it because I can't control them," I told her.

"Your father has names for girls who can't control themselves. You brought it upon yourself, Susan. At age twelve you're smoking cigarettes. Two years later you're drinking schnapps. Then those awful drugs! Waking your father and me up at three o'clock in the morning to tell us your hands are melting. Now look at you! Defiling funerals. Gyrating like a, like a hotsy-totsy girl in the middle of Bayside Boulevard. Young lady, you had better pray that there's no hell, because if there is, you're——"

Then, with gross irony, it came over me. I dropped a fork to the floor and shuddered. It was a slow burn, like the final fuck on a hot summer night. My mother's eyes suddenly turned into cold flames of prurience.

"I refuse to believe this," she was saying. "It's like *The Exorcist*. My own flesh and blood. The birds and bees aren't good enough for her. She has to have sex fits. Thank the Lord your father isn't here to see this. The waiters, they're all looking at us and making faces. Check, please!"

March 20
Rosalie the bitch called this morning, and I can't get over what she suggested. First she *apologized* for her lack of understanding last month. Then she said that we should write an article together, an article about *me*.

"You know, Susan, a lot of women out there would be very interested in your problem. And with my experience, there's no telling how much a magazine might pay for the story."

Her experience. The dean of American Brie writers.

"I don't know, Rosalie. I doubt if it would be a pleasant task. I could use the money right now, but I expect to have a job soon. I don't know."

"We don't have to use your real name. And we'll split the money fifty-fifty," she said.

"Seventy-thirty," I said. "They're my orgasms."

"You mean you'll do it? If I can get an assignment, you'll do it?"

"It would seem so at this point. How much money do you think there is to be made?"

"I can't be sure, but it'll be a lot," she said. "I got two hundred bucks from *New York*, and that was only Brie."

And so, perhaps, I will become a published writer. A pseudonymous one.

Meanwhile, I broke my previous record today: nine orgasms between morn and dark, including a killer on the Seventh Avenue bus. I also got hit while brushing my teeth tonight—a new position. I swear, without this diary, my past would become one great blur of orgasms and embarrassment, interrupted only by flashes of economic stress. What am I saying! That's what my past is even with the diary.

Oh, hell, I'm going to knock on Billy's door and get fucked. Might as well break ten, right?

March 28
The son of a bitch. The fucking dirty cocksucker. *Shit*. I want to remember it all, because someday I'm going to get even, very even. The bastard.

There I was, desperate as hell. In my purse was the last forty dollars of the last unemployment check. I had to get the job. And the bastard wasn't even looking at my goddamn résumé. He was flirting. And like an asshole, I was flirting back. It came over me, and he stared for a moment and then locked his office door.

"It's the sight of my neck that's driving you wild, isn't it, Ms. Fox? I'll have you know my penis has been likened to that of a god. Worship my groin, Ms. Fox."

He stood before me naked, poking his dick at my face. I grasped it and pressed it to my lips. My orgasm had ceased, and I was thinking, *You're going to get the job*. He was rocking on the balls of his feet as I sucked. I removed my skirt and lay on the desk, pulling his dick toward my crotch and congratulating myself. He shook a calendar and an ashtray off the desk with his fucking. I placed my tongue in his ear and whispered, "I'm coming, baby," and then a second later felt the warm tension explode from his dick. He dressed and then said it.

"I don't think I can give you the job, but I'd like to buy you a drink sometime."

God, I wanted to kill him, rip that stupid thumb of a dick from between his legs and drop it into his shredding machine. I couldn't even speak, I was so infuriated. Someday, there'll be revenge. I can still hear his parting words: "You should use one of those vaginal deodorants." Never again. *Never*.

April 6
I went to Doctor Weber again today, and we tried to figure out why my first fuck had caused a trauma.

"It wasn't even a good fuck," I told him. "I don't even think it was in right. He was just sort of lumbering at my urethra for a few seconds. Then he came and sneezed all over my face. I caught his cold."

"Ah, to be young again," the psychiatrist said. "And how soon after this was it that the attacks began?"

"When I caught his cold, my first sneeze was an orgasm. A few days after he fucked me, or assaulted my urethra, or whatever. I was seventeen then. I've been coming ever since."

"Have you tried holding your breath?" he asked.

April 11
In a way, Rosalie's news scares me. That *Ms.* should give us almost a thousand dollars to write what I've been writing here all along—it seems like easy money. On the other hand, I hate the idea of making a sideshow attraction of myself.

"That isn't it at all," Rosalie claimed. "These are your sisters."

"I have one sister," I told her. "And she lives in Bethpage."

April 20
I had an orgasm at the post office as I was opening my mail.

"Bad news?" an old gentleman asked.

I can't believe we finished the *Ms.* story in a single night. I'm an author, an author who has orgasms on the steps of the Chelsea Station post office. Before breakfast.

April 23
Billy and I spent the entire day indoors, alone, and every time it hit me, he came to me and romanced my skin. I haven't felt so normal—so *lucky*—since I was seventeen. He said he loves me, and I said I love him. And then he washed my cunt with hot water.

May 3.
I want to write this down calmly, even though I'm still flying.

An editor at Doubleday called at 3:15 (approximately ten seconds ago) to say that she'd read the *Ms.* story in manuscript and that she was willing to give me a contract to expand the story into a book. Six thousand American dollars, half of which I get as soon as I sign the contract. I love myself, orgasms and all!

May 17
This morning I asked Doctor Weber if my condition was dangerous. Is there something essentially wrong with me? To the point: am I crazy? He answered that there would come a time, perhaps not too far off (depending on the therapy), when there would be no more orgasm attacks.

"For the time being," he said, "I would console myself with the fact—and it is a fact—that there are many women who would kill to be in your panties. Besides, you got a book out of it. I wrote a book once, but nobody would publish it. It's called *Vagina Dentata: One Man's Story*. Perhaps you can arrange an introduction with your editor some time."

May 30
Am I going to be rich? Billy says I am. Tom Snyder called me personally this afternoon and asked me to come on television with him. I had an orgasm while I was talking to him, but I don't think he noticed. Sara at Doubleday says she expects to have a prepublication paperback deal soon. I'll have to call Mother and tell her the good news. She's grown so interested in my unique powers. So very, very interested. ○+□

PSYCHOGRAPHIC
SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

BUSINESS AND CAREER:
RATE YOUR OWN SUCCESS PROBABILITY QUOTIENT

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Twenty questions that will also help you learn how to succeed.

PSYCHOGRAPH

Once you have achieved success, you know it. And if you ever have any doubts, you can always go out to the garage and see if your Lear jet is still there.

Identifying the successful man is hardly a trick. He's the one with the limo, the Dunhill suit, the Cartier watch, and the house in the country. He flies to business meetings in helicopters and doesn't shine his own shoes.

The real trick is figuring out whether or not you're going to end up being one of those guys. Are you doing the things now that will bring success later on? Are you *in the process of* succeeding? Answering such questions isn't always easy when you're in the midst of your career. That's when the path to the chairmanship of the board bears a disturbing resemblance to the one that dead-ends someplace in the accounting department.

For the moment, you and the guy at the next desk may both drive Toyotas and eat lunch at McDonald's. But chances are that ten years from now one of you will be considerably farther along than the other. If you turn out to be the one on top, the victory won't be due solely to fate or dumb luck. Every day on the job you make decisions that shape your future. And it's not always the big, scary decisions that are most important in determining your success or failure. The little things—how you phrase a memo and how you speak at a department meeting—can be crucial. The man who wants to succeed works toward that goal every day. His success evolves from a combination of style, balls, hard work, and an instinct for doing the right thing at the right time.

This quiz is designed to see how you measure up in those departments (style, balls, hard work, and instinct, that is). After taking it, you may have a clearer idea of just how far you've come along the yellow-brick road that leads to success. You'll have a chance to compare how your attitudes and behavior match up with those of other successful people.

Any insights you gain from this quiz may not immediately transform you into an Andrew Carnegie, but the information might signal what you're doing right and what needs changing. And that's not a bad return on your investment, is it?

1. H. L. Mencken once wrote, "For every problem there is a solution that is simple, direct, and wrong." Do you (a) agree; (b) disagree?

2. Imagine that you're out looking for your first full-time job. If given the choice, would you select
   (a) a relatively easy job that would enable you to test the water and learn the ropes?
   (b) the most challenging job you could find, even if sometimes you didn't know what the hell you were doing?

3. You've been asked to speak at a business luncheon. Doing so is not part of your job. Besides, you'll have to work like a son of a bitch to make up for the time you're out of the office. Do you (a) accept; (b) refuse the invitation?

4. Take a look around your office, or if you don't have an office of your own yet, look at the top of your desk. Do you surround yourself
   (a) only with materials that relate directly to your job: calculators, computer printouts, market reports, etc.?
   (b) with general business materials: books on management and copies of periodicals like the *Harvard Business Review* and the *Wall Street Journal*?

5. Do you (a) agree; (b) disagree with this statement? "I want to make it to the top and will risk *anything* to get there."

6. Do you (a) work at your job after hours, or (b) beat it home right at 5:00 P.M.?

7. Here are two sets of abstract values. Which do you instinctively identify with?
   (a) trust, leisure, social welfare, obedience, dignity, conformity, conservatism, equality, religion.
   (b) change, ability, creativity, achievement, prejudice, agressiveness, competition.

8. When dealing with physical objects like tools and office equipment, do you
   (a) use them only for the purposes they were intended to fulfill?
   (b) sometimes use them in unusual, oddball ways? For example, do you crack walnuts with a hammer or pick your teeth with a paper clip?

9. You're working hard to get to the top because
   (a) you want the money, power, and prestige that a high-level job confers.
   (b) you want a sense of job satisfaction, achievement, and the opportunity to put your ideas into practice.

10. Does being hated bother you? (a) yes; (b) no.

11. "Changing jobs usually jeopardizes career progress. It's better to stay with one company. If you keep doing your job well, your superiors will notice and reward you." Do you (a) agree; (b) disagree with these sentiments?

12. "If I really blow an assignment, I don't want to know about it." Do you (a) agree; (b) disagree?

13. A Stanford University study shows that the most successful executives tend to share five specific characteristics. We've listed them below. One was found to be more important than the others. Which is it?
    (a) energy; (b) sociability; (c) social boldness; (d) oral persuasiveness; (e) self-confidence.

14. How much of the time do you feel satisfied with your job?
    (a) all of the time; (b) most of the time; (c) a good deal of the time; (d) about half of the time; (e) occasionally; (f) seldom; (g) never.

15. Do you dislike working with people who are brighter than you? (a) yes; (b) no.

16. You have just made a difficult decision. Now you have second thoughts and suspect that you may have chosen the wrong alternative. You
    (a) stick with the original decision because you still believe that it might have a chance of success.
    (b) try to arrange things so that you can go back and start over, this time choosing the other alternative.

17. "I like to handle as many details of a job as possible myself. I get nervous about what I can't control." This statement (a) does; (b) does not reflect your own attitude.

18. When you're at work, do your shirt and jacket pockets bulge with pens and pencils? (a) yes; (b) no.

19. Let's say that you're a computer specialist. Ten years from now would you rather be
    (a) running the world's *best* computer installation?
    (b) heading the world's *largest* manufacturer of computers?

20. You are the chief executive officer of your corporation. You've spent the past year struggling to bring your firm back from the brink of bankruptcy. You've succeeded. To whom do you look most for approval?
    (a) the board of directors
    (b) other executives in the company who were involved in the struggle
    (c) yourself
    (d) subordinates in the company who now realize how sharp you are
    (e) the business community in general, which has watched your long struggle and wondered if you'd overcome the challenge.

THE ANSWERS AND WHY SUCCESSFUL MEN CHOOSE THEM

1. (a) H.L. Mencken's quip illustrates a prime rule of success. A Carnegie Institute study of high achievers put it this way: "A man's chances for success depend on the recognition that the environment is more complicated than it looks."

2. (b) The American Telephone and Telegraph Company surveyed thousands of its executives and concluded that a challenging first job is perhaps the most crucial predictor of future success. Easy (and consequently dull) first jobs turn people off. If you lose your competitive edge at the beginning of your career, you may never be able to resharpen it enough to cut through the corporate deadwood that blocks your way to the top.

3. (a) Self-promotion is essential to success. You'll never get a shot at that next job up the ladder if no one can remember your name. Giving speeches and writing articles for business trade publications will help establish your reputation as a man who sees "the broad view." Make sure that notice of your extramural success appears in any in-house newsletter that your company publishes. (A simple paragraph will do: "Don de Sade recently addressed the Leather Whip Manufacturers' Association in Minneapolis. . . .")

4. (b) Surrounding yourself with "generalist" business materials projects the impression that you are not a narrow-minded specialist but a man capable of understanding the movings and shakings of the big world. When your superiors are looking around for someone to promote, a generalist is the type of man they want (mainly because that's the type of man they think they are).

5. (b) Successful men take risks, but they are not blind gamblers. Prof. William Howell, chairman of the psychology department at Rice University, says, "High achievers will seek situations that are challenging, but not necessarily ones that involve tremendously high risks. Their primary aim is to achieve; the higher the risks, the greater the odds against achieving."

6. (a) Hard work alone won't bring success, but, on the other hand, success rarely comes to those who don't try their utmost. Dr. Thomas W. Harrell, professor of applied psychology at the Stanford University business school, says, "We find that hours worked and earnings go hand in hand. The highest paid work the longest hours."

7. (b) George W. England, professor of psychology and industrial relations at the University of Minnesota, studied 2,500 executives and found that the most successful ones gravitated toward the (b) values. The less successful executives favored the less "dynamic" (a) values.

8. (b) Psychologists look for this trait when they are judging people's creativity. Successful men tend to score high in creativity. They take what a situation gives them and make the best of it.

9. (b) Men who are extremely successful don't place much value on the (a) goals but are highly attracted by the (b) goals. They like the *doing* more than the *getting*; they enjoy the process of achieving more than the rewards of achievement.

10. (b) Most people agree with Leo Durocher: nice guys finish last; rats succeed. These sentiments may or may not be true, but the hatred they inspire toward successful men is real. Your success threatens everyone: superiors fear losing their jobs to you; peers and underlings resent your getting ahead. Knowing this, you must take pains to placate key people who can sabotage your progress.

11. (b) Fewer than half of all top executives started out with the companies they ended up running. A McGraw-Hill survey has found that one in three of the most successful industrial executives change jobs *each year*. William P. Lear, the aircraft man, has been quoted as saying, "As soon as you've learned how to do your job as well as it can be done, ask for more responsibility—or for a different job. If you don't get it, get the hell out!"

12. (b) Successful men learn from their mistakes. As a matter of fact, many use mistakes in order to advance themselves: when they really blow something, they announce the failure *before* anyone else is even aware of it. Then, when the mistake becomes widely known, they are viewed, not as assholes, but as men with an astute grasp of the situation.

PSYCHOGRAPH

13. (d) Stanford psychologist Thomas Harrell studied the career success of his business school's graduates. This was his conclusion: "Oral communication is the most important factor in success." The most successful man, he said, "is interested in persuading others to his point of view. He likes to talk."

14. (b) or (c) High, but not complete, job satisfaction marks the man who's on the right track. If high achievers feel indifferent toward their jobs or aren't particularly satisfied with them, they quickly seek other work providing more satisfaction. They know that negative feelings will come out in the form of poor job performance and might screw up their chances of advancement. On the other hand, if they feel *totally* satisfied with their jobs, they realize that they aren't being challenged enough.

15. (b) The most successful men are rarely geniuses. They are brain pickers. They know how to take other people's knowledge and put it to good use. They look on people brighter than themselves as a resource, not as a threat.

16. (a) It may come as a surprise, but it's often more important to be emotionally *committed* to a decision than to have chosen the "correct" solution. A "wrong" decision very often is just the long way around, and you may learn something important along the more circuitous route. According to Purdue psychologist Daniel Ilgen (he specializes in motivation and leadership), "Often you can compensate for a wrong turn if you're really committed to your choice. Being convinced you're right and going ahead can benefit you." It has also been found that young executives tend to make instinctively correct decisions. They get themselves in trouble only when they begin doubting their choice and fiddling around with it.

17. (b) Although successful men pay enormous attention to details, they don't get bogged down in them. Dr. O.A. Battista, head of the Research Services Corporation, summed up the proper success attitude in an article that he recently wrote for the journal *Supervisory Management*. "Let others do things for you," says Battista. "The first rung on the success ladder is to delegate responsibility and encourage subordinates to do their best."

18. (b) A pocket full of pencils, pens, and other impedimenta of your trade is the badge of a drudge. Successful men may work like hell, but they always look as if they just came from lunch at the club. A handkerchief casually inserted into the breast pocket of your jacket says, "I'm in control." Sixteen ball-point pens in the same place say, "I'm busting my ass and going no place."

19. (b) The man who focuses only on technical expertise rarely makes it to the top in the business world. You will not be given a chauffeured limousine for being a technical expert—no matter how good you are. The expert technicians usually end up in comfortable staff jobs, not at the top. They make $50,000 a year while management generals pull down $250,000. As one top executive puts it, "You don't get to the top by focusing on a pinpoint."

20. (c) Dr. Joseph C. Bailey, who has taught at both the Harvard and Northeastern University business schools, asked this question of twenty-four men who headed some of the largest multinational corporations. Their most common response was "Me. I must satisfy myself, above all, that I have done the best I can do. When I can do that, anyone else's approval is pleasant, but superfluous."

SCORING SCALE FOR SUCCEEDING QUIZ

Give yourself five points for each correct answer. If you scored 75–100 points:
Keep doing what you're doing. You apparently understand the subtleties of success. You may still be buying your clothes off the rack, but that may not be true for long.

40–70 points:
Like most of us, you have the potential to succeed, but you need some fine-tuning. Go back and check the questions you blew. Begin your campaign for success in those areas.

0–35 points:
You may be a hopeless fuck-up. It is more likely, however, that you just haven't yet awakened to the fact that success is a complex game which anyone—including you—can play. In that case, keep reading . . . and learn some of the rules.

LEARNING TO SUCCEED

Occasionally someone actually does succeed without really trying. But most men who get to the top of their fields realize that succeeding is a skill. Success, like the fundamentals of a craft, can be learned. You become better at it by practicing.

Learning to succeed can be a lifelong occupation, and one could write volumes on the ways to go about it. But a few things are primary.

Set goals. If you don't know where you want to go, it's hard getting there. Write down your long-range goals, your short-range objectives, and a program for achieving them. Review your agenda regularly to see how you're progressing and if anything needs revising.

Make decisions. Make the small, easy ones first, the tougher ones later. The easy decisions are likely to turn out correctly, and, consequently, you'll become accustomed to succeeding. You'll get in the habit of succeeding. Write down your decisions so that you can review them later to see how they came out. Look for patterns to your successes. For example, are your best decisions made at certain times of the day or week?

Ask questions. People are flattered when you ask them for knowledge. And when you ask astute questions, you show that you have a keen interest in your work. Besides, the more you know, the less likely you are to run into situations that you can't handle.

Watch your boss. He didn't get where he is by being a complete jerk. By studying those farther up the ladder, you will begin to recognize the "style" that successful men exude. Once you break the style down to its components, you can start applying them to your own actions.

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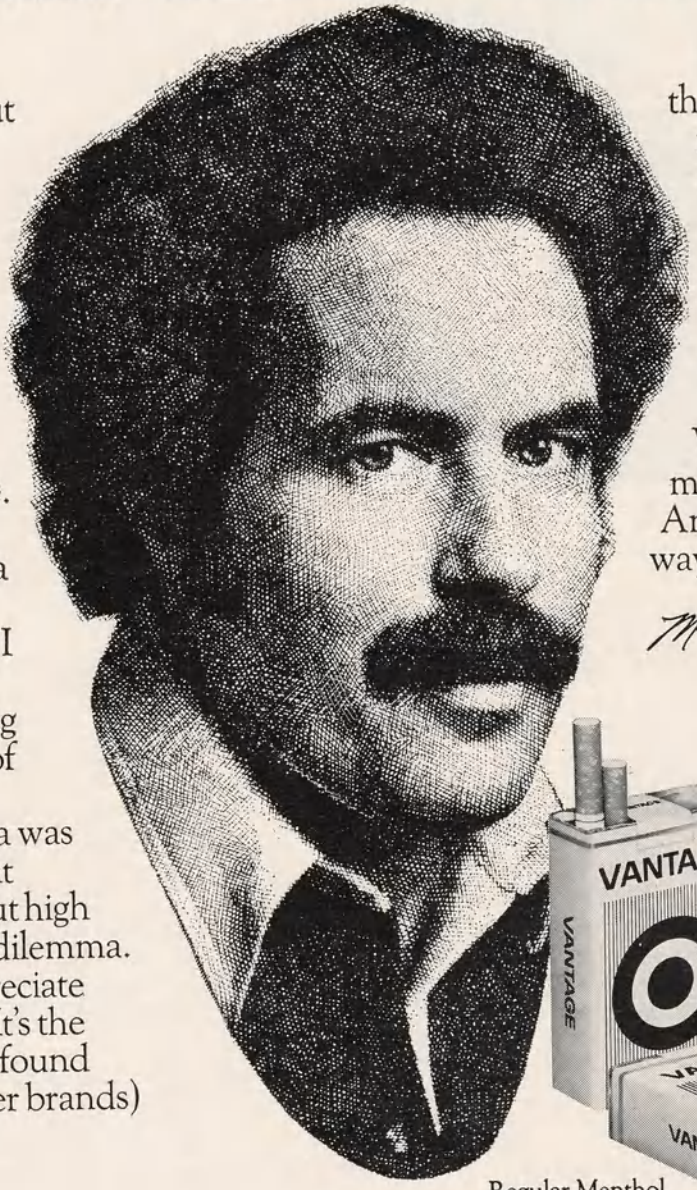
"I have my own ideas about smoking."



"I know what I like out of life. And one of the things I like is smoking. But there's no getting away from the stories I keep hearing about cigarettes and high tar.

"There's also no getting away from why I smoke. I smoke for the pleasure of it. For the taste. And for enjoying a cigarette after my long day as a teacher.

"Then at night when I work my other job—as a drummer—I enjoy lighting up between sets. It's part of the way I live.

"For me, the dilemma was how to find a cigarette that could give me taste without high tar. And that was quite a dilemma.

"Which is why I appreciate Vantage as much as I do. It's the only low-tar cigarette I've found (and I've tried several other brands) that really gives me cigarette taste and satisfaction.

"And the Vantage filter is especially neat because it's firm yet easy drawing.

"As far as Vantage goes, my mind is made up. And that's just the way I like it."

Mike Barbano

Mike Barbano
Atlanta, Georgia

Regular, Menthol, and Vantage 100's.

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FILTER: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine,
MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '77;
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Aerosol anti-perspirants are 70% propellant gases. Mennen Squeeze is zero % gases. ☐ You get 100% anti-perspirant solution. That's why it lasts a month to two months longer than a 4 oz. areosol. ☐ And Mennen Squeeze is effective. Its fine spray mist gives you lasting protection against wetness. ☐ Be penny wise, not propellant foolish. Get Mennen Squeeze.
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SQUEEZE ANTI-PERSPIRANT
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NEW UNSCENTED SPRAY MIST
ANTI-PERSPIRANT
SPRAY DEODORANT

Crucifixion

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 134

walked over to the great barn, newly painted and shining bright, and Roy pulled open the largest of the barn doors.

"This is the door you are to nail me to, do you see?"

Sidney nodded. Roy did not know whether to be relieved or angered by such calm compliance.

But then after this wooden docility, Sidney kneeled down in front of the renderer, saying, "Release me or kill me. I can't, I can't, go through with it."

"The only way you can release yourself is to nail me fast to the barn door. Now I will give you some dope to drink if you want it, but I got to be nailed there, and you got to bring Brian to see me in the morning. Otherwise, you won't never be free of me . . . Is that clear now?"

"I don't know; I don't know," Sidney kept muttering.

"Well, stand up, then, for if you don't do it, I am going to shoot you. Understand?"

Sidney said nothing.

"All right, now I want you to bathe my right wrist and arm and my right foot and thigh with this alcohol I brought along." Roy took out the stopper from a large bottle, and Sidney listlessly rubbed these portions of his body with the solution.

Then Roy pointed to the nails lying all ready in a row on some white cloth beside the two hammers.

"Now you nail me to the door just like you was as smart as the next fellow, get it? You owe it to both of us, Sidney. Nail the son of the renderer to the barn door. You know you want to."

Suddenly, a great cry came out of Sidney's chest, which made even the scissors grinder wince a bit. Sid had the nails in the palm of his left hand, and then after a long wait of pure silence, he raised the heavier of the two hammers.

The first nail went through Roy's wrist with more ease than he had thought possible.

The renderer went pale, especially in the mouth, but no sound escaped from him. The blood perhaps spoke for him, as it jettisoned about everywhere, staining Sidney's shirt and hands, spurting even on his hair.

Then, driven by some force unknown to him, Sidney had soon nailed Roy's arm, foot, and ankle with several heavy nails to the barn door. In his haste to hammer he stumbled over a small box, which spilled out more nails.

Sidney then drew back from his handiwork. Roy appeared to have passed out, but then all at once he opened his eyes again. He was badly stained with blood, which kept on running, trickling, even gurgling.

"Then, in the morning," Roy began to speak but stopped. "In the morning you bring Brian; don't forget," he got out somehow.

"I think your arm needs a couple more nails," Sidney spoke, his mouth open and working furiously.

Sidney pounded the extra nails in with vehement concentration.

He waited, as if marveling at the many little streams of blood coming out of the body of Roy Sturtevant, like many little brooks and creeks swollen by a sudden cloudburst.

"Then I will be back in the A. M. with Brian McFee," Sidney announced with his mouth almost directly over the closed eyes of the man nailed to the barn door. "At the first flush of day I will bring him to you."

Sidney De Lakes had been a high diver in high school, among his other athletic accomplishments, and his coach had wanted him to try for a scholarship to a large school later on and become one day—who knows?—an Olympic star.

Even though he already dived with the beauty and precision of a laureate athlete, he hated diving and hated water.

Now, as he drove off in Roy Sturtevant's truck, with the pickax and other tools for digging, headed for the cemetery, he felt again as he had when he had dived into the pool to the plaudits and huzzahs of his coach. Actually, when he had seen the admiration and even love on the face of the young man who had taught him to dive and swim so superbly, he felt there was no need to go on and work harder to be an Olympic victor. His coach's admiration and closeness completely satisfied his ambition.

Now, again, as he faced the imposed task of digging up Brian McFee, he felt a new and infallible coach was commanding him to dive into some bottomless precipice, and he feared it much more than death itself, as he had feared more than death putting the first nail in the flesh of his enemy, the renderer's son, but then, having put in the first nail, he had wanted to put in more; he had wanted as a matter of fact to cover entirely the scissors grinder's body with nails so numerous that he would look as if he were clothed in an iron suit composed of shiny little silver heads.

But he had discovered something else, as when, from perilous heights of diving, he had discovered he loved, not the sport, but the coach. Now he saw, not in a blinding flash but in a calm recognition, that as he had watched the contempt of the renderer for the pain and mutilation he was inflicting on him, he loved Roy Sturtevant in the same way he had loved his coach, who had also commanded him to accomplish the impossible.

In almost the blinking of an eye then, Roy Sturtevant had become his coach. There was no scissors grinder or renderer any more, with blackened fingers and dirty ears; there was merely the young man who was bleeding and nailed to an old Pennsylvania-style barn, waiting for his pupil's return with Brian McFee, whom they had both loved equally.

So the wheel had come full circle. His past was blotted out along with most of his memory, and all that remained to him therefore was this new coach, bleeding and heroic against the barn door. So he would show him Brian McFee; he would take the nails out and then hold him in his arms, for he would be his;

they would both be one another's forever. Roy would guide and keep him. He would not let him go wrong again. They would not part from one another ever after, having only at last been united pursuant to so many devious detours and windings, as souls long separated from each other by the world's vicissitudes are said to enter paradise linked arm in arm.

It was about an hour and a half till daybreak when Sidney went upstairs to Gareth Vaisey's room. Gareth was sitting up, which gave Sid a shock, for he resembled so very much Brian McFee, who was also sitting up by the driver's seat down below, waiting for Sidney to drive him back to Roy and the unnailing.

"Did you kill him? You've been gone long enough to kill a army."

Sidney kept staring at him, marveling at the resemblance and feeling dizzy by reason of the teeter-totter effect of his running now to Roy, then back to Gareth, and then all over again from one to the other.

"It's all settled." Sidney spoke in the dreamy manner that had become habitual with him of late. He slumped down into the arm chair, and his hat fell off at his feet.

"What's the meaning of all that earth on your shoes and pants?" Gareth wondered.

Then after studying his lover: "Did you kill and bury him already?"

Sidney's lips began to form the word *yes*, but then, coming up with a start, he answered, "Roy ain't dead yet, no."

Then, panicking at Sidney's peculiar behavior and his flushed cheeks, Gareth cried: "Where did you leave him then?"

"He's nailed to the barn door."

Gareth let out a sound like that of a balloon being burst and then jibed: "You're stoned, ain't you? You dumb shit ass . . . You didn't do nothing to him, I bet."

"Oh, no? . . . Well, Brian's down there in the truck, for your information. We're going back, him and me, to Roy's place at daybreak, and then I'm goin' to take the nails out."

Gareth shook his head. A volley of oaths and curses came out, but not so much aimed at Sidney as perhaps at the powers that had bestowed on him life and breath.

"I promised him," Sidney was going on, "I would bring Brian back so he could see him nailed to the barn."

Gareth got out of bed and came over and looked at Sidney close all over. Then, stooping down, he picked his hat up and put it on his head, and as he put the hat heavily over his head, his long hair began to fall down but did not fall as long or as far as usual, because it was secured this time by a familiar pink cord in the back.

"I'll see about this," Gareth admonished him, "and I will be going along to find out if you are totally insane or whether . . . "

He pulled on his pants and ran noiselessly down the long staircase. He opened the screen door, then the storm door, and went out to where the truck was parked. He was gone a long time; in fact, Sidney had fallen asleep and had begun to snore.

When Gareth came back into the room, he walked like some crippled old man of ninety. He could barely help himself into bed and put his upper body under the counterpane. He made queer, little sounds almost like that of a quail when it senses the shadow of a hawk over itself. Then he began to cry.

Sidney woke up. "Did you take a peek?" he wanted to know.

Gareth cried on.

"Why don't you shut up?" Sidney said indifferently. "You might wake up everybody."

"He don't look . . . rotten," Gareth got out now, the horror of what he had seen not yet having completely reached him. "He looks . . . fresh . . . "

"I think," Sidney began swallowing convulsively, and then he took off his hat and looked inside the crown, "I reckon . . . the coach . . . must have embalmed him lavishly on the sly."

"He looks alive!" Gareth moaned.

"I think you're right."

"But who is the coach, Sid?" Gareth mumbled, rising up in the bed and loosening the covers.

"Why, *him*, of course."

Gareth Vaisey did not ask more; he was weeping silently now but spasmodically.

"So can I go back with you then to Sturtevant's place?" Gareth said very quietly.

"Don't see any reason why you can't . . . After all I just have to do them two things, show him Brian if he's still alive and remove the fucking nails."

"That shouldn't take too long, should it, Sid?" Gareth inquired.

"No, I expect not," he answered. Then he kissed Gareth on the forehead, touched his lips to his cheek, and after a wait put his mouth on Gareth's mouth as if he were tasting a plate of fresh-picked cherries. Then, catching sight of the first few streaks of the dawn, Sidney jumped up and ran down the stairs three at a time.

"Wait for me; wait up, Sidney. You promised!"

Gareth climbed on the side of the car, which was already in motion, and the rifle he was carrying with him all of a sudden went off twice. Sidney stopped the truck.

"Get in. I had most forgot about you when I seen the sun coming up . . . Get in the back on the floor on account of Brian should ride right beside me, don't you think . . . ?"

Gareth jumped in the back of the truck, holding his rifle.

"Did you ever see such a sight now! By God, he was telling me the truth for once in his life!"

Gareth said this, for he had been the first to jump out of the truck and had run right up to the barn door, and there he was, nailed stark naked just as Sidney had told him he would be.

"Are you dead, Roy? Because you sure look it. If you *are* still alive, I may aim to shoot you myself and put you out of your misery."

He rubbed his hand over the renderer's chest; and when it came away smeared with red, he wiped his hand lazily on his trousers.

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WITH DEODORANT
Mennen Bath Talc has an effective dry deodorant. Most baby talc doesn't. ☐ Mennen Bath Talc also has a masculine scent. ☐ So if you're big enough to buy your own talc, get the one with grown up features.
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IN THE MAY *FORUM* ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

WHY I GO TO PORNO MOVIES

"Not to get turned on!" insists writer Frank Gillon. "But I can unreservedly state that these films have added to my sexual sophistication and improved my love life." He gets down to specifics in this eye-opening account of his favorite spectator sport.

YOU NEED SPORTS TO LIVE LONGER

Some sports are great fitness builders; others aren't. A lot depends on how you play them. Here's a guide to choosing a sport that you'll enjoy for years and years while you get the exercise you need in order to stay healthy.

TOTAL INTIMACY WITH FRIENDS: HOW IT CAN ENHANCE YOUR PLEASURE

"Much has been written about the impact of sexually open relating in a marriage, but almost nothing has been said about what's involved in making the *outside* relationship work," says social scientist Dr. James Ramey. This fascinating article fills the informational void.

LOVE IN THE BACKROOMS

In a section adapted especially for *Forum* from his forthcoming book *Autobiography, A Novel*, John Rechy takes a personal look at New York's backroom bars, where gays can gather for orgies of anonymous sex and, sometimes, something more meaningful. An article that's certain to be controversial.

SECRET GARDEN

In California a massage instructor and a poet have created a unique pleasuring experience. They call it Secret Garden, and they pleasure a woman in a very special way. This experience has led Secret Garden's creator and its clients beyond sex into pure sensuality. Read about it in the May issue of *Forum*.

"You let go of my prisoner!" Sidney suddenly shouted, leaning out of the truck window. "I am fulfilling my part of this bargain, and you keep out of it. You hear me?

"Would you look at them nails, the size of them, the way they have been pounded in!" Gareth's voice rose over the gray white landscape, echoing and reechoing from the empty barns and sheds and unused houses. "Why, you are a goddamned fiend, Sidney De Lakes." Here Gareth turned, still holding his rifle, which, having been pointed at Roy Sturtevant, was now aimed in the general direction of the truck.

"Put that damned gun down, you hear, and get over here and help me with Brian, will you?"

For some reason Gareth obeyed Sidney. He put the rifle down by a little fence with cottoneaster vine growing all over it and sauntered up to the truck.

Sidney, his face flushed, his mouth open, was lifting the dead Brian out of the truck.

"He's heavy as lead for some reason, or else I have lost all my strength from hearin' you ravin' and rantin' . . ."

Gareth took hold of the dead boy and helped Sidney carry him directly in front of where the renderer stood against the barn door. They propped Brian up with a few good-sized boulders that were lying around.

All at once Sidney turned away, doubled up, and began to cry as if somebody had shot him in the belly.

"I ain't dead, Sidney."

(Sidney and Gareth were not certain who said these words, and they gazed at one another for what seemed like an eternity, and later on in the hospital jail Gareth Vaisey admitted that he had thought Brian McFee had spoken then, and Gareth had thrown himself as a result down on the ground and flailed about like someone having a fit.)

"Was that you who spoke, Roy?" Sidney said cautiously and began walking in the direction of the barn door.

"Who else?" Roy answered back and opened his eyes.

His eyes were like stones floating in blood, beautiful and eloquent, too. He closed them as soon as he saw Sidney.

Sidney began speaking very close to the renderer: "I done like you told me to, Roy, but it should never have been done, if you ask me . . . I hope you are going to be all right, though." He touched Roy's chest with his forefinger and then drew it away streaming with blood.

"Where is Brian?" Roy inquired, his eyes still shut.

"Right in front of you, Roy. Cain't you see him?"

Roy opened his eyes and gradually focused them on Brian. They had placed the dead boy on a mound of earth that might have been—who knows?—once an anthill.

"How did you get him to sit up like that?" Roy wondered.

"I guess I had to break his back maybe, to tell the truth."

"That's Brian, all right," Roy agreed. "I have to hand it to you, De Lakes."

Sidney had closed his own eyes now, and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 170

PENTHOUSE *Fashion Finder*

For "where to buy" information on fashions shown on pages 122–125, contact these manufacturers or stores.

MARK BIRNBAUM for CARARA
40 West Thirty-seventh Street
New York, N.Y. 10018 (212) 695-6678

Mike Bain, Los Angeles, Calif.
Macy's, New York, N.Y.
Gatsby's on Oak, Chicago, Ill.

PINKY AND DIANNE LTD.
for PRIVATE LABEL
730 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10019 (212) 581-6565

Charivari, New York, N.Y.
Britches, Alexandria, Va.
Maxfield Bleu, Santa Monica, Calif.

ICE by BLYE
40 West Fifty-fifth Street
New York, N.Y. 10019 (212) 892-4700

Nordstrom's, Seattle, Wash.
Garcia Designs, all New Jersey stores

FADED GLORY
537 University Avenue
Norwood, Mass. 02062 (617) 762-9300

RON CHERESKIN DESIGNS
1290 Avenue of the Americas
New York, N.Y. 10019 (212) 489-7060

DAVID LEONG-NEW YORK
249 West Twenty-ninth Street
New York, N.Y. 10001 (212) 594-3199

Camouflage, New York, N.Y.
Macy's, San Francisco, Calif.

LEE WRIGHT for G.B. PEDRINI
645 Fifth Avenue
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Barney's, New York, N.Y.
Davis Congress, Chicago, Ill.
Jerry Magnin, Beverly Hills, Calif.
Garfinkel's, Washington, D.C.
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JOHN KARL for CHARSEL
53 West Thirty-sixth Street
New York, N.Y. 10018 (212) 594-0678

Jordan Marsh, Boston, Mass.
Jacobson's, Longwood, Fla.
Macy's, San Francisco, Calif.

ROBERT TRUTH
350 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10001 (212) 564-0774

CHARLES SUPPON
for INTRE SPORT
550 Seventh Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10018 (212) 840-7730

Neiman Marcus, Dallas, Tex.
Marshall Field, Chicago, Ill.
Saks Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.
Bonwit Teller, all New York stores

F. MICHAEL GLADING for MIKLOS
1411 Broadway
New York, N.Y. 10018 (212) 354-5730

Macy's, New York, N.Y.
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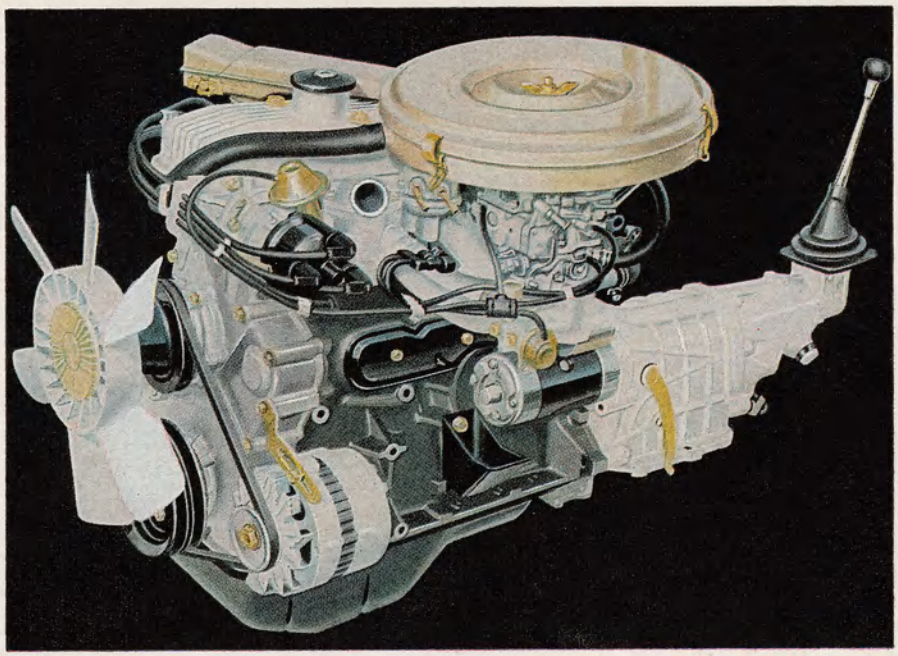
Introducing our two-barrel, four-cylinder, twelve-valve, smooth-running, low-emissions wonder.



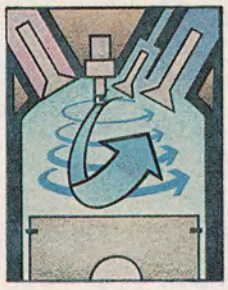
If you're really into cars and driving, you should know more about our amazing new MCA-Jet System with Silent Shaft. We think it's one of the most significant engine developments to come down the pike since the first American high-compression V8.

First off, it offers all the advantages of a four-cylinder engine...but without the vibration usually associated with the proverbial "four-banger." Its unique Silent Shaft design (available only with the five-speed manual and automatic transmissions) is the reason. Two counterbalancing shafts rotate in opposite directions to cancel out the noticeable power pulses inherent in normal four-cylinder designs.

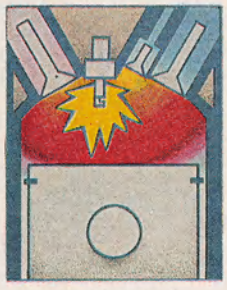
Now comes the MCA-Jet part of our system. MCA stands for Mitsubishi Clean Air. The MCA-Jet System meets...even exceeds...the stringent emissions requirements now in effect in both Japan and America. Without loss in performance, too. A revolutionary new cylinder-head design that incorporates a third, or "jet," valve does the job. This valve introduces an extra swirl of air into the combustion chamber which swirls the fuel-air mixture and promotes a faster, more even, thorough burning of the mixture at ignition.

The MCA-Jet System. It's a simple, yet highly sophisticated, answer to a very complex problem. The kind of answer you would expect from people who care about cars and driving as much as you do.

A cutaway of our amazing little engine.



Induction and compression phase.



Ignition and combustion phase.

MCA-JET SYSTEM.

Exclusively available on Dodge Challenger, Dodge Colt, Plymouth Sapporo, and Plymouth Arrow.

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SAAB TURBO

Muscle *and* brains: a turbocharger for power performance, plus fuel economy and low exhaust emission.

BY JOE KELLEHER

Like the dinosaur and the convertible, the large-displacement muscle cars of the 1950s and 1960s have joined the ranks of officially extinct species. The superbombs that could pass anything but a gas pump were weakened by the automotive ice age of emission control and finished off by OPEC. The current crop, complete with spurious spoilers and dummy air scoops, are all hype and no heart—strictly for the Serutan set.

At least, that was the gospel according to the local gas-pump jocks who considered Detroit the Mecca of the auto world. Luckily, one heretic, SAAB, had a really better idea—turbocharging.

When word about the new SAAB car leaked out, the reaction ranged from skepticism to disbelief. When the Turbo finally arrived, one drive converted the skeptics and turned the disbelievers into "born again" muscle-car buffs.

A real sleeper, SAAB's turbocharged two-door turns the clock back to the days when putting your foot down produced real results. The results in this case amount to a chain reaction. A tentative nudge to the gas pedal produces a solid surge of smooth power and the kind of acceleration expected from a king-sized V-8. As engine rpm's increase, the amount of push needed to turn on more power decreases. Keep an eye on the tachometer, because the needle gets up to the 5,700-rpm red line very quickly. You can get to it—and past it—so quickly that SAAB has incorporated a cutout that shuts off the fuel pump if you exceed 6,000 rpm. This allows an overeager driver to go at it without having to worry about blowing up the fast-revving engine. If you think that'll cramp your style, remember that at 5,300 rpm, in fourth gear, you're cruising at a cool 110 mph. All this action is produced by a mere 121-cubic-inch engine, one that gets an easy 22 mpg from a 2,700-pound luxury sedan having ample room for five full-sized adults and their luggage.

SAAB has always had a solid reputation for engineering excellence. But the turbo trick caught everybody flat-footed—many other automakers tried it and gave it up. Actually, turbocharged engines have been around since the early 1930s, mainly for big trucks. The idea is simple enough. First, take the hot exhaust blasting out of the engine and use it to drive a gas turbine. Then hook the turbine to a centrifugal blower that pumps air into the cylinders. The result is more air into the engine and more power out.

The reason you don't have turbos on most cars today can be summed up in a single word—*lag*. Driven by the exhaust gas, the speed and output of the turbocharger lags behind the engine. When the turbo catches up, the power comes on in a big surge, usually lagging by about three to four seconds after the moment that you really need it.

SAAB eliminates the lag by using a turbocharger that starts pumping while the engine idles and by adding a bypass valve in the exhaust line. During acceleration, exhaust pressure builds up quickly, and the turbocharging effect begins at engine speeds as low as 1,500 rpm. As engine speed and exhaust pressure build up, the SAAB turbocharger spins faster, and the amount of air forced into the engine increases; more air in means more exhaust out, thereby producing even higher turbocharger speeds and still more air in.

To break this chain reaction, which could destroy the engine, SAAB added the bypass valve. At higher engine speeds some of the exhaust gas to the turbine is bypassed or dumped by the valve, limiting the speed of the turbocharger and the amount of air forced into the engine; in simple terms, the bypass valve keeps the turbocharger from going too fast and blowing up the engine. It all happens so smoothly and at such low speeds that the power lag is virtually eliminated. When you need power you get it—right now.

Starting from a dead stop, you quickly find out that SAAB's engineers are on your side. With all that Turbo power, jumping on it too hard in first gear simply lifts the front end, allowing the front wheels to spin harmlessly. First lesson: take it easy in first unless you're climbing a wall. With a few tries, you realize that you can coast around town in any gear—if you stay under 2,000 rpm. But if you need the push, it's there—just jump on it. Without fuss or effort, the Turbo can accelerate from 30 to 70 mph in third gear quicker than most cars with three times the displacement. The power plant's flexibility is reminiscent of a V-12. The compression ratio is reduced to 7.5 for turbocharging; so the engine pulls smoothly at very low speeds. In fourth gear the Turbo can be accelerated from a dead stop to an honest 110 mph in one smooth surge.

The Turbo is hardly the car for every man, but if you're tired of hype and hoopla and are looking for a solid piece of machinery that you can enjoy for years after the payments are finished, this is it. With the Turbo you'll also find yourself driving an instant legend—while having a damn good time. SAAB's traditionally fine handling combined with the Turbo's guts produces an automotive sleeper that will provide a rude awakening for the drivers of Detroit's current crop of anemic muscle cars. Stop by a dealer, check the price—around $11,000—check the quality, take a ride, and check the competition. If you like a car that's all heart and no hype, this sleeper is guaranteed to wake you up.

Photographs by Earl Miller

IN THE MAY *VIVA*

TAMARA DE LEMPICKA She made a passing nod at cubism, neoclassicism, and art deco all in a clip. Lempicka was master of an art style as refreshing and dry as chilled white wine. She was a classic. So why is she all but forgotten today?

CIRCUS FOLK The true life of circus folk is simultaneously tragic, exuberant, and mystifying. Emily Prager "ran away to talk to the circus." This month she files her surprising report.

TRICHOLOGY After your hair's been permed, hennaed, and blown dry to within an inch of its life, can you ever love it again? An interview with Trichologist Philip Kingsley shows how to find—and make friends again with—your "roots."

THE INDEPENDENT NOSE Carole Rosenthal's bizarre tale of a woman who comes to grips with (not to mention to blows with) the appendage in the center of her face.

MARVIN MITCHELSON Michelle Marvin—Lee Marvin's "ex"—started the furor. Women who have cohabited without benefit of a marriage license have always gotten the shaft in more ways than one. Their legal rights were nonexistent. Will that change? *Can* it change? Crusading lawyer Marvin Mitchelson talks about his fight for the rights of the "non-Mrs."

LOVING MEN Jane Lazarre knows, as do we all, that loving men is an eternally imperfect achievement. We put up; we make do; we forebear. In this often ironic, brutally honest chronicle, Lazarre recalls some strange interludes in the mine-studded path to heterosexual fulfillment.

PLUS: Accessories for the sporting life: Mother's Day salutations; in this corner: knockout evening wear.

Crucifixion

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 166

he kept passing his hand forward and backward over his face.

"I want to take you down from the door now, Roy, and put you to bed. Then I will call the doctor . . . Whatever you command, though," he added quickly at a look, fearful to behold, which came from the renderer.

"You have changed, Sidney De Lakes."

"How have I?"

"You are different. Different all around."

Sidney looked back where Gareth lay on the grass very quiet and still.

"I think Gareth had some kind of fit," Sidney opined.

Sidney began walking in little circles around the hammer with which he had pounded Roy into place. He circled about the hammer as if it were a dangerous animal, which might attack him. Then, very deliberately, he bent over it and picked it up gingerly. His jaw closed tight.

Then, very quickly, almost at though he had leaped upon Roy, he wielded the hammer over the renderer and swiftly pulled out one of the nails. There was a scream of pure agony; then Roy fainted, his head falling to his chest, which still swam with little circles of blood.

When Sidney pulled out the next nail, the pain must have been so pronounced that he came to. Then Roy waited with his eyes open, resting on Sidney, and Sidney waited also.

Sidney's face drew closer and closer to that of the renderer. His lips then brushed against the nailed man's beard.

"What was the meaning of that, Sidney?" Roy questioned him.

"Does it have to have a meanin'?" Sidney answered huskily. He touched his face against that of the sufferer and held it there as light as a feather.

"Pull out the rest of the nails."

"Can you take it?" Sidney wondered, his words propelled against the cheek of Sturtevant.

"Well, let me see," Roy said. He began to hemorrhage from his mouth, and Sidney wiped away the blood with his hand.

They both waited a lengthy time. Then Roy began again, "Go in the house, and in the big kitchen cupboard in the second drawer from the top you will find some medicine with a pink label on it. It's marked "emergency only, dangerous."

Sidney ran in the back door and rummaged through the commode. He could not lay his hands on any such bottle for many minutes. Then, clear behind some heavy lace napkins yellowed with age, it was visible. He looked at it gloomily, took off the stopper, and smelled it. He drew away from the odor, gagging. He picked up a glass from the kitchen sink and was about to take it along, then decided the wounded man could drink better from the bottle itself, and put the glass down.

Roy was unconscious, and his entire body swam with gore.

Sidney studied him and watched his breathing, took his pulse, and finally opened his left eye and looked at the pupil.

He drank a swallow from the bottle first and choked on it but kept it down. Then he managed to waken Roy and had him drink several swallows, but he vomited out the first two. Then he made a renewed effort and this time drank thirstily and kept the liquid down.

Sidney's eyes moved down to where Roy's cock hung in almost purple folds of flesh, bleeding also as if he had put nails in it, and his testicles, which appeared to be naturally large, had begun to shrivel up in consonance with the damage and pain done to his arms and legs.

"I'm goin' to pull out the remainin' ones, Roy . . . You hear me, buddy? . . . The last ones now, Roy; so bear up . . . Roy?"

Fearful, barely human screams then rose from the barn door. The finches and song sparrows made a great fuss from the nearby pear trees and rose in little flocks into the air and winged their way out into the forest toward the west, and the horses whinnied in the nearby second barn and kicked at the siding.

Freed from the last of the nails, Roy fell into Sidney's arms as a young tree will topple directly on you if you have not taken the proper precautions in felling it.

The impact from Roy's falling body caused them both to stumble and slip to the earth, where they lay facing Brian McFee, whose eyes were open, though they were more or less holes now and the morning sun had begun deepening the look of rot on his face. Still, he looked beautiful and young and, thought Sidney, very much like somebody in the colored plates of the family Bible. Maybe Jonathan or Absalom.

Roy coughed up blood from his mouth all over Sidney's hands and arms, but Sid barely noticed it in his rapt study of Brian.

Then, rising, Sidney lifted Roy into his arms and carried him carefully to the kitchen entrance, but slipping there, he fell down with him in his arms, and they lay there together on the thick woolen rug, pressed against one another so close that they both appeared to be two men with the same common injuries.

Sidney managed to get up again and carried Roy all the way upstairs. He hesitated as to which room he should choose. He selected the king-sized one, though actually Roy slept in the small room at the end of the hall.

He laid the scissors grinder down on the bed. A toilet and bathroom adjoined the room, where he found a number of clean washrags and towels. He waited a long time for the water to get warm, looking within the room anxiously as he waited. He picked up two bars of homemade soap and then selected a little washbasin and brought all this into the bedroom.

Sidney bathed the sick man carefully. But Roy did not open his eyes during these ministrations.

"I guess that stuff you had in the bottle was the granddaddy of all pain-killers, Roy, for I feel like I'm in a sky of clouds, though I didn't begin to drink as much as you."

Sidney waited a while, studying the sleeper.

"Can you hear me, Roy?"

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He took his pulse again and then allowed his hand to rest in his.

"Sure I can hear you," Roy replied, but his voice sounded as if it were coming from downstairs. "I know all you did and are doing . . . I know it all . . ."

"Why did you make me do it, Roy?" he wondered, pressing his hand in an ironlike grip.

"Why did you make me do it?" came the languid, weary response.

"You're sassing me, Roy . . . Well, go ahead if it suits you. Sass away if it makes you feel better. I deserve sassin'. I deserve—oh, I don't know what. I am so mixed up, Roy, I don't know who I am . . ."

"Did you ever?"

"Did I ever what? My mind is sort of wandering . . . Know who I am? . . . Oh, I don't know . . ."

"Everything comes to you in the end," Roy began speaking now while putting his hands through Sidney's hair, gently pulling the strands of thick, yellow hair, then rearranging it gently this way, that way, then stroking his head. "By and by it all comes down on a fellow."

"Why did you want Brian to see you nailed?" Sidney mumbled, almost too low for the scissors grinder to catch.

Without warning, turning away violently, Roy vomited up some more blood.

Sidney patiently, sleepily cleaned the places over which Roy had hemorrhaged and then went into the bathroom and emptied the basin and brought back fresh water.

Sidney got very calm then. He was looking at Roy's breast steadily. It was the pectorals, he decided, of an Olympic runner. Not only could he see all the muscles easily defined, as in a school anatomy text, but also he felt he could perceive the veins and arteries and even the marrow of Roy's bones. He leant over and kissed Roy again and again.

The wounded man opened his eyes and looked down at Sidney.

"It's too late, Sidney," he said, scrutinizing the man embracing him.

"No it ain't, Roy . . . You'll get better. See now if I ain't right. You'll mend. Let me call the doctor."

"No," Roy spoke with indifferent emphasis. "I don't want no doctor in my house. I'm a doctor. I know more about the human body than a whole college of doctors could learn in another thousand years of study."

"You should have nailed me to the door, Roy," Sidney whispered.

"No, no, that wouldn't have worked. It had to be this way."

The hot fluid that suddenly fell on Sidney's face he mistook for a second for more hemorrhaging, but instead he saw it was tears falling on him. They were hotter than blood.

"Put me in those pajamas I never wore and that are in the top drawer of the bureau."

"You have everything you want in the drawers of commodes and bureaus, don't you?" Sid said.

It took quite a while to get Roy into his nightclothes, and both the pajama shirt and the trousers were soon stained from all the bleeding, which had started up again once he had been moved.

"What time o' day is it getting to be?" Roy said after a long time had passed.

'I'll have to get up and go downstairs to see, Roy. I ain't sure."

"Oh, don't bother. I can see it's afternoon by the way the light falls."

They heard the police sirens then in the distance.

Sidney remembered now that once in prison, not too long ago, as a matter of fact, he had gone into the shower room and had unexpectedly run into a man in there alone, a man whom he had never liked before and who, to put it bluntly, always smelled like a dog after it has been bathed. But in the dim light of evening, this same man looked like a prince (he had actually murdered five people), his eyes flashing baleful messages of beauty and desire, his body like a bronze statue that breathed and moved almost imperceptibly in its grace. Sidney had gone unasked and taken the man in his arms. They had fallen to the floor and had had one another all that night.

Remembering prison then, he felt that he was transported back there and that the man he had loved so devotedly that evening was again by his side. There was no renderer or son of a renderer, no scissors grinder or cistern cleaner or tree surgeon or any of the other

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vocations attached to his enemy's name, and there never had been any Sidney De Lakes, a football star and gasoline station attendant, for he felt he was back thousands of years ago with this "eternal" lover or husband or sweetheart, whatever name, on whom he now poured out all his love.

Roy Sturtevant was returned thus from time to time from the dark valley into which he had sunk, by these improbable, lavish, even cruel caresses coming from the man who lay beside him.

Roy kept saying from time to time: *"You're Sidney, ain't you?"*

"Whoever I am," Sidney would reply, "I am yours; I am all yours."

"Then why, if you are him," Roy would repeat after him as if they had both learned these lines, did not understand them, but had to keep repeating them, perhaps for a tape recording in some unknown prison, "why, why did it take so long then?"

"I don't follow you, Roy . . . What is it you mean?"

"I said, 'What took you so long?' All the time you have waited to tell me it wasn't hate you had for me after all."

"All I know is I have you now, Roy. You're mine. That's all I know."

"But you're stoned; so maybe it ain't real after all or won't be tomorrow." He drew back the upper lids of Sidney's eyes as he said this and looked into them. Then, taking his head in his hands, he kissed Sidney on the mouth solemnly.

"It's real now, Roy, real also in an hour or so, and 'twill be real tomorrow to boot. Hear?"

"I don't have no tomorrow," the scissors grinder said. "I'm finished."

The hinges of the door creaked, the door opened, and there stood Gareth with his rifle.

"The state troopers are on the way." He spoke thickly, sullenly. "It's on the radio downstairs . . . They discovered the robbed grave . . ."

Gareth had spoken possibly before he had quite taken in what was happening in the bed.

"So then," he began but stopped, whirled the gun about, and placed it over his shoulders, "so my suspicions were not too ill founded . . ."

Gareth walked over closer to the bed where the two men held one another in close embrace, their lips half-opened against one another's face.

"Hey now," Gareth whispered, going very close to the men and then kneeling down as if he were looking into a keyhole. "You never kissed me that good, did you, Sidney De Lakes? You never was that tender."

"You go downstairs, Gareth. Roy and I have a lot to talk about."

"No, I won't go downstairs neither. I'm goin' to watch this, goin' to memorize by heart what I'm seeing."

They all heard the sirens coming closer to Sturtevant's property now; then they heard the brakes and tires scream and squeal and a man cursing. After a few minutes the searchlights moved over and into their room, catching Gareth in the eyes.

Then they heard loud profanity and outcries as the troopers discovered Brian's body.

Rushing to the window and lifting it up fiercely so that he almost tore it from its frame, Vaisey stuck his head out into the descending night and shouted oaths and foul language, threats and vituperation, against, it almost seemed, everybody who had ever lived or breathed.

"Come on down, Gareth," a familiar state trooper's voice called up. "We have the place surrounded, and we know Sidney's there with you . . . So come on down and turn yourselves in, and we can straighten this thing all out before no time . . ."

In a kind of panic, yet still cool, and holding his rifle with loving caution and poise, he turned away from the window to face the two "lovers" lying in bed.

What he observed now both sickened and thrilled him, stirred in him his deepest yearnings and passion. The two men held one another in a perfervid embrace, such as angels might be capable of but men are said to have lost. They kissed one another oblivious of any other time or place, thirstily; their longing for one another, it was clear, could never be appeased.

"That's right; kiss and hug all you want. Go ahead; see if I care!"

Then, turning to the open window, he shouted below: "We ain't never coming down

till you drag us. Is that clear, you shit hounds?"

A warning shot rang from below, and then Gareth, a fury aroused in him, a fury which had lain dormant and sleep-ridden for so long, was set free, sundered from its chains, and he shot at his target below brightly lit by searchlights, bringing the deputy to the ground.

"I got the bugger; I got him!" Gareth turned to his two friends.

But the sight of the fraternal, rapt-and-entwined affection of Roy and Sidney made him for a moment speechless, numb.

"And now," he came again to the bed, squatting, bristling, "I got something to say to you two. I want you to quit what you're doin' and listen to me."

Sidney stirred and turned briefly to him to say, "Go downstairs, Gareth. March!"

"But I killed the deputy!" Gareth touched Sidney with his outstretched left hand. "Did you hear, Sid? Killed him . . ."

"I heard you, yes, but look here." He motioned to Roy, whom he held closely in his arms.

"What about him? What about me? Are you mine, Sid? . . . Answer me."

Gareth put down his gun and threw his arms around De Lakes.

"Tell me you're mine, Sid."

"I don't know, Gareth," Sidney replied, letting his head fall over the boy.

"What do you mean, you don't know?"

A bullet from below all at once crashed through the upper part of the windowpane and ricocheted off the wall, but nobody in the room paid the least attention.

"I will give you one last chance, Sid." Gareth extricated himself from Sidney's embrace. "Listen good . . . There's a passageway through the basement where we can go. It leads to the old rendering sheds. We can hide in them, if you'll go with me . . . Then we can light out together . . . Are you listening? See, Sid . . . Quit holding him like that. Let go of him . . . You never held me like that . . . You love that filthy son of a bitch, don't you? Tell me you do, for I can see it. You love him like you never loved me. I see it; I see it!"

Gareth walked to the far corner of the room as he spoke, fingering his rifle again cautiously, barely holding it as though it were fragile or might vanish from his grasp.

"Like you never loved me," he kept repeating. "You four-flusher. Liar, murderer . . . So all this while you have lied to me about how you hated the son of the renderer and he hated you."

"I always knew he loved me, Gareth. Never said he didn't . . ." As he spoke, Sidney looked only in the direction of Roy Sturtevant, whose one hand he held in his.

"You can't love white trash like him, Sid."

Sidney's head fell over on the scissors grinder's chest.

Another bullet, also meant probably as a warning, went through the windowpane, but it struck Sidney glancingly on the arm, bringing a gush of blood. But again neither Sidney nor Gareth nor Roy paid any mind to this. One would have thought a film was being made, and all that occurred was foreseen and practiced and therefore merely observed and tolerated, if not indeed almost ignored.

Gareth drew closer to the two men.

"Get your mouth off that carcass, Sid, and come out with me."

"I cain't, Gary . . . I couldn't even if I wanted to. I cain't run no more. I'm bushed and winded and busted from deep down. I belong with the one I have run from so long. I see that."

"Do you know what, Sid? . . . You . . ."

A staccato of bullets hit the house now from all sides. A man's voice warned them deafeningly through a bullhorn.

"I'll give you just five seconds to tell me you love me the most, Sid, that you will leave that dirty motherfucker you're holding to your chest, and you come with me . . . Sid, you come with me, or else!"

"Else what? I'm not budgin'. I told you I have run enough . . . I won't no more."

Gareth raised his rifle.

"Then, you double-crossing corpse hunter, go join Brian and this cruddy blighter you're so stuck on . . ."

"Gary!" Sidney cried as the bullet raced through his mouth and another bullet caught him in the chest, and then oddly enough two bullets from the deputies below caught him in the head and arm, and he lay back over the form of Roy Sturtevant, who, rising up then, said, "What is the time now? Can you tell me?"

"It's two o'clock in hell," Gareth replied and shot him twice through the head. ○+▣

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118

these things, looking at me all the time. She always looks at me when I talk to her. I never wear anything in bed; so I held the sheet up to my neck so that she wouldn't be embarrassed by seeing my naked breasts. I mean, some people are embarrassed by other people's naked breasts, and I have been brought up to consider people's feelings; so I am always careful about things like that.

But when I had finished talking, I found that I had been making a mistake—about the sheet, I mean, because Elspeth knocked her pipe out on the sole of her boot, put it on the ashtray beside my bed, and then leaned forward and took hold of the sheet with both hands and slowly drew it down, until it wasn't only my naked breasts that could be embarrassing her, but my naked stomach, and my naked thighs, and my naked everything else. She did not actually see much of that, because I kept my legs together. They did happen to be together, in any case, at the time; but I am, also, an instinctively modest girl, and I would never sprawl with my legs apart unless specifically invited to do so; and then it would have to be someone whom I really liked.

Elspeth went quite red while she was doing this with the sheet and then quite pale. It was very interesting to watch. She is a handsome woman, and it was stirring to see her so moved. When the sheet was completely folded back, she sat for a time looking at me. She looked at my face and at my neck and at my left breast and then at my right, which is slightly lower than the other. I understand that this is the case with most women; few are properly symmetrical. Then she looked at my stomach and at my legs, right down to my feet.

When Elspeth had finished looking at my ankles, she opened her mouth and said in her deep voice, "Right. Very nice, dear. Now open your legs."

I have to admit that at times I do find Elspeth disconcerting. One never seems to have any warning about what she's going to do next. I'm afraid I said very feebly, "Open my what, Elspeth?"

"Legs, darling, legs. Go on; open up."

"But, Elspeth, why? I mean, I really don't mind; I don't mind at all." I said this quickly in case I had hurt her feelings by seeming unwilling. I am extremely fond of Elspeth, and the last thing I wanted to do was to hurt her feelings. All the same, I did feel that I was entitled to a reason. "Why?"

"Why do you think? Go on; open up." I didn't move. I really couldn't. I seemed to have lost the use of my limbs. I just lay there and stared at her. I know that this was very rude of me; I'm the first to admit it. But I really couldn't, at that particular moment, do anything else at all. "Oh all right," she said, laughing. "Come on. I'll do it."

She leaned forward, put both her hands between my thighs, and heaved. I gasped a bit, because she really hurt, treating me with such roughness. I must have been embarrassed, too, because it was at that particular moment that I shut my eyes. So I didn't see what she did next. I only felt.

It was really rather like being tickled at first but different, because it quite quickly stopped being tickling and got super. More and more super, too. I must admit that at the moment I'm a bit shy about actually writing it all down, because, as I said, I am a very modest girl, and what Elspeth was doing was not modest at all. In fact, I know that I ought to have been shocked and disgusted and that I ought to have stopped her at once, before she really got started. But once she had gotten started, I honestly couldn't have stopped her even if I'd wanted to, and I didn't want to, however much I knew that I should. So I let her.

Later, when I revived and was able to take notice again of what was going on around me, I found Elspeth still sitting on the edge of my bed and staring at me. She really looked very peculiar.

"What's the matter, Elspeth?" I said.

She said, "You're a natural, Cindy; that's what you are. A natural."

"Oh," I said; and then, because—although I thought I knew—I really wanted to hear Elspeth say it, I asked, "What happened?"

"Oh, nothing, darling."

"Oh," I said. I looked at Elspeth's face. She looked as if she were full of awe, and I said "oh" again. I hoped I didn't sound smug, but I have to admit that I did feel rather pleased.

"My God," Elspeth said. She sounded dazed. "My God. I must tell Harold."

Now this didn't mean anything at the time, because I had no idea who Harold was. But later, thinking over my problems, and about embarking myself upon my chosen career, I suddenly remembered the way she had said "Harold" as if he were an expert or something. And so that's why I have decided to go to Elspeth to ask her to help me in my chosen career.

She was at home in her flat, as she had promised she would be, when I telephoned, and she seemed to be about a third of the way through a bottle of whiskey.

"Hallo," she said, not moving. "Darling."

She was draped over her sofa with a cigar between two languid fingers. She looked like a Roman Catholic missionary going bad.

"Hallo," I said. I came forward as timidly as I could, and I stood quite near the sofa, but not too near, so that I could exert physical allure but at the same time be out of reach. "Am I late?"

She ignored this. "Have a drink." She waved the cigar in the general direction of the small table upon which her numerous bottles were, as ever, grouped. "I'm on whiskey."

"I'm not very used to whiskey," I said virginally. I was beginning to feel virginal;

"Hey, Dad, can I borrow the car tonight?"

actually, I really was. I'm always very quick to feel myself into the mood of any situation. "Could I have a sherry, please?"

"It's all there. Help yourself. And, for God's sake, sit down. You look like a spare prick at a wedding."

Taking care to look as if I did not understand the meaning of this very coarse remark, I poured myself a small sherry and sat down in a low chair, quite close, but not too close, to the head of Elspeth's sofa. I kept my bag on my knee and crossed my ankles so that I looked as pure as possible. Purity, I felt, would constitute an irresistible challenge to Elspeth. She would surely not be able to resist mounting an onslaught upon a creature so chaste, so uncorrupted, as I appeared to be. I'm afraid I have to say "appeared to be," because I must be honest, as I have been brought up to be, and admit that beneath my virginal exterior there seethed a veritable caldron of old-fashioned, Roman Catholic lust. Only Catholics seem to recognize lust for what it is nowadays; this seems a great pity. People don't know what they're missing. If you don't think it's sinful, I don't see how you can possibly enjoy it. If a thing is really sinful, I always know I'm going to enjoy it.

Anyway, by now I was beginning to feel rather excited. I'd finished my sherry, and as I have a very weak head for alcohol, it was working on me quite well. Elspeth wasn't doing anything, really; she was just lying there. But I have to admit that she was smoldering. One could see quite clearly that she was smoldering, because her chest was going up and down, and she had let one foot dangle off the sofa, and the cassock was sort of working its way up her leg. She had very dark stockings on, not black, but dark. I could see they were stockings, because her cassock had a long sort of split up the side, and I could see the top of her leg, which was white, with a black suspender. I have to admit that this was having quite an effect on me, and I had to move about quite a lot in my chair, because I was really getting uncomfortable, as I do when Telly Savalas hits someone or suddenly moves very quickly so that all the muscles in his arms and things bulge. I knew Elspeth could see that I was getting uncomfortable, because she was watching me moving about, and then she suddenly said, "I thought you wanted my advice."

I was so startled that I just looked up at her out of my blue, long-lashed eyes. "Advice?"

"You said that's what you were coming here for, baby. Remember?"

"Oh—yes. Advice. Yes, I did—I remember. You sort of put all that out of my mind."

"Really? How did I do that, darling?"

"You just did," I said innocently. "I mean, somehow I just sort of forgot."

"You just sort of—forgot." The cassock was up to her middle on one side now, and she had black underneaths on, all lacy. They were quite small, and I could see her white skin through them. Really, for a person of thirty-seven or -eight Elspeth can be very, very interesting. The cassock was coming off at the top, too, on one side. It was a very cleverly made garment, because all the little buttons were still done up, but it was coming off; it definitely was. I could see some of Elspeth's neck and one of her collarbones and even some of where her chest started.

"You just sort of forgot," she said again. "Have some more sherry. Help yourself."

She moved her arm, and some more of the cassock came off. She was almost down to the end of her cigar. It was quite thick and short and blunt, and it stuck out between her fingers when she waved her fingers. I wasn't sure if I could stand up, because my legs were very weak, and I wondered if I might fall down, and that would be very embarrassing. But it was all right; I could stand up, and I even managed to pour myself some more sherry, a fuller glass this time.

But I didn't go and sit down on my chair again. Instead, I went right up to the sofa and sat down, just about where Elspeth's middle was. It was a very wide, voluptuous sofa made for sin; so there was enough room for me and Elspeth and her leg, with some left over. It was a very wrong thing to do, I know, but I have an admission to make. I did it because I was overcome by

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my feelings, and I couldn't help myself. The thing was that when I turned round with my sherry glass and looked at Elspeth, I found that the cassock had come right off on one side and half of her was completely bare, except for a little bit of the underneaths that went across her middle. She must have got all the buttons undone while I wasn't looking, because, really, she wasn't wearing the cassock at all any more.

"Elspeth," I said, rather chokingly. "Your clothes seem to be falling off."

"Do they, darling?" She squinted at me through the veil of her cigar smoke. "How very odd."

Then she leaned sort of sideways and down to stub her cigar out in the ashtray beside the sofa, and because she leaned sideways, her top came out of the cassock, or what was left of it, altogether.

"Oh, Elspeth," was all I could say.

They looked white and soft and large, and I began to wonder what they would feel like, not just to touch with my hands but in all other sorts of ways as well. I really did have the most extraordinary ideas at that moment, seeing Elspeth like that. I don't know if everyone has thoughts like this, or if it's just that I'm very sinful. But I didn't really have time to bother about being sinful or not, because Elspeth started at that moment to take all my clothes off. She started at the top, and she worked downward, and she left just my underneaths at the end. Knowing what I thought was probably going to happen, I hadn't put on very much, and it was a warm evening for May, and so I knew I wouldn't catch cold.

When she'd finished, except for my underneaths, she knelt up on her sofa so that the cassock really did fall off this time. Her face came up just high enough. She sucked me on one side and then on the other, and then I knelt down and did the same to her. Then we took everything off each other, and I found that she was black and rather curly where I was fair and almost straight. That made both of us laugh, which was nice, because I don't think lust ought to be all serious. It ought to be funny as well, which our lust was, because of the cassock and the sinfulness of the sofa and Elspeth, who had a very surprising way of giggling, as if I was tickling, when I made her really excited. I lay down after a bit, and she did some very amusing things to me, and then she lay down, and I did them to her. We both got very lustful, particularly with our mouths, which it seems we use quite a lot more than men, because after all, we haven't got that extra something to look forward to when all the splendid earlier parts get too much to bear and the end comes, sadly, in sight. Elspeth was very good with her hands, too, and she showed me; and she said, when she was capable of speech, which I am proud to say wasn't very often, that I was an extremely fast learner and I was picking it up like anything. I got quite hysterical when she said that because of what I was doing at the time. Elspeth really is very unusual in some ways, much more unusual than I am. I was rather worried about this at first, but she says that this is because she gets a lot of practice and that in time I shall be very unusual, too. We kept moving up and down and turning over and finding many different things to do—I was really surprised, because I'd always thought that with us it must be very limited. But Elspeth explained that it needn't be limited at all, and I must say that it didn't seem limited to me, even though she didn't try the wooden things or anything like that, about which I must admit I was glad.

In the end we got into a very nice, comfortable position, and things came to a very satisfactory conclusion. Elspeth says that some of her coarser friends call her the whooping crane, and now I know why. I think I'm more like a pigeon, with a jay joining in at the end.

It was very beautiful. I don't care about sin and the Roman Catholic church and lust. Even if it wasn't a sin, it was certainly beautiful; I'm quite sure of that.

I stayed in Elspeth's flat that night, because we wanted to do it all again later, when we felt strong enough, in different ways that Elspeth knows about which we hadn't tried yet. We did all these things, and we went to sleep at about one in the morning, and Elspeth's sheets were black, and she said that I looked like a pearl coiled up in her bed. I thought that was a very moving thing to say, and I shall never forget it. But later on I half woke up, and I surprised myself very much because I heard myself say, quite without meaning to, "All the same, I'm not Sapphic."

I was so surprised by this, which I didn't understand at all, that I woke up completely, and I even repeated it, quite loudly, so that Elspeth heard and woke up, too.

"All the same, I'm not Sapphic."

Elspeth grunted.

"No, darling, I know you're not, but you don't have to wake me up at this God-awful hour to tell me so."

She heaved about, obviously settling herself to go to sleep again. After a bit, because I really was awake by this time and I honestly wanted to know, I said, "Elspeth? Are you awake?"

"I am now."

"Elspeth, I know you'll think I'm very ignorant——"

"I don't think; I know."

"But what does 'Sapphic' mean?"

I could hear her turning over and sitting up as if she was too surprised even to stay lying down.

"You mean you can say a thing like that without even knowing what it means?"

"Well—yes, I can, because I just have, haven't I, Elspeth?"

"Incredible, absolutely incredible," Elspeth was muttering. "Of all the goddamned incredible——" she said, banging away all the time at the pillows.

"Elspeth."

"You're nice to have around, but you'll have to stop shitting on the statues."

"Well? What the hell is it?" she yelled.

"Elspeth, what does 'Sapphic' mean?"

"Lesbian," she shouted. "A lover of women." She burrowed into her pillow. "Like me—I'm Sapphic, for God's sake. Now will you let me get some sleep?"

"And I'm not? Elspeth."

"Not what?"

"Not Sapphic? Not Lesbian?"

"No, you're not."

"Not after this evening?"

"Particularly after this evening."

"Elspeth?"

"What?"

"How do you know? I mean, particularly after this evening?"

"I just know. I'm older than you are. I know a Les when I see one."

"What am I, then, Elspeth?"

To be quite frank about it, I was beginning to feel a bit like a mermaid or something unclassifiable like that.

"What are you?"

"I mean, if I'm not a Lesbian——"

"Goddamit!" she yelled. "Do you have to 'be' anything? You're a gorgeous, luscious, sexy cunt, and I can't see that it matters a fart in hell whether you're fucked by man, woman, or Rudolph Valentino, so long as you're fucked long and often. As often as possible. And for Christ's sake let me have a look in sometimes. Just remember who started you off, ducky. And what a start! Now GO TO SLEEP!"

I have to admit that I was shocked. But, on the whole, I was also quite satisfied. If I was really a gorgeous, luscious, sexy—I really can't write it down—a gorgeous, luscious, sexy you-know-what, who ought to be what Elspeth said as long and as often as possible, then I must have chosen, quite accidentally, the right career to take up. And if I liked it with Elspeth, then I would probably like it even more with a man. I remembered Harold. I would remind Elspeth as soon as I could about Harold. And I was glad to be a mermaid and not classifiable. It seemed to offer so much more scope, and scope, I felt, was what I wanted. Really as much scope as I could manage—without being greedy or depriving anyone else of their share, of course. I went to sleep.

In the morning I told Elspeth that I had to go up to Beane Towers for the weekend to see dear Pa and dear Ma, which was true. I go quite regularly to Beane Towers, because it gives them an interest in life and someone to criticize, apart from each other, and the servants. Elspeth said all right, and I could meet Harold next Tuesday, at his flat, which was in Notting Hill but quite respectable. Then we finished our coffee and started again. This time Elspeth did try something different, but it wasn't wood or anything like that, and it wasn't at all painful, and actually it was simply super. Then I did it to her, and then we finished together in a chorus of whooping cranes, pigeons, and jays. The neighbors must be ignorant, lacking in curiosity, or very, very deaf. Then I went home, still a virgin.

(To be continued next month)

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Why would we do such a thing?

Because we know that our Shy Man's Way To Meet Girls works. But you don't. So if we have to go out on a limb to prove it to you ... so let it be.

Okay — now we're going to let you in on a few personal facts about our friend Don. He doesn't like to brag, so we're going to do it for him. It's necessary — to prove that sending for our material is the smartest move you ever made.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

two years old. She could have passed for a woman ten years younger, although she did have a matronly figure. She was really a good-looking woman. And while dancing with her I wondered why I had never considered her as a possibility. She made no effort to push away my hand as it moved gently over her big, rounded ass, nor did she seem perturbed when I bent down and kissed her forehead. I knew she had not dipped into the punch bowl (laced with alcohol) and had refused anything other than a Coke to drink.

I became braver as the evening passed and was soon kissing her full on the lips and caressing her breasts. She was clinging to me more tightly now, and I blurted out, "Margaret, let's leave and go to your place." I knew she lived alone and was a widow. I was nearly struck down when she agreed. We slipped away and went out to my car for the ride home. Margaret slipped across the car seat and put her hand on my leg. She pressed her body very close to mine, and I slipped my arm around her shoulders and held her even closer to me. When we stopped at her place, she reached up, took my face, and brought it to hers. Then she grasped me in a long, sucking kiss. My cock was so hard I thought it was going to burst through my pants. There was no doubt in my mind what awaited me inside her house. At the door Margaret fumbled around in her purse for her keys, and I nervously managed to get the door opened. We almost moved through the door together, giggling like two teenage kids. Once the door was closed, we came together in a close huddle. She was pressing her crotch hard against my cock, and her arms were almost squeezing me in two. She was as hot as I, if not hotter. She stepped back from me and began to peel away her clothing, and the more I saw of her body, the faster I did the same thing. She was almost running to the back of her place, and I was in close pursuit. By the time she got to her bed, we were both stark naked, and she flung herself down on her back and spread her legs for me to enter.

Her pussy was a mass of movement; it was literally begging me to come inside. But as much as I wanted to plunge my cock inside, I had to have the delicate taste of that pussy first. So, without further ado, I slammed my mouth hard at her sweetness. Margaret more than appreciated it. She began to have one orgasm after another, and I was lapping the moist, sweet juices from her as fast as my tongue would move. I was as deep inside her as I could reach, my hands were pawing and clawing at her buns, and we were both making noises of utter delight. She was begging me to put my cock inside her and give her a real fuck—she needed it that badly. Margaret almost passed out as my cock entered her. She let out a gasp and looked into my eyes and said, haltingly, "Oh, it feels so good! I

love it; I love it . . . " *I kissed the words from her lips and felt the rising and falling of her huge tits. In a few minutes we exploded together in a raging, tumultuous climax.*

I lay on top of Margaret and felt the pulsations of my cock as it continued to pump far inside her. She groaned and seemed to be gasping for breath. Her breasts were heaving me high into the air and felt like hardened balloons beneath me. Her nipples were poking into my chest and, unbelievable to me, my cock had begun to rise back to its glory. I reached down, grasped her legs, and pulled them upward until I was nearly on my knees, and I began to pump into her with all my strength. She was moaning over and over again, and I felt my balls slamming against her ass. The softness of her pussy and the sight of her big breasts heaving and buckling were more than I could stand. I exploded.

Margaret then held me in her arms, and as I turned my face I saw a big, juicy nipple close to my lips. I took it inside my mouth and began to suckle her. She held me even closer and tighter and rocked me back and forth. Then she reached down and began to gently masturbate me and caress my balls. I thought I would go wild; she was so masterful in bringing me back up. Again she lay back on the bed and spread her legs for my entry . . .

I have no idea when it ended, for the next thing I knew, I awoke in Margaret's arms. She lay alongside me, her leg across my side, her arm under my neck, her lips near my own. I put my arm over her and drew her close to me, kissing her lips yearningly. I was at peace with the world. Before dawn came we made love again, and I went home to prepare myself for work.

Since Margaret came into my life, there have been no other women. She's all I want and need, and she can completely satisfy both my emotional and sexual needs. I deeply love her, and she loves me. Furthermore, I want to marry her and spend the rest of my life with her. That's no problem—she'll marry me as soon as my divorce from Corinne is final, in about two months.

But Corinne tells me that I'm making a mistake in wanting to marry Margaret. Many of my friends and relatives are telling me the same thing. I am as aware as they of the difference in our ages, but at my time of life, how can it make so much difference? Right now I'm willing to settle for whatever amount of time we can have together and not worry about what the future holds.

My two daughters love Margaret, not as much as they love their mother, but they respect her and are aware, to a degree, of the sexual problem I had with Corinne. I know many will say that marriage should not be merely sexual, that it should also involve love and mutual admiration. However, I am just as aware that a marriage without sex is not a marriage at all, but merely two people living together.

All I want is to have the reassurance (from an outsider) that marriage with Margaret has a chance for success. In a way, I

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guess we are already married, for I have been living with her openly for the past year and fully regard her as my wife. Our nights are not spent in wild sex orgies, as some would believe, and we have many interests in common. I'm not ashamed to be seen with her in public, nor is she to be in my company. I am very conscious of her presence when she's with me and treat her with every courtesy. I hold her hand, put my arm around her waist, snuggle her close, and, if the occasion arises, will kiss her as deeply as I would behind closed doors. I tell her as often as possible that I love her.

Margaret is a very gentle woman. She's kind and considerate, and she does everything to show her intense love for me. In our short life together, we have never had an argument of any consequence, nor has she ever raised her voice to me in any objection. I don't regard her as my mother, nor does she regard me as her son. We are two people deeply in love. I can't believe anyone would prefer a marriage like the one Corinne and I had, in which she fully knew that I was out running around every night with one woman or another, to the kind of marriage I will have with Margaret.—Jonathan

Of course you should marry her. If age is what you're worried about, statistics have shown that women in general live longer than men. Though we're called the weaker sex, we are in some ways much stronger.

It seems that one of the last barriers between lovers—age—is finally being eradicated. At parties I've attended, I usually find myself much more intrigued by older people who have a "young head" on their shoulders (but a lifetime of experience). Of course, I still find it stimulating to teach a young man the art of living and the art of screwing. So you see, each person can have his or her charm, depending on which role you feel like assuming. Gool luck with your future wife, and my congratulations!

COED ED

My name is Lizzy. I'm eighteen years old and try sex for fun as much as possible. Right now I am going to school in San Antonio, while my family is living in The Hague, in the Netherlands.

I would like to know how sexually active the normal college girl is in the United States. My school, Trinity University, is really screwed (not a pun). The guys want sex. If you do it, they usually drop you, which is fine, because I can take and understand one-nighters. But then they bad-mouth you, and they aren't even good in bed. Most of them are decent and don't say much, but there are always the SOBs that do.

I have a confession to make! I have been doing it since I was sixteen. Guys say I'm good (they sure have a good time), but I have never had an orgasm since I've been at college. I don't think it's my fault. Should I educate them? I am thinking of sending some of them The Best Part of a Man, *anonymously, through the mail. Do you*

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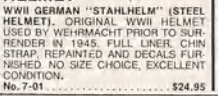

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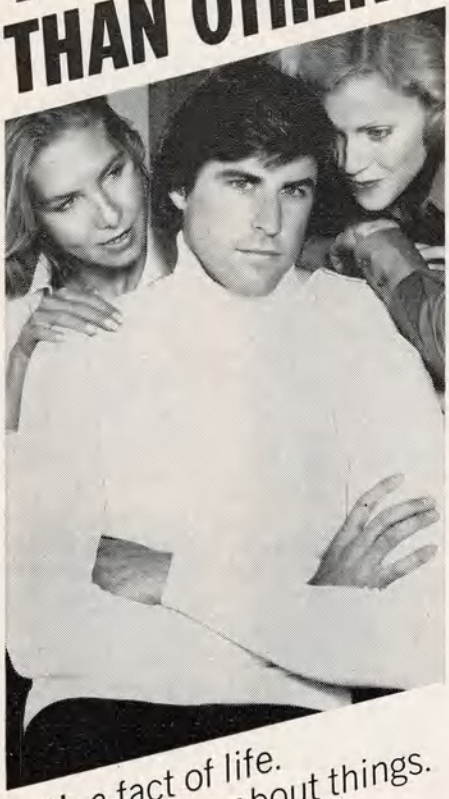

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think if I told them and demonstrated things nicely for them, it would insult them?

Second, most of the girls here are prudes, though some (very few) are cool chicks. I have to put on a prude act and lead a double life. Do you think I should just take it? Maybe I should start a sorority for sexually liberated women?—Lizzy

What do you expect from a young boy who's never gotten laid before? Sex is like anything else; it takes time to learn. I wonder, however, if you are the right person to teach boys. After all, how did you learn so much? Even I can't teach you everything from one of my books. If you want to get laid properly, dear Lizzy, then try picking up an older man—leave the young boys alone.

I once gave a lecture at a Canadian university. I was invited to speak on the following subject: "A Better Understanding of Human Sexual Relationships." In other words, the dos and don'ts of sex. After my talk, a lovely young man of approximately eighteen years raised his hand and asked me, "Miss Hollander, why don't you come to this campus and open up a whorehouse instead of just giving lectures?"

"But why?" I asked.

"Because I'm getting sick and tired of falling in love with my right hand every night." Of course, I had to take care of his needs that evening—how could I resist? I've had plenty of hot lovers, and so I could risk an inexperienced young boy as a lover.

I well understand that it's no fun getting a thirty-second bang by a young, nervous, premature ejaculator, but do give the boys a chance to improve. Select one particular person, and let some kind of relationship grow between the two of you. If you can't wait, then take my advice and find yourself an older guy. But watch out: they may be more than you can handle.

CLITORAL CIRCUMCISION

I'm thirty-four years old, happily married, and have a fantastic sex life. The only problem I have concerns my clitoris. It is buried under a thick layer of skin. If I pull the skin forward, quite hard, I can uncover it. But during intercourse I have to work terribly hard to keep my body at an exact angle so that my husband's penis hits it just so. Sometimes, my back wears out before enough contact can be made for me to climax. (Oral sex is no problem, since he can pull the skin back with his fingers.) Even though I may be just on the "edge" when he enters, it takes much longer to climax than it should. Please advise.—A.F.

Your condition is what we commonly call a "hooded clitoris." The extra skin can be surgically removed; the clitoris will be exposed, and your orgasms will be easier.

Your problem with achieving an orgasm could also relate to your putting too much emphasis on the so-called "vaginal orgasm." The clitoris is where all the action is, and, sad to say, sexual intercourse is not the best way to stimulate it. Masturbation and oral sex work better.

STUD-WEAR

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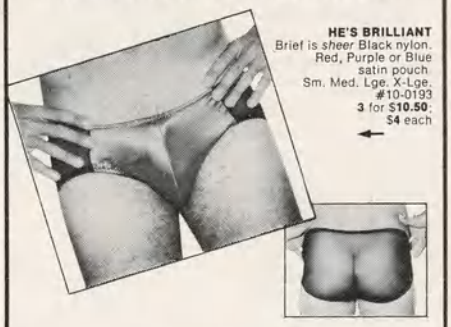

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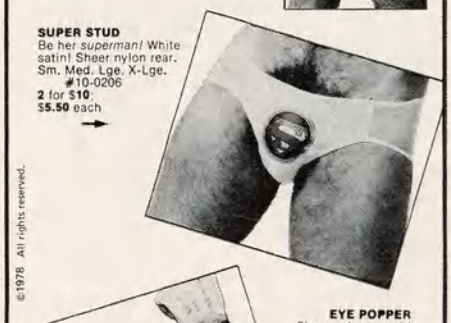

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FEEDBACK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

positive incest." According to Wharton's plot summary for the rest of the tale, the mother of the family suffers repeated nervous breakdowns, and the older daughter commits suicide at the age of seventeen. After the younger daughter's lover-father has died and she has married and begun to raise her own family, she becomes hysterical whenever her husband shows fatherly affection for their daughter. She, too, kills herself. Without denying the element of sexual pleasure, the story strongly illustrates that consummated incest is one of the things that can happen to a troubled family and that incest will only add to that family's trouble, in spades.

Finally, I must end on an apprehensive note: I feel that the overall effect of Mr. Nobile's article might tend to influence a father poised on the razor's edge of deciding whether or not to misuse his daughter sexually. The example involving the psychologist and his daughter is pornographic in effect, if not in intent. Though the article does not sanction sexual misuse, any misinterpretation by a reader on this sensitive subject is an enormous risk to take.—*Henry Giarretto, Director, Child Sexual Abuse Treatment Program, Woodside, Calif.*

Cartergate continued

I do not subscribe to *Penthouse*. The ladies, though pretty, are not provocative. Through the months and over the years, they assume a disconcerting similarity.

The intent of this letter is not to disparage the girls; I just want to give my personal reason for not subscribing. However, a neighbor who recognized some highly controversial articles has lent me his December 1977 and January 1978 issues. Thus I have had the opportunity to read "Cartergate II and III," by Craig S. Karpel, "Africa, Jimmy Carter's Vietnam," by Tad Szulc, and "Why Carter Has to Give Away the Panama Canal in Order to Sell Out Taiwan," by Nicholas von Hoffman.

While I enjoyed reading them all, I was particularly impressed by the Cartergate series. These articles by Mr. Karpel, concerning the takeover of our government, are the finest I have ever read. I am surprised at seeing them in print, as any exposure of The Trilateral Commission or the Council on Foreign Relations is as scarce as chickens' teeth. Therefore, I applaud you in your efforts to bring to light these organizations and members who propagate their ideas about how we should be governed. I am looking forward to borrowing more issues so that I can continue reading this series.—*Name and address withheld*

I thought Craig S. Karpel's article "Cartergate: The Death of Democracy" was really brilliant.—*James Dines, Editor, The Dines Letter, Belvedere, Calif.*

Where did you find this guy Craig S. Kar-

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pel? His sensationalism would seem to befit an organ like the *National Enquirer.*

Seriously, Karpel's assertion that inflation (February 1978) is public enemy number one is way off mark. In fact, as any economist will tell you, inflation in itself is no problem at all. If income keeps up with inflation (as it has more than done in the recent past), there is no net effect. Tax policy *has* made inflation raise our taxes, but such a raise would have been necessary anyway, given the expansion of government services over the past thirty years.

This brings me to my main point. The real problem is the disjunction between expectations and productivity. People want services and a high style of living that the economy cannot provide. The fiscal crisis is in its essence political.

Karpel exacerbates this problem by implying that we could all have what we want by deposing our unruly leaders.— *Dean Pinkert, Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio*

I have enjoyed Craig Karpel's brave stand and beautifully written exposé on David Rockefeller and his clan. I guess that brother John Birch and his friends have been right all these years—and that they are not the fanatics we've read about.

I wonder how deeply rooted these suppressionists are in our system. We see it in oil companies and companies like Coca-Cola and Arco. Are congressmen, communications, data processing, television networks, etc., all in on this conspiracy?

Let's put these people in the courtroom instead of the executive washroom. If they can handpick a "nut" like Carter, by 1980 they might come up with a real "banana" like Idi Amin. Let's go for integrity in 1980.—*G.B., Winnemucca, Nev.*

Bravo! I enjoyed "Cartergate III: Thoughts of Chairman Brzezinski" (January 1978). It hit very close to home. I'm in the John Birch Society, and it was nothing new, but it was good to read these things in an international magazine.—*J.E., Conroe, Tex.*

I was appalled by the ignorance of economics exhibited in the article "The Inflationists." The cause of our escalating inflation is not our ever-increasing money supply; it is merely the result. The primary cause of inflation and the ever-shrinking U.S. dollar is the increasing amount of oil that the United States imports each year. It doesn't take a wizard to figure out that U.S. oil imports are a severe leakage on the U.S. economy. Because of this leakage, the money supply must be increased to maintain unemployment at a level less than 7 percent. If the money supply were not increased, unemployment could triple.

Economics isn't nearly so simple as Karpel and Davidson say. Those in power must choose a money supply level that strikes a compromise between the value of the dollar, interest rates (allocator of money), output (GNP), and the unemployment level. Karpel and Davidson should return to school!— *J.E., Willow Grove, Pa.*

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MOANS & GROANS

I have been a reader of *Penthouse* for some years now. I am writing this to let you know why I will not buy *Penthouse* in the future. When I picked up the January 1978 issue and saw the picture of the child featured on the cover and then the cover line "Our Most Ravishing 12-Year Old Sex Symbol to Date," I decided I could no longer support *Penthouse*, and I put it back on the shelf.—*A.B., Delran, N.J.*

The cover line you note referred to an article within the magazine about the child actress Brooke Shield. The model on the cover of the January issue has no relation to that cover line and is, in fact, well over eighteen years old.

I have been buying your excellent magazine for over five years and have seen the price steadily increase. When I went today to purchase my February issue, I saw that the newsstand price had been raised to two dollars. Hey, fellows, I loved your magazine and your great articles, but you've priced yourselves out of my pocket.—*W.F., Alexandria, La.*

If you had purchased the February issue, you would have read "The Inflationists" by Craig S. Karpel and James Davidson, which attempted to explain exactly who and what are responsible for inflation. While we at Penthouse *decry the men and organizations that produce this problem, there is little we can do to actually control it. Rising costs in all areas of production of this publication have forced us over the years to raise our prices. We wish that you would take advantage of our subscription rate of $20 per year, a marked savings over newsstand prices.*

I read the article "The Overclass" by Robert S. Wieder (January 1978) and took offense at the statement ". . . sentences of Watergate ringleaders to facilities many of us would trade our homes for." All I've got to say is if you want to trade, you have a pretty weird home life. I live about three doors down from Haldeman, and I don't think this place is that great. Rapes still occur here, and there is a high occurrence of theft. Please stop printing misleading statements like that about these camps, because, as one who has to be here, they're not that good.—*T.A., Lompoc, Calif.*

"The Overclass" was a satirical essay, and obviously Mr. Wieder did not really mean that the average middle-class American would prefer life in a prison to that in their own homes. The facilities where the Watergaters were incarcerated were, however, far superior to the majority of institutions in the United States and did not prevent any of them from writing huge money-making books during their stay.

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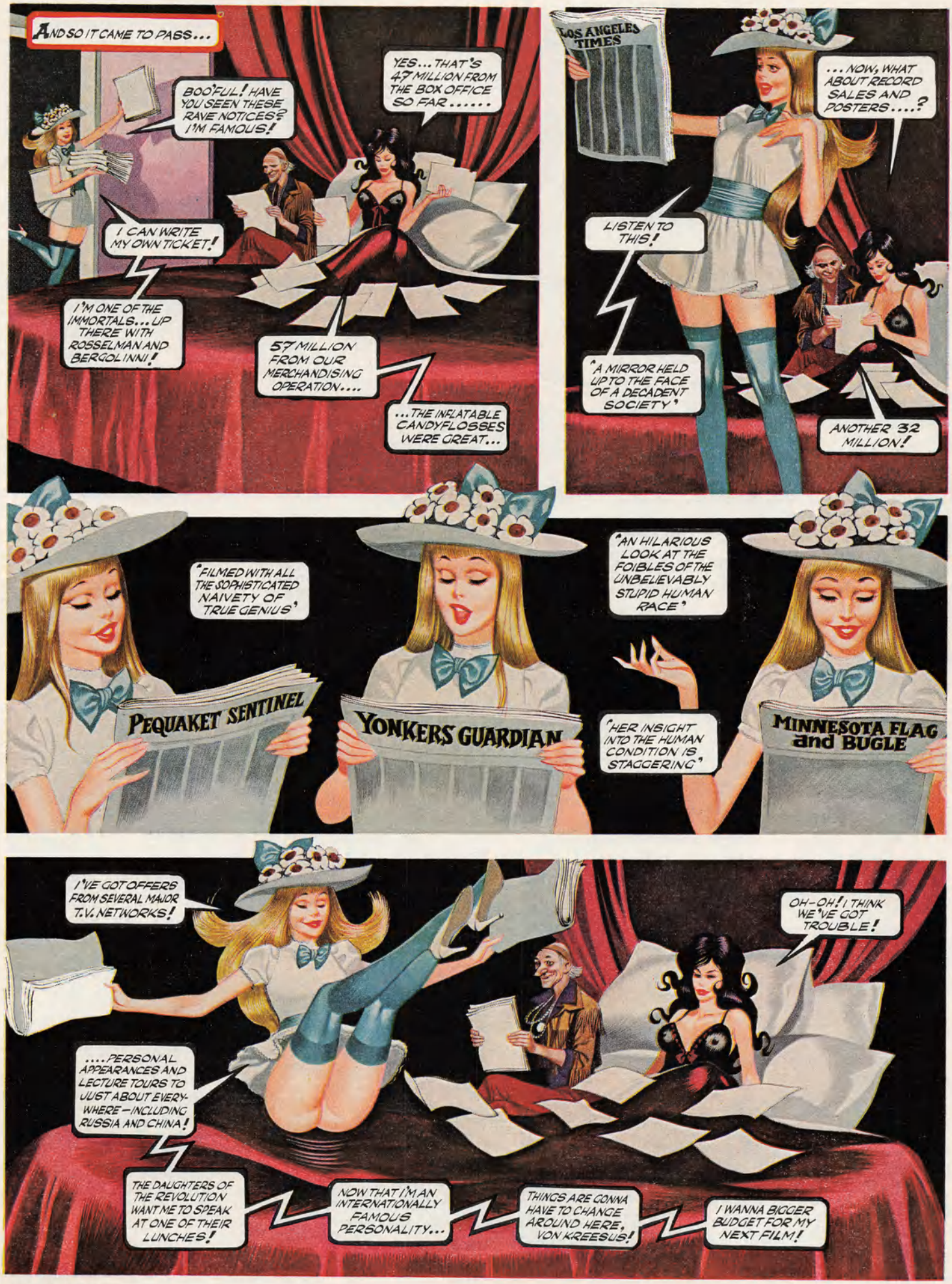
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YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS TO LITTLE GIRLS WHO THROW TANTRUMS?
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I TELL MYSELF!
BUT IT'S FOR YOUR OWN GOOD!
ROTTEN OLD BAG!
DON'T LET IT GO TO YOUR HEAD, MY PRETTY LITTLE PUSSCAKE!
ALL THE AGONIES OF ARTISTIC CREATION ARE BROUGHT TO NOTHING BY A GOOD OLD EARTHY ROMP ON A WATER BED!

OH, GOODY!
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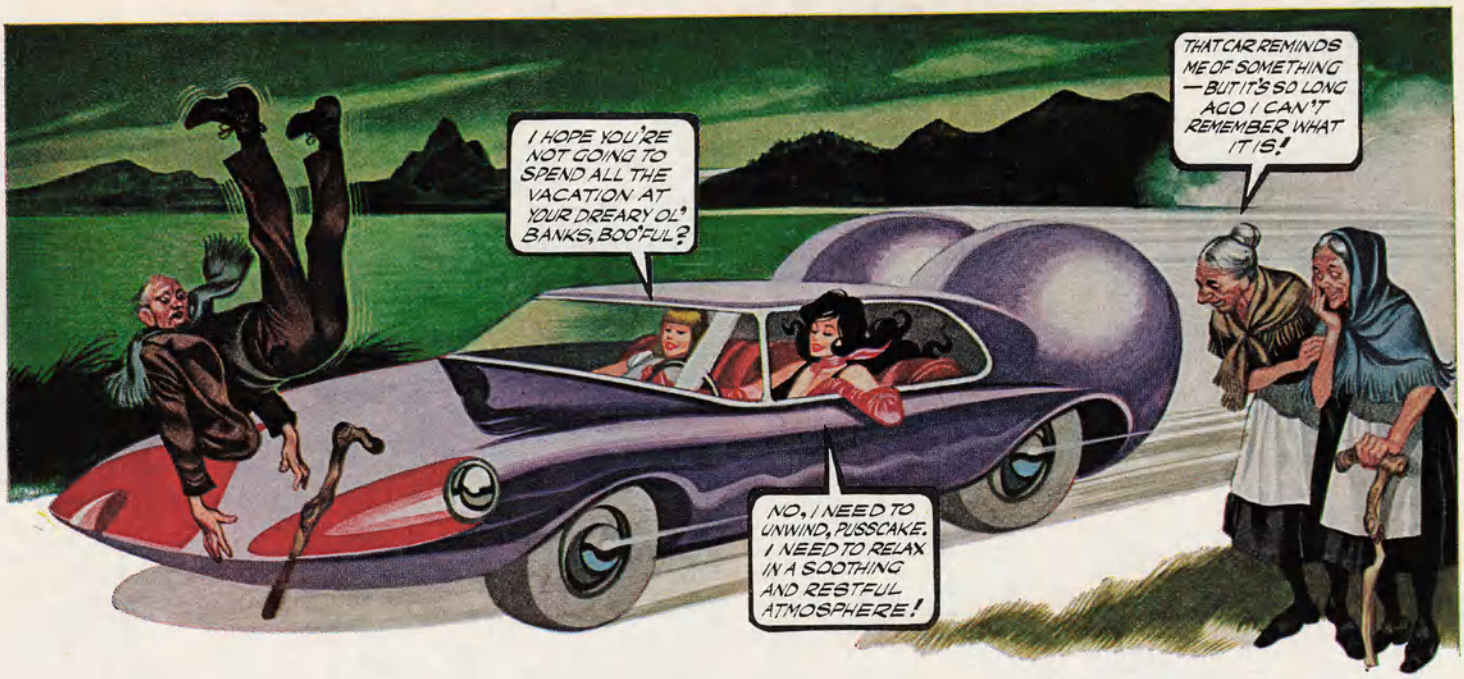
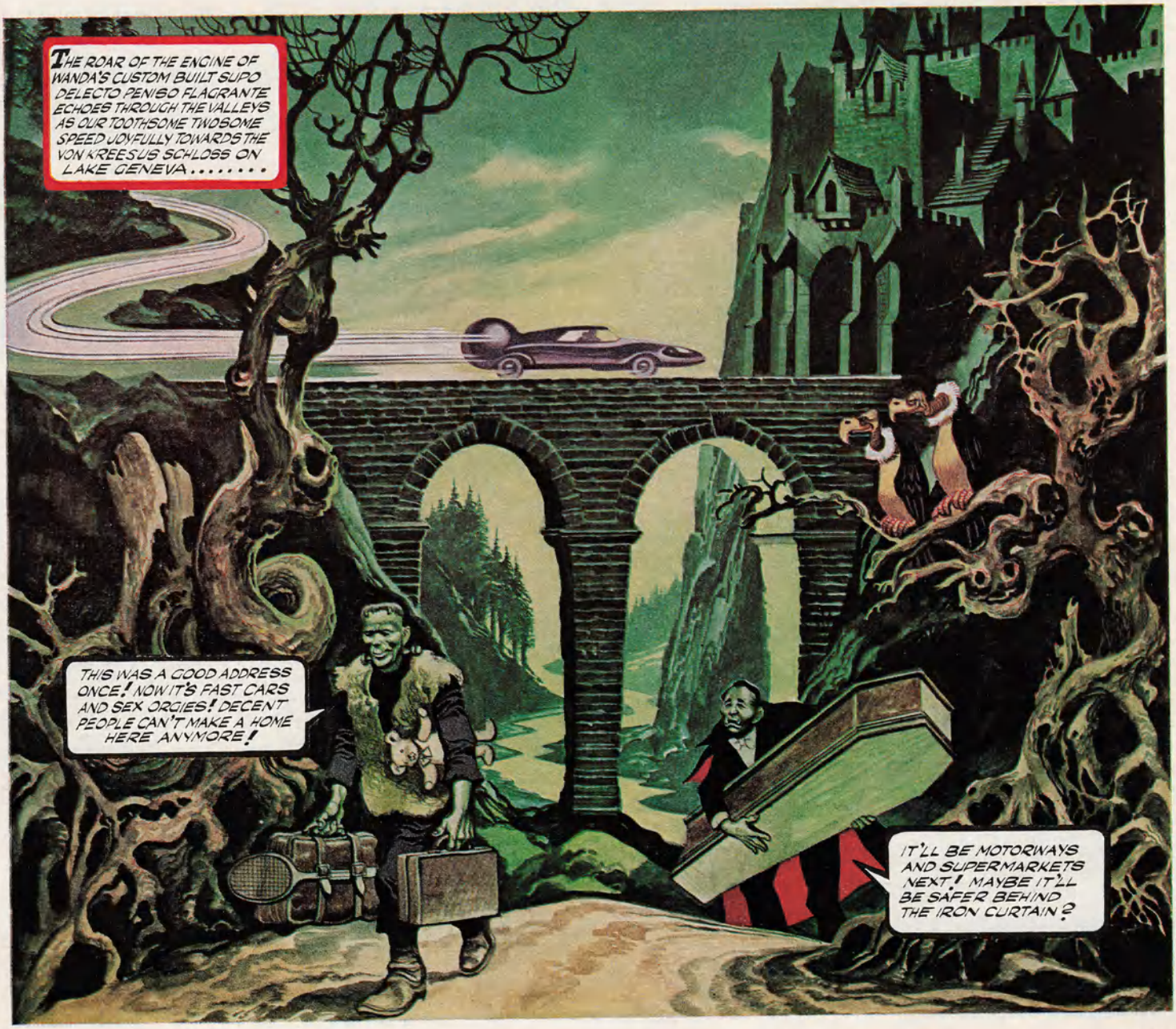
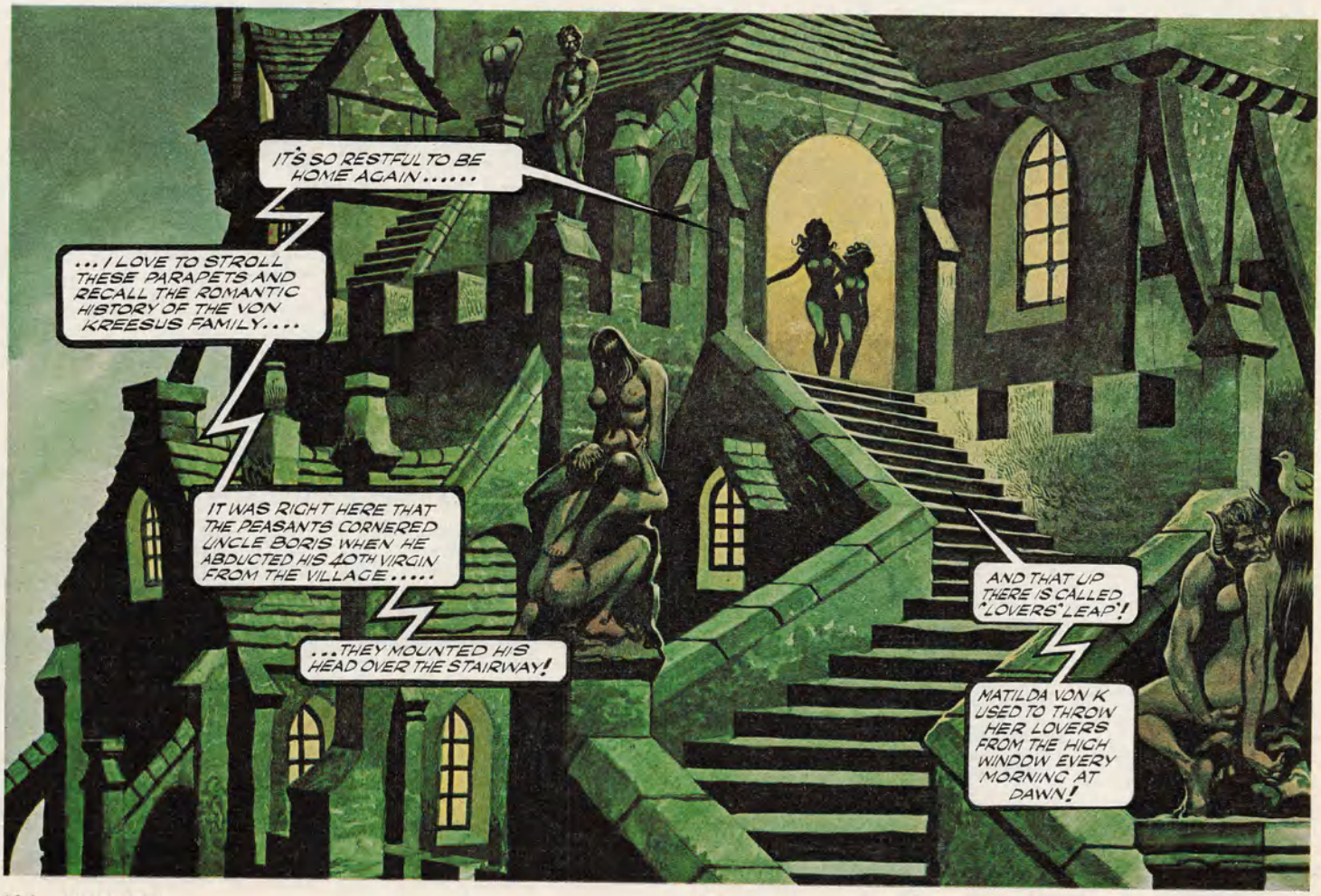
GRUD! YOU'D BETTER COME — QUICKLY!
TITUS GROAN
MERVYN PEAKE
I KNOW.... I KNOW!
THEY'VE BUST THE WATER BED AGAIN!
THE FOLLOWING MORNING....
IT'S GETTING OUT OF HAND, MOSTRESS — WE'VE GOT WALL TO WALL MONEY!
THE FILM HAS MADE MORE LOOT THAN 'JAWS' AND 'STAR WARS' TOGETHER!
I'VE GOT TO ATTEND TO SOME EUROPEAN BUSINESS INTERESTS, SO PUSSCAKE AND I ARE GOING TO TAKE A LITTLE VACATION...
WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO WITH IT ALL?
WHILE WE'RE AWAY, I WANT YOU AND GRUD TO BUY UP AS MUCH OF LAS VEGAS AS YOU CAN!
LAS VEGAS! WITH ALL THIS MONEY!


I HOPE YOU'RE NOT GOING TO SPEND ALL THE VACATION AT YOUR DREARY OL' BANKS, BOO'FUL?
NO, I NEED TO UNWIND, PUSSCAKE. I NEED TO RELAX IN A SOOTHING AND RESTFUL ATMOSPHERE!
THAT CAR REMINDS ME OF SOMETHING — BUT IT'S SO LONG AGO I CAN'T REMEMBER WHAT IT IS!


THE ROAR OF THE ENGINE OF WANDA'S CUSTOM BUILT SUPO DELECTO PENISO FLAGRANTE ECHOES THROUGH THE VALLEYS AS OUR TOOTHSOME TWOSOME SPEED JOYFULLY TOWARDS THE VON KREESUS SCHLOSS ON LAKE GENEVA.....
THIS WAS A GOOD ADDRESS ONCE! NOW IT'S FAST CARS AND SEX ORGIES! DECENT PEOPLE CAN'T MAKE A HOME HERE ANYMORE!
IT'LL BE MOTORWAYS AND SUPERMARKETS NEXT! MAYBE IT'LL BE SAFER BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN?

GREAT TO HAVE YOU BACK, COMMANDER!
THANKS! HOW ARE THEY STANDING UP TO IT THESE DAYS, SERGEANT?
NOT SO WELL AS THEY USED TO, SIR! I THINK IT'S THEIR DIET—TOO MANY CARBO-HYDRATES AND NOT ENOUGH EXERCISE!

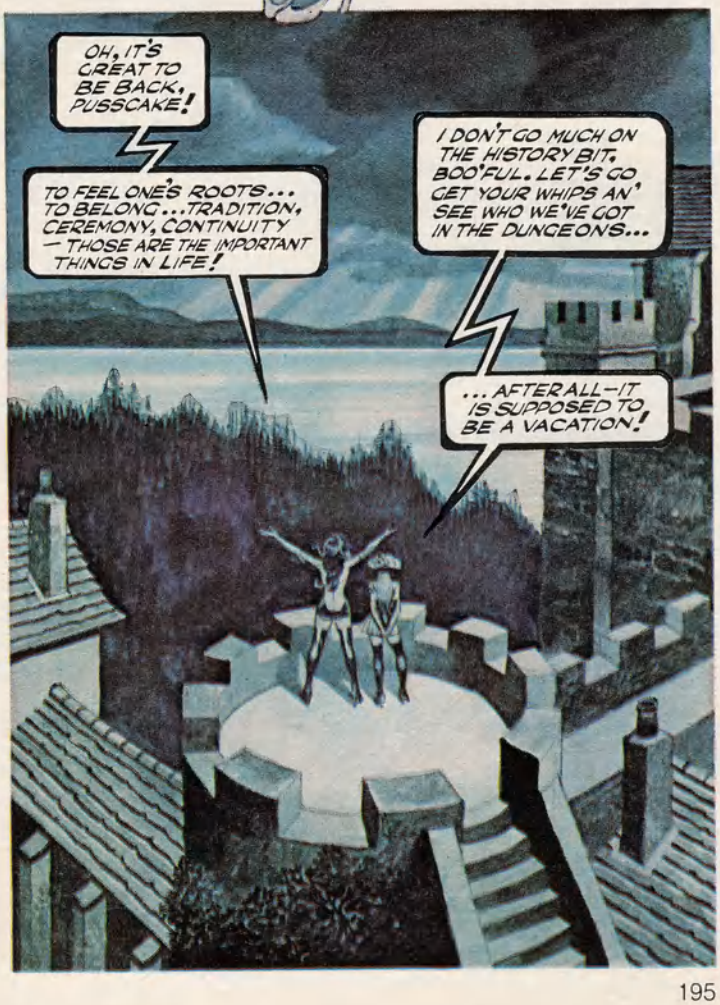
I SEE THEY'RE KEEPING DADDY DUSTED!
I ALWAYS THOUGHT HE LOOKED BETTER THAT WAY
WHAT WAY'S THAT, BOOFUL?
STUFFED!


IT'S SO RESTFUL TO BE HOME AGAIN.....
...I LOVE TO STROLL THESE PARAPETS AND RECALL THE ROMANTIC HISTORY OF THE VON KREESUS FAMILY....
IT WAS RIGHT HERE THAT THE PEASANTS CORNERED UNCLE BORIS WHEN HE ABDUCTED HIS 40TH VIRGIN FROM THE VILLAGE.....
...THEY MOUNTED HIS HEAD OVER THE STAIRWAY!
AND THAT UP THERE IS CALLED "LOVERS" LEAP"!
MATILDA VON K USED TO THROW HER LOVERS FROM THE HIGH WINDOW EVERY MORNING AT DAWN!

DID YOU EVER SEE THIS PORTRAIT?
IT'S COUSIN ANTON — THEY SAY HE SOLD HIS SOUL TO THE DEVIL FOR THAT!
JEEPERS! THAT'S FOR REAL?! WHATEVER HAPPENED TO HIM?
THEY WALLED HIM UP IN THE SCHLOSS SOMEWHERE!

GOLLY! COULDN'T WE LOOK FOR HIM, BOO'FUL?
D'YOU THINK I HAVEN'T?!

...AND THERE'S THE OLD SNAKE PIT — INSTALLED BY GREAT, GREAT GRANDADDY VON K.....
...HE COULDN'T STAND BORING DINNER GUESTS!


OH, IT'S GREAT TO BE BACK, PUSSCAKE!
TO FEEL ONE'S ROOTS... TO BELONG...TRADITION, CEREMONY, CONTINUITY — THOSE ARE THE IMPORTANT THINGS IN LIFE!
I DON'T GO MUCH ON THE HISTORY BIT, BOO'FUL. LET'S GO GET YOUR WHIPS AN' SEE WHO WE'VE GOT IN THE DUNGEONS...
...AFTER ALL — IT IS SUPPOSED TO BE A VACATION!

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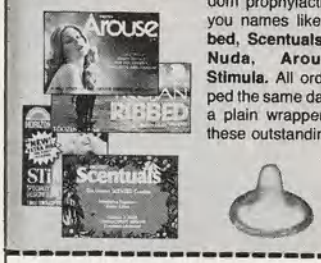

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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

person was with him and that he wanted very much for me to meet him. As I walked in the door, he and my husband were having a serious discussion. Although my husband's new friend didn't see me when I walked in, I was immediately turned on and knew that my husband was right about this man. He looked like a Hollywood movie star.

Nothing happened that night, even though the young man slept over in the spare bedroom. By the third visit I was determined that something would. We smoked some good grass, burned some incense, played some music, and finally something did indeed happen. We adjourned to the bedroom, and what happened next was a tangling of arms, legs, cocks, thighs, and bodies in all manner of positions. Just experiencing these two wonderful men taking my robe from me and feeling me up made me so hot that I had to scream for both of them to fuck me. Lying back, I watched their cocks spring to action as they sucked each other off. Each of us thoroughly enjoyed one another's body.

What started as a truly sensual relationship has become a truly loving one for the three of us. My husband's friend has now moved in with us, and we have not missed one night of sleeping together. Although I can't say we haven't had our share of problems, we are working them out. We would like to become the world's longest-lasting threesome.—*Name and address withheld*

Blind date

I had the experience of my life on a recent blind date. After my beautiful consort and I had gone dancing, she took me to her place and asked me whether I liked to experiment. I was intrigued, and so I agreed. Then she took me upstairs, told me to go in one room and undress, and said that she'd be right back. Curious, I stripped and waited. Five minutes later, she came up to the door, which she had closed, and asked if I was ready. She told me to get under the blankets and to let her know when I had done so. She then came in, wearing nothing but a very small and skimpy string bikini, which hid very little.

She directed me to swing my legs out very carefully from under the blankets, while still keeping my dick covered. So, with a small portion of the covers being my only clothing, we started talking. She moved closer and began to speak softer, and her hands started moving all over my chest. When the blankets had risen as high as they would go above my erection, she grabbed them, pulled them back, and plunged her mouth down! In no time at all I had come ecstatically.

The rest of the night she showed me more tricks, such as picking me up and carrying me on her shoulder while she sucked me in such a way as to be able to

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spank me at the same time. Then she said I could fuck her—as soon as I could remove her bikini, using only my penis! I don't know how I did it, but I'm sure glad I did.

The next morning we showered together. She took her soap, which was shaped like a cock, and shoved it up my ass. Then she took my dick in her mouth and continued working the sensual soap in and out. The suds gave me a feeling that I had never experienced before.

So much for looking for a while. She's all the woman I need.—*T.S., Bronx, N.Y.*

Hand eroticism

A great number of sensual turn-ons have been described in past "Forum" columns, and I would like to contribute mine. I work the express line in a grocery store and am able to "hold" hands with more than 500 people per shift. Although the contact is very limited and probably isn't near what a politician experiences, I believe that my insight is much more refined. Each hand that I touch is unique and there is so much variety from person to person that I'm never bored. My favorites are those that are soft and warm: they brighten my whole day. Interesting enough, I find a strong correlation between the warmth of the hand and the intensity of the person's smile and personal warmth. Perhaps we'll be able to exchange turn-ons in Boulder someday. If not, "stroke" your favorite public person today.—*M.N., Boulder, Colo.*

Hunky woodsman

I recently quit my job as a secretary and went to work in the woods for a logging company. Because it was located more than sixty miles from my home, I decided to rent a small, one-room cabin with a wood-burning stove as a heater. I was the only woman among seventeen guys, and we worked ten-to-twelve-hour days. We also worked pretty hard, and I often went to bed early to rest up for the following day. After one miserably rainy day I asked one of the sawyers to knock on my door the following morning and make sure that I was up. When I heard his footsteps on my porch, I realized that I'd fallen asleep and hadn't locked my door the night before. It had been very hot inside, and I'd become uncovered during the night and was curled up on my side, nude. My curiosity was piqued, and I pretended to continue sleeping while he knocked several times and then stuck his head through the door in order to call me. To my surprise, he quietly walked in, slipped out of his clothes, and got in bed behind me. It felt incredibly good to have his burly and hairy naked body next to me. As he whispered "I'm a little early" in my ear, he gently put his huge cock against the crack of my ass. I had never felt a cock there before, but I loved it and wanted more. Every time I moved, another inch of his beautiful shaft slid inside and I was soon ramming him against the bed and screaming in ecstasy. Just before he came, he began to finger my clit and slowly pulled his cock out and mounted me dog style. He

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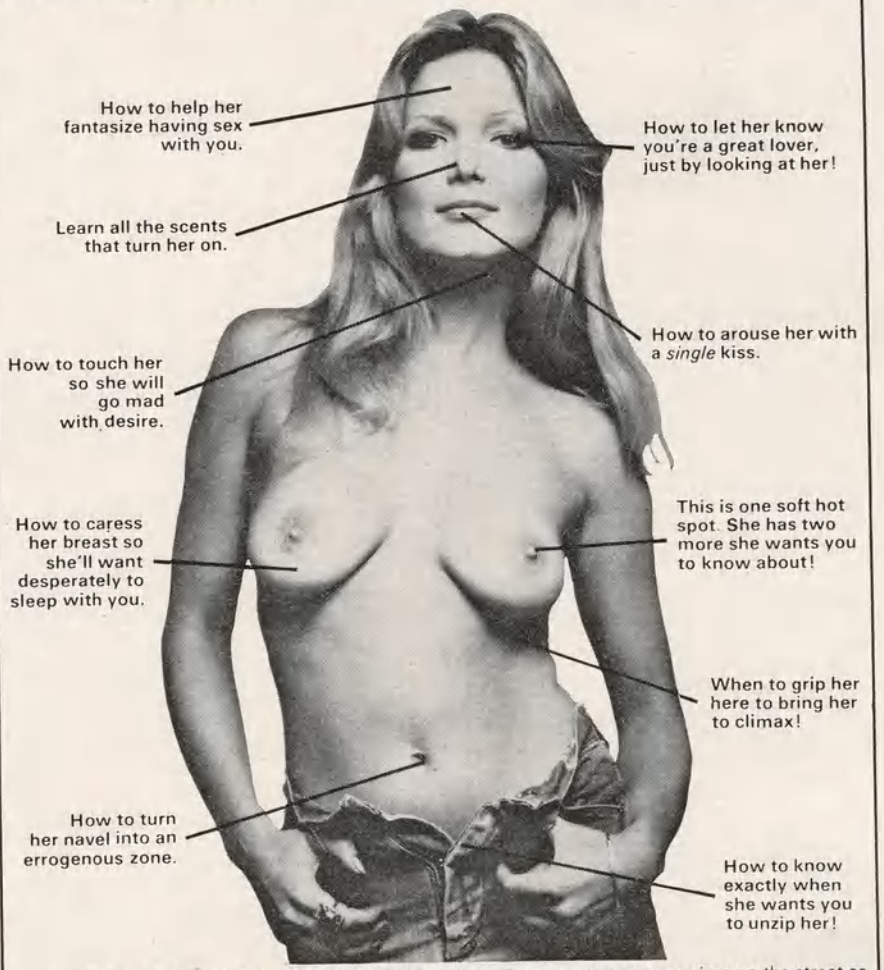
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rammed in and out, hard and fast, and I reached a climax that any nymphomaniac would envy.

The next morning I was standing in the bathroom, combing my hair, and he just walked in, set me up on the sink, and fucked me something fierce. The light was on, and I watched his affectionate, ten-inch cock sliding in and out. By the time I had come, my entire body was trembling with delight, I had been taken quite by surprise both times and was quite curious about what he'd try next.

The same afternoon after work, he dropped by and asked me if I would suck him. I eagerly agreed, and he took off his pants. His dick was extremely hard and straight, and he went on to teach me how to give the best blowjob ever. It tasted good, and I licked up every bit of his come. Some was on his balls, and it seemed only natural to go for that, too. Then he grabbed me and started French-kissing me. His cock was still very hard and wet, and he put me on top of him. I slipped my clit over his cock and rode him until he shot another batch of semen deep inside of me. What a ride!

I soon realized that we couldn't live without each other. So we decided to share my cabin for a while. When the job ended, we got married. We've been together for six months now, and he never ceases to amaze me.—*Name and address withheld*

Phone variations

I'm a graduate student in clinical psychology. One Sunday afternoon I was studying when my phone rang. I picked it up to hear a soft, sensual voice thanking me for last night's "efforts," which it then proceeded to elaborate.

Initially, I thought my caller was some friend fooling around, but after a few seconds I realized that this girl had misdialed. I informed her of the mistake, and she quickly apologized. However, I had become as hard as a rock and was now in the process of rectifying the situation. I asked her to continue telling me all the juicy details of her liaison, and within three minutes both of us had climaxed.

After this we decided to exchange telephone numbers and to phone each other whenever we had the urge to do so. We speak to each other on the average of once a week, although some days we've spoken five or six times. The phone company is right: it's the next best thing to being there!—*S.B., Los Angeles, Calif.*

That's entertainment

About six months ago I was a bridesmaid at my girl friend's wedding, and it was my responsibility to give her a bridal shower. Since we have all heard about the exotic entertainment provided at bachelor parties, I felt that we should have an equally provocative show. After running a classified ad, I found Don, the perfect male specimen to implement my plan.

Don was a six foot three inch, 225-pound construction worker, who claimed to have a forty-six-inch chest, a thirty-two-inch waist,

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and nineteen-inch arms, the result of seven years of body-building. He came dressed in tight jeans and a denim work shirt. He obviously possessed the measurements that he had quoted, but I was too much in awe of him to require any certification. He had medium-length, dark brown hair and light blue eyes. I asked him if he was amply hung, and he said that he was. I told him that he would be paid fifty dollars to appear at a shower with ten female guests. All he had to do was to come into the room dressed, strip in whatever manner he chose, exhibit his muscular body, and allow the women to explore it. He stated that he answered the ad because he enjoyed showing off his body, not because he was a male whore. Money wasn't his motive. He stated that he would be glad to attend but would not accept any money.

The shower, like most similar occasions, was quite boring for most of the duration. I told the girls that I had a surprise for them when the bell rang; our entertainment had arrived. I let Don into the room and introduced him to the others. He was charming, personable, and very, very sexy. However, when the guests appeared bewildered, I told them that, in a manner of speaking, he was our "girl in the cake." He was here to do their bidding and to fulfill their fantasies.

I began by asking him to remove his shirt. He reached down and freed his shirttail and let it drop to the floor. The guy was obviously built, but not in the pretty-boy-surfer fashion. Instead, he had a strong, earthy masculinity. One girl, Cathy, asked if he could move his chest muscles. Don explained that they were pectorals and flexed each side and then inhaled, expanding the entire chest. His chest was covered with dark brown hair, which did not obscure the skin beneath.

Don then motioned for her to come forward to feel his pectoral muscles. She ran her hand over his entire chest as he commented on how excited he was. Next Barbara asked to feel his arms. He proceeded to flex both arms and then each separately. His flexed arms were massive. He invited the other women to participate if they wished, to feel his arms and chest. Then he excused himself, indicating to me that he was aroused but wanted to be soft when he removed his pants. The girls discussed what to expect next.

As soon as Don returned, he began unbuckling his pants. They fell to the floor, leaving a pair of blue briefs. He again began to flex his muscles and then turned his back to the audience and removed the briefs. His buns were lily white, in sharp contrast to his tanned body. To break the tension, Don said, "Okay, ladies, are you ready for the main event?" There was no answer, because as he spoke he turned around. Jaws dropped agape and lips smacked. His cock was magnificent. His thick rod hung down about five inches, and his sack was extremely large with two oversized balls hanging lower than his cock. He sat down and spread his legs.

His balls rested on the seat of the chair,

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as he said that he wanted to think about one of us until he was hard. He closed his eyes and gently began to stroke his balls. It was very exciting, since I had never seen a man play with himself before. He ran his fingers down the length of his soft cock and then back to his balls. Slowly, his cock began to grow thicker and longer. Finally, he opened his eyes and said, "I believe that's about nine inches. Anyone want to finish the job?" Mary, the guest of honor, said that she wanted her last fling. Don stood up as she approached him. She bent over and began to lick his huge balls. Then she licked the length of his rod before engulfing the entire head. She was able to get about half of his organ into her mouth and alternately suck on his balls. As she did, Don ran his fingers through her long hair. Finally, he sat down again and exploded in her mouth. Mary swallowed again and again and then licked his cock clean.

The party was over, but my story is not. I was the one who caught Don's eye that evening, as he played with himself. He moved in with me the following week, and we have been together for six months. I am still discovering new muscles and can't get enough of his fantastic tool. We were married two weeks ago, but I had all my friends promise me: no showers.—*Name and address withheld*

Adult education

Two years ago an experience I had changed my whole attitude toward sex. I've always been considered to be intelligent and attractive throughout high school and college and had more than my share of sex. The experience that changed my life involved a fellow junior-high-school teacher in the town where we taught.

I invited this teacher, whom I'll call Carol, to come over for dinner one night to repay the favor she had done for me when I ran out of gas the night before and she drove me home. This teacher had a reputation for being a strict and prudish woman; so I was not expecting to have a hot evening. After dinner and a little wine we sat down to watch a little TV (because she didn't have one in her apartment). She leaned across my body to reach for something and at that moment I spontaneously kissed her. An *acte fortui*, and a lucky one. Surprisingly, she responded immediately by putting her arms around me and driving her tongue into my mouth. After a few moments—and I mean moments—I started unbuttoning her blouse and found myself kneading her erect nipples between my fingers while she was attacking my tongue. Since everything was happening quite fast, I decided to keep the ball rolling. I then slid my hand between her thighs on the outside of her panty hose, under her skirt, and started slow circles with my hand.

I soon heard moans, and now she started to stroke my cock through my pants. I carried her to my bedroom and undressed her. When I went down on her, I thought she was going to scream. The sounds and movements she was making

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really had me going. I could tell by her movements that she had come once, and after the second time I quickly slid up gently and entered her. When this happened, she stiffened up like a board. She said that she was a virgin and didn't know whether she could handle this. Knowing that it was her first time only served to make my passion stronger, but I said she should stop me if and when it hurt. I knew I was already in, and the tightness made the experience great.

We came after a few minutes and it was great. I am now a confirmed believer that quiet, prudish-seeming English teachers can be bombshells in disguise.—*R.G., Madison, Wis.*

Stretching exercises

As A.F. said it in the October *Penthouse*, I too "pass up dessert" sometimes. After I have an orgasm, my cock goes soft. When I don't ejaculate, it stays hard and erect for hours. After three years of marriage, my wife one day admitted that she got turned on by the sight of a naked cock, mine or any other man's—especially a circumcised one, like mine. And when I fondle it and she sees it start to stiffen, she gets horny as hell, wanting to have it up her for hours. But I couldn't accommodate her for that long.

The problem was either in my staying power or in my recovery power. One of them had to be improved. I started mulling over my experiences before marriage, and I remembered that it was always easier to keep it up than it was to get it up. Keeping it stiff was my answer, but how? And then I remembered someone saying that the best defensive move was an offensive one. I had to change my head about sex. I had to forget about myself and my orgasms and concentrate on fucking. That's where the real pleasure was. To pull out while I was still stiff might be the answer, I suspected.

I began by telling myself how lucky I was to have a wife who really wanted to fuck and who enjoyed it as much as she did. I concentrated on how good her cunt felt as the flesh and muscles squeezed and slid up and down my shaft. And now, two years later, we've got what we think is the ideal arrangement.

Nights and mornings I go about the house nude unless we are expecting company or plan to go out. When I'm home, I have an almost constant erection from looking at my sexy wife and from wondering when she's going to come over to me and straddle my lap and let her cunt lips swallow me. She says that she's horny all of the time from looking at my bare cock, which is standing up and ready to trigger a few orgasms so that she can get on with her work and then come back for a few more.

I never have kept track, but I'm certain that we fuck at least four times in the evening and almost always twice in the morning. We even bought a glass-top breakfast table, so that she's ready to straddle my lap one more time before I have to dress for work. Believe me, there's more to fucking than the number of orgasms you have. I'd

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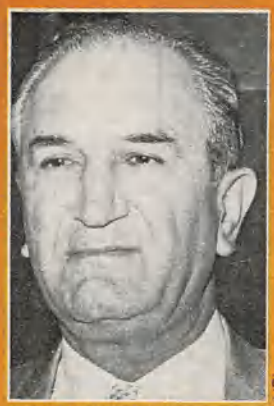

UPI

THE NEW GODFATHER

Say Uncle—Canada is supposedly an independent country, but in every way that counts, it is merely another colony of U.S. business. In this new form of foreign occupation, the shock troops don't wear army uniforms. They carry attaché cases, and their weapons are the stock option, the expense account, and the dry martini; and when their subjects revolt, there's the full force of the government of the United States waiting to be unleashed. Although billions of dollars drain out of Canada into the United States, Canadian citizens have no say in the way their country is run. As this story by Canadian journalist Walter Stewart reveals, it's bad and it's getting worse.

Donald Woods—It takes courage to speak out for justice for blacks in South Africa, but this white newspaper editor risked his life so that he could print the truth. Arrested four times in twelve years but never convicted, he was finally forbidden to write for five years and was kept under constant police surveillance. Last New Year's Eve, he hitchhiked 185 miles in disguise and swam across a border river to freedom. Donald Woods became the first private citizen to address the United Nations Security Council. In a *Penthouse* Interview by Richard Ballad, Woods tells why he defied death in order to resist censorship.

Media Clones—Ever wonder why it is that *Time* and *Newsweek* have identical covers so often, even though they're supposedly competitive? It's not media espionage, but something that Nicholas von Hoffman calls "identithink" in this blistering "Advise and Dissent" that tells how corporate uniformity has turned freedom of the press into a pathetic myth.

The New Godfather—His men call him Don Peppino or Joe Bananas, but his real name is Joseph Bonanno. Silver-haired, ruggedly handsome, as courtly as he is dangerous, this seventy-three-year-old former bootlegger has survived against all odds to become the most powerful Mafioso in the Honored Society by helping young dons throughout the country to become wealthy and powerful. Tony Scaduto, who is one of the nation's top investigative reporters, describes the true story of Bonanno's rise to the Mafia throne.

White House Sawyer—The president of the United States flips out and decides that he's Tom Sawyer in this illustrated satire by artist Wayne McLoughlin, who shows what happens when the official family and staff humor Jimmy's happy little fantasy.

A Hot Afternoon at the Quarry—Rafe Munger, Jr., had been drunk on beer since the day he graduated from Ole Miss, but that was okay, because his daddy was the richest man in Bloat, Miss. All he wanted to do was to take Sula Measles out to the Barrow Pits one more time before getting married to another girl. John Fergus Ryan's short story begins at The Spit Café and ends with the City of Bloat Rape Squad, laughing all the way.

Fast Money—What's it like to hit the jackpot for the big coin? Jerry and Rena Le Blanc interviewed overnight successes for their book *Suddenly Rich* and found that making huge amounts of money may change your life, do nothing at all, or make you miserable—but no one ever wants to go back to being poor. Here are the stories of people whose dreams of riches came to life: the best-selling author, the guy whose hamburger recipe connected for millions of dollars, the uranium prospector who found the mother lode.

rather feel horny all of the time than feel washed out.—*P.C., Wheat Ridge, Colo.*

Intake exchange

I'm a good-looking pilot in the air force, stationed in Las Vegas, and sex is always available. (And I'm always prepared to avail myself of the truly impressive opportunities around here.) But I recently experienced a sexual first, and I'd suspect this story is a first for "Forum" as well. This particular week we were doing a lot of night-flight missions. As I came to my plane on the flight line, I was greeted with a crisp salute by my crew chief, who just happened to be a young WAF.

As part of a pilot's walk-around checks prior to every flight, it is required that he look down the intake for any foreign objects. I was charged with the responsibility of making sure that things were okay. As the crew chief and I proceeded with our walk-around inspection, while looking down the intakes I noticed that someone had left a screwdriver in the tunnel. As I requested, the crew chief climbed up the intake to retrieve it. As she headed down the intake, the view I had of her nice round ass revealed a hole in the back of her fatigue pants. The sight of her lily-white panties inspired an almost instant hard-on. By the time I had quit thinking about her ass, she was already looking out of the intake, staring down at the bulge between my legs. Her wide-eyed stare and nervous smile were an implicit invitation to me.

Looking around to see if anyone was watching, I immediately climbed into the intake with her. The thought of someone discovering us made me very hot, and my hands couldn't move fast enough as I undid the buttons on her pants and slid my hand down over the soft pubic hair, finally finding the warm special place between her legs that immediately responded to my touch. As she squeezed my rock-hard dick, she moaned and I slipped into her and began to rhythmically and vigorously fuck her. We rocked back and forth for a few minutes until we both came together with simultaneous gasps. We then quickly pulled our pants up with the realization that our mission unfortunately was to fly in the air, not in each other's arms.

As we exited from the intake, she reached back and at last pulled out the screwdriver, which she had originally set out to get. To this day I wonder if she didn't plant that screwdriver there. In talking to the other pilots, I discovered that such intake screwing isn't uncommon during night maneuvers. I've gotten it on in planes and trains, but I must admit this was by far the best launch I've had.—*R.D., address withheld*

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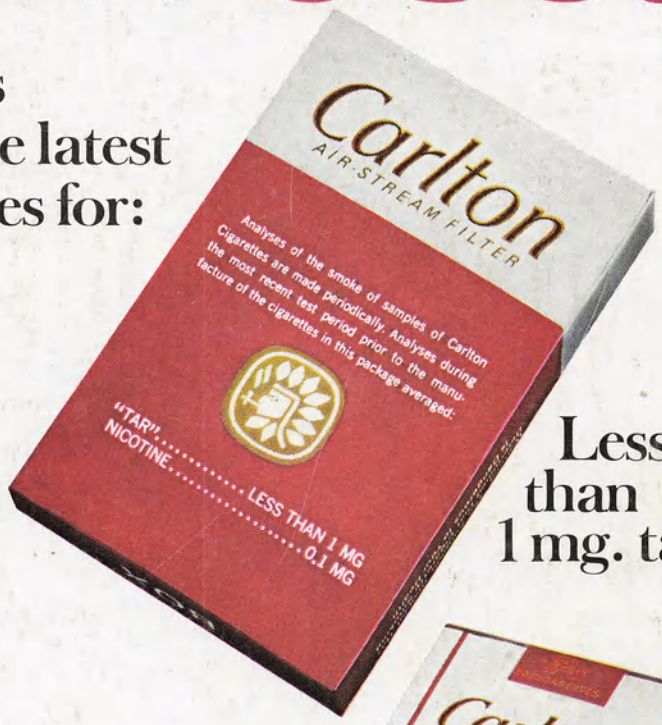
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